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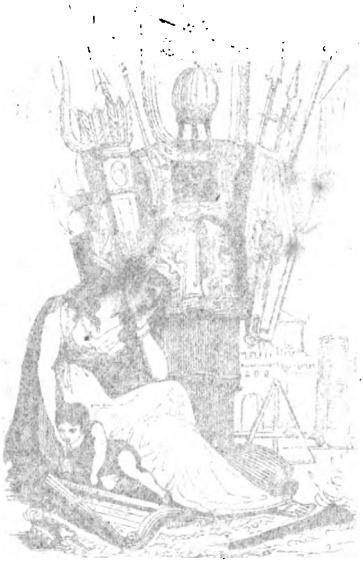

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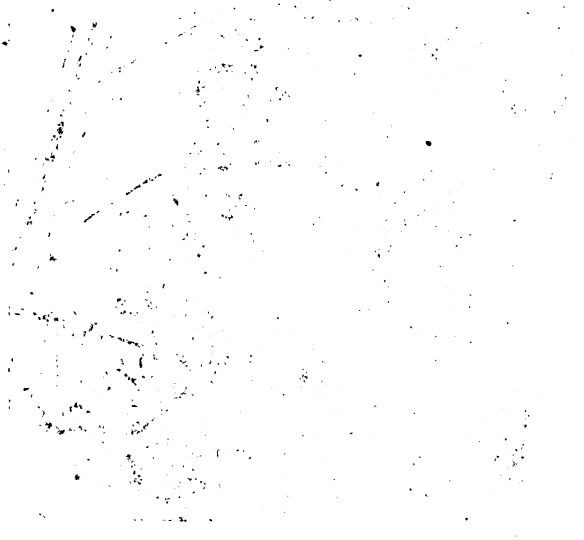

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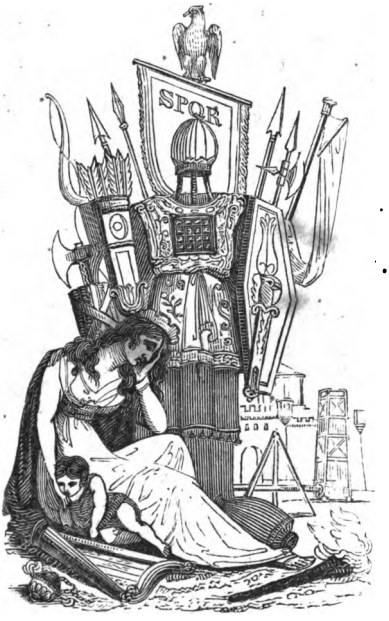

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TRUE STORIES,

FROM

ANCIENT HISTORY:

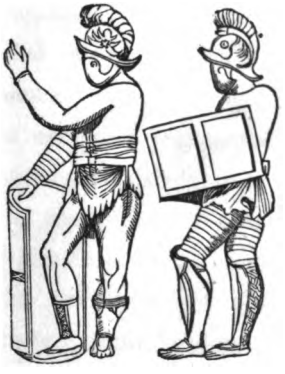
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD TO THE DEATH OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY A MOTHER,

AUTHOR OF

"ALWAYS HAPPY," "STORIES FROM MODERN HISTORY," &c.



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PREFACE.

MANY years ago, I made a memorandum to write a Sketch of Progressive History for my children, as soon as they were of an age to relish such reading.

That period is arrived, and I have cheerfully commenced the undertaking: it does not prove so easy as I anticipated. Ancient History is entangled with fable; and Modern History is too abounding in events to admit so clear and simple a narrative as I had projected: some incidents are too doubtful; some indelicate; some unintelligible: the most amusing are too often tainted with one or other of these defects.

Yet it was imperative that my work should be amusing, or children would not read it;

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that it should be accurate, or children would not profit by it. I have endeavored to meet this necessity, and to produce a composition as entertaining and as true as possible.

The few remarks in the margin are for the information of parents and instructors, that they may readily discover the sources whence I derived the opinions and the facts I have collected. The chronology generally observed is that of Usher, as given by Dr. Tytler in his very useful publication, "The Elements of General History."

Let it be remembered, that this work is written rather to raise curiosity than to satisfy it — a mere initiatory book for young readers.

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INDEX

AND

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

B. C.		Page.
4004	Creation of the World, by the Mosaic Account ...	11
2348	Universal Deluge	13
2245	Nimrod, Founder of Babylon	13
2188	Menes, Founder of Egypt	16
2075	Semiramis	13
1996	Abraham born	15
1822	Memnon, the Egyptian, Inventor of Letters	16
1577	Sesostris	16
1556	Athens founded by Cecrops	18
1546	Troy founded by Scamander	18
1516	Lelex, Founder of Sparta	19
1184	Troy taken and burnt	20
907	Homer flourished	20
884	Lycurgus gives Laws to Sparta	22
869	Dido, Queen of Carthage	26
776	The First Olympiad	28
753	Rome founded by Romulus	30
732	Syracuse founded by a Colony of Corinthians	28
667	Combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii	40
629	Periander, Tyrant of Corinth	51
624	Draco, the Athenian Lawgiver	44
599	Cyrus born	54
594	Solon gives Laws to Athens	45
588	Temple of Jerusalem destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar	54
585	Thales, the Philosopher, flourished	46
585	Æsop, the Fabulist, flourished	50
562	Crœsus, King of Lydia	45, 56
560	Pisistratus, Tyrant at Athens	50
538	Cyrus takes Babylon	56
520	Confucius, the Chinese Philosopher, flourished	57
510	The Pisistratidæ expelled from Athens	65
509	Tarquin, seventh and last King of Rome, expelled	64
508	Junius Brutus, first Consul of Rome	69
497	Pythagoras, the Philosopher, died	68

Digitized by Google

B. C.		Page.
493	Tribunes of the People created at Rome	73
490	Coriolanus banished from Rome	72
490	Miltiades wins the Battle of Marathon	67
485	Xerxes the Great, King of Persia	74
484	Aristides the Just	66, 79, 83
484	Themistocles, the Athenian	68, 78, 82
480	Leonidas at Thermopylæ	75
480	Battle of Salamis	80
480	Gelon, King of Syracuse	81
480	Cimon, Son of Miltiades	78, 82
458	Cincinnatus, Dictator of Rome	86
451	Decemviri at Rome	88
449	Death of Virginia	89
431	Peloponnesian War begins	93
431	Socrates, the Athenian Philosopher	98
429	Death of Pericles	92
415	Alcibiades flees to Sparta	96
404	Lysander takes Athens	98
401	Retreat of the Ten Thousand	103
400	Socrates put to Death	102
387	The Gauls sack Rome, Camillus defeats them	108
371	The Spartans defeated at Leuctra by Epaminondas	116
365	Aristippus, the Philosopher, flourished	103
363	Battle of Mantinea, and Death of Epaminondas	118
362	Marcus Curtius leaps into a deep Chasm	120
360	Philip of Macedon made King	126
361	Titus Manlius Torquatus combats with a Gaul	123
350	Plato, the Athenian Philosopher, flourished	133
348	Demosthenes, the Athenian Orator, flourished	128
343	Dionysius expelled from Syracuse	136
340	Decius devotes himself for Rome	139
337	Death of Timoleon	138
335	Diogenes, the Cynic Philosopher, flourished	142
323	Alexander the Great dies	147
321	The Romans pass under the Yoke, at Caudium	148
318	Phocion put to Death	130
312	Seleucus, King of Syria and Babylon	155
286	The Library at Alexandria founded	154
284	The Septuagint, or Greek Translation of the Old Testament	226
272	Pyrrhus killed by a Tile	163
270	Epicurus, the Philosopher, died	158
241	End of the First Punic War	168
240	Comedies first acted at Rome	168
216	Battle of Cannæ: Hannibal	171
212	Fall of Syracuse, and Death of Archimedes	174

Digitized by Google

B. C.		Page.
201	End of the Second Punic War: Scipio	173
183	Death of Philopœmen, General of the Achæans	175
167	Fall of Macedon: Perseus starves himself to Death	178
146	Fall of Carthage and Corinth	182
133	The Gracchi	183
106	Jugurtha, King of Numidia, starved to Death	185
88	Civil War between Marius and Sylla	187
82	Sylla Perpetual Dictator	192
63	Catiline's Conspiracy	193
60	The First Triumvirate	196
55	Britain invaded by Cæsar	198
53	Death of Crassus	200
48	Battle of Pharsalia	202
46	Cato kills himself, at Utica	205
44	Julius Cæsar murdered	209
43	Second Triumvirate: Cicero killed	213
42	Battle of Philippi: Death of Brutus	216
37	Herod, King of Judæa	220, 227
31	Battle of Actium, and Death of Mark Antony	222
31	Octavius, Master of Rome	223
5	Jesus Christ born, December 25	224
A. D.		
14	Tiberius, Emperor	233
29	Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension, of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ	225, 227
31	Sejanus put to Death	234
37	Caligula, Emperor	236
41	Claudius, Emperor	237
51	Caractacus carried to Rome	239
54	Nero, Emperor	241
61	Queen Boadicea conquered by the Romans	244
65	Seneca killed by Order of Nero	242
69	Otho, Emperor	247
69	Vespasian, Emperor	248
70	Jerusalem taken by Titus	249
79	Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed	250
79	Death of Pliny	250
79	Titus, Emperor	252
80	Agricola in Britain, Wales, Scotland	253, 255
81	Domitian, Emperor	254
98	Trajan, Emperor	257
109	Plutarch, the Biographer	257
117	Adrian, Emperor	259
121	Adrian's Wall across Britain, built	259
138	Antoninus Pius, Emperor	261

Digitized by Google

A. D.		Page.
189	The Saracens first mentioned in History	266
195	Byzantium taken by Severus	268
203	The Caledonians converted to Christianity	268
271	Antony, the first Hermit	298
273	Zenobia defeated by Aurelian	273
283	Fingal, King of Morven, dies	273
284	Diocletian, Emperor	274
306	Constantine the Great, Emperor	276
325	First Council of Nice, under Constantine	277
326	Death of Crispus, Son of Constantine	279
329	The Seat of Empire transferred to Constantinople.	279
361	Reign of Julian the Apostate	281
378	Theodosius the Great, Emperor	286
395	Division of the Empire into Eastern and Western	288
400	Alaric the Goth ravages Italy	289
404	Fergus I. King of Scotland	293
408	Pulcheria, Empress	292
410	Alaric plunders Rome	290
420	Pharamond, first King of the Franks	293
426	The Romans finally quit Britain	294
439	Carthage taken by the Vandals	295
444	Attila, King of the Vandals	296
447	Attila ravages France and Germany	297
449	The Saxons settle in Britain	301
452	Venice founded	303
476	Rome taken by Odoacer	306
476	Extinction of the Western Empire	306
493	Theodoric begins the Kingdom of the Ostrogoths in Italy	307
496	Clovis and his Franks become Christian	309
496	St. Patrick in Ireland	309
565	Belisarius and Justinian die	313
570	Mohammed born, at Mecca	316
597	St. Augustine arrives in England	319
622	Era of the Hej'ra	317
756	The Moorish Kingdom of Cordova, in Spain, founded	317
774	End of the Lombard Kingdom in Italy	321
786	Reign of the Calif Haroun Alraschid	322
800	The Western Empire revived by Charlemagne	321
814	Death of Charlemagne	322

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TRUE STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

CREATION OF THE WORLD. THE DELUGE. BABYLON, IN CHALDÆA.

We have long amused ourselves, my dear children, with tales of fiction; suppose we now seek a nobler entertainment in the study of *real* characters and the knowledge of *real* events. I assure you, fancy can offer nothing more strange or more interesting than may be found in history; and our best story-tellers and story-writers are those who speak from knowledge and experience.

You can easily understand why true stories must be more affecting than fictitious tales; why the actions of real human beings must be more instructive than the deeds of fancied heroes and heroines. In reading history, however, especially ancient history, we must not too hastily believe all that is written. In the lapse of years, the means by which facts have been recorded, such as Medals, Pictures, Hieroglyphic Inscriptions, Statues, and Manu-

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scripts, must have been often lost, defaced, and altered. Hence the truth can scarcely be expected to reach us pure and genuine; besides, different historians relate facts in different modes, and view characters and events in different lights: we must, therefore, receive their records with diffidence and candor, and be always disposed to accept the kindest representation of our fellow-creatures.

It is absolutely necessary to all well-educated persons, to be acquainted with what is generally known and believed as the history of the various countries of the world. Such knowledge enables us to relish polite society, and join in intelligent conversation. It instructs us, by what *has* happened, to judge what *may* happen; it develops to us the powers and capacities of human virtue and human talent; and hence may teach us what we *ought* to do, and what we *can* do.

We will now, therefore, take a view of events, in the order in which they occurred; and of persons, in the order in which they lived.

The Bible gives us the account of what passed, and of the people who lived, in the earliest period of history. There, also, you will read of the great Flood; when deep water covered all the earth, and only Noah and his family, and the animals he took with him into the ark, were saved; all the rest of mankind were drowned.

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Well, this great Flood, or deluge, as it is sometimes called, took place about four thousand years ago. And even now, signs of the deluge — signs that the sea once covered what is now dry land — are to be found; for, in some high mountains, far from the ocean, the bones of fish and marine animals are discovered; so that all sensible persons are sure a flood really did happen.

Look into a map of the world for Asia. The first men and women of whom we read lived in Asia; and the first city of any consequence was the famous city of Babylon — built in Asia.

Nimrod, the great-grandson of Noah, a brave and clever man, fought many battles, and became the king of a large country, called Assyria; among many other cities, he built the beautiful city of Babylon. After his death, a queen, named Semiramis, improved and ornamented it. I will tell you how Semiramis became a queen. Nimrod * had a son, called Ninus: he also was a great conqueror, and gained many battles; at last, he laid siege to a city called Bactria, but found it very difficult to obtain possession of this place. Now, one of his chief officers had a wife, named Semiramis: she was a woman of uncommon courage, and had as much sense as courage; her parents were obscure, but I suppose she had taken pains to improve herself,

* Rollin.

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and to make herself brave and skilful. People can do more in teaching themselves than any body can do for them.

Semiramis went to the king, and told him how she thought he might conquer the city of Bactria; the king did as she advised, and he soon gained it. Ninus loved the woman who had shown him the way to gain what he desired; and when the husband of Semiramis saw this, being afraid of the king's power, he went and killed himself. When her husband was dead, Ninus married Semiramis: thus she became a queen; and Ninus, at his death, left her all the countries he possessed.

Semiramis was so fond of Babylon, that she almost built it anew, and added some fine palaces and temples; so that it was long celebrated for its grandeur and beauty. Semiramis was also much admired for her sense and spirit, and for the clever manner in which she governed a great nation. She not only built cities, but she went out with a large army, and fought amidst her soldiers, and obtained many victories. One day, when she was dressing herself, word was brought that there was a tumult in the city; she ran out instantly, with her hair half dressed, and never thought of finishing her dressing till she had restored peace to her people.

Another time, when she was marching a great army against a king of India, as soon as he heard of her coming, he sent to ask her

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who she was, and why she came against him. "Tell your master," replied Semiramis, "I will soon let him know who I am." They met, and fought; and the king wounded Semiramis in two places; but he did not kill her, for she escaped with part of her army, and returned to Babylon.

Soon after her return, her son rebelled against her; and she, instead of punishing him, gave up the throne to him, and, retiring from court, passed the rest of her life in peace and privacy.

The Assyrians always loved Semiramis for the good she had done for them. We are told that China, also a vast country in Asia, was well peopled, rich, and flourishing, so far back as the reign of Semiramis.

Abraham, of whom you read in the Bible, was born in Chaldæa, a part of Assyria, A. C. 1996, soon after the death of this celebrated queen.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT. NILE. PYRAMIDS. LETTERS. SESOSTRIS.

The second country of which we read is Egypt; and here is the map. Egypt is in Africa, in the corner which joins it to Asia.

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Menes was the first king of Egypt: he reigned about 160 years after Nimrod, but before Semiramis.

Egypt is famous for many things; such as the River Nile, which overflows its banks once every year, and with the water carries a rich earth over the surrounding land, that not only moistens but improves it; so that, when the water retires, the ground is in a fine state for tilling and sowing.

You have heard of those wonderful buildings, the Pyramids. They are to be seen at this day in Egypt, and are so old that nobody can find out when they were raised, or for what use; but it is supposed they were meant for sepulchres, a kind of graves, for the dead.

In Egypt, letters were first invented by a man called Memnon, more than 3000 years ago; from that time, men have had signs with which to write down what they think and what they wish to remember.

Egypt had also a very great monarch, named Sesostris, who reigned there long and happily; he was father to Amenophis, the Pharaoh under whom the Israelites departed out of Egypt, and who was drowned in the Red Sea, when pursuing them. Look into the map, and you will find the Red Sea between Egypt and Canaan, in Assyria; so that the shortest way for the Israelites to return home was by crossing it. I must tell you

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that Pharaoh was a royal title, common to all the kings who, in those times, reigned in Egypt.

The father of Sesostris was resolved to educate his son so well that he should become a great and good man. By his orders, all the children born in Egypt on the same day as Sesostris were brought to court, and instructed with the young prince. They were all treated alike: by these means, Sesostris not only made many friends, but many clever boys were educated, who proved able and faithful ministers to him. The prince and his companions were brought up very hardily; they were never suffered to eat until they had run or ridden a race. They were taught the use of arms, and were made to bear hunger and thirst patiently.

As soon as they were strong enough, they were sent to fight the enemies of their country. Whilst Sesostris was absent on such an expedition, his father died; and then he resolved to attempt the conquest of all the world. But, before he began this great undertaking, he tried to secure the safety of his own country, by choosing sensible ministers, and by gaining the love of his people.

He conquered many nations; but, after obtaining from them whatever he thought most useful for his own country, he restored to them their freedom. We are told that in several places he erected pillars, with hieroglyph-

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ic inscriptions to this effect upon them: "Sesostris, king of kings, and lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." On his return home, a wicked brother of his tried to destroy him, by setting fire to the palace in which he, his wife, and children, were sleeping; but they all escaped the danger.

Sesostris dug canals, encouraged commerce, and in so many ways benefited his subjects, that I am sorry truth obliges me to inform you of an instance of his pride and vainglory. He was so puffed up with his conquests, that, fancying himself more than man, he made the princes he had vanquished do him homage, and would go to the temple with those poor princes harnessed to his car instead of horses. This was shameful; but he did still worse; for, when he was old and blind, he wickedly put an end to his own life.

In his reign, B. C. 1556, Cecrops led a colony out of Egypt, and built the city of Athens, of which place I have much to tell you; and the brother who had sought his death, afraid of the punishment he deserved, took to flight. After many years' wandering, he repaired to Argos, and took possession of that city. About this time, also, Scamander built Troy, B. C. 1546, soon after the birth of Moses.

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CHAPTER III.

SPARTA. HELENA. PARIS. HOMER.

SPARTA was built soon after Athens. Lelex was its first king; and it had another, called Lacedæmon, from whom the state was sometimes called Lacedæmonia. The tenth king of Sparta, Tyndarus, had a daughter named Helena, who was so beautiful that every body who saw her admired her, and many princes desired to marry her.

Tyndarus knew not whom to choose for her husband; so he made them all take an oath to agree that the lady should choose for herself. Helena fixed upon Menelaus; they were married, and lived together happily enough.

It happened that a very handsome prince, Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, travelling that way, chanced to see Helena, and was so much struck with her beauty, that, as Menelaus was gone from home, he took the opportunity to run away with her.

When Menelaus returned, and found he had lost his wife, he complained very loudly, and stirred up all the cities of Greece to assist him in recovering his Helena.

Greece is in Europe, and was, at that time, full of cities, each governed by its own king.

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Troy was in Asia. At the request of Menelaus, all the Greeks united: it was the first * time they had united; and they laid siege to Troy, where the beauteous Helena was living with the handsome Paris. For ten long years the Greek army strove to regain her; and at the end of that period they took the city, burned it to the ground, and recovered Helena, B. C. 1184. It was by a cunning contrivance that the Greeks entered Troy. They made a large wooden horse, and filled it with armed soldiers; this horse they managed to get into the city; and, at night, when all was still, the men within the hollow horse let themselves out, set fire to Troy, broke down the gates, and gave admission to the Grecian army, which was all in readiness to rush into the town.

Most of this singular history is told in a poem composed by Homer, and called the *Iliad*. You will read it some day, and see how much bloodshed was caused by the crimes and follies of Helena and her lover Paris.

Homer, who lived 900 years before Christ, is said to have been a poor blind man, who went about from place to place, singing his verses, and making them as he went along.

I will tell you a pretty fable about Paris, the lover of Helena. A fable, you know, is a story that is not true.

* Goldsmith.

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Peleus, the father of Achilles, when married to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, invited all the gods and goddesses to his wedding, except the goddess of Discord, who was not asked; this made her so angry, that, to spoil the pleasures of the feast, she threw among the guests a golden apple, with this inscription upon it: "To the fairest." Each goddess, fancying herself the prettiest, expected to receive this curious fruit; but, as all could not have it, Jupiter decided that Juno, Minerva, and Venus, should go with Mercury to Mount Ida, and have the contest there decided.

Paris, who, though a prince, was also a shepherd, was there tending his father's flocks; and, when desired to say which of these three goddesses was the fairest, after some hesitation, he adjudged the golden apple to Venus. This decision so offended the other two goddesses, Juno and Minerva, that, to punish him and his old father, Priam, they caused him to see and run away with Helena, and then urged the Greek princes to destroy Troy, under pretence of recovering the faithless princess.

Almost all ancient history is entangled with fable, and it is now difficult to determine what is true and what is not. But you may be always sure that is false which describes gods and goddesses; there is but One God, the Lord of heaven and earth.

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CHAPTER IV.

LYCURGUS, AND HIS LAWS.

For many years, Sparta was governed by a single king; afterwards, two reigned together. One of these kings left two sons, Polydectes and Lycurgus. Polydectes died, and then Lycurgus might have been king, for the widow of Polydectes offered to kill the only son of that prince as soon as it was born, if he would promise to marry her.

But Lycurgus, disdaining so dishonorable a proposal, and wishing to save the child, desired she would send it to him, that he might dispose of it. Accordingly, the boy, as soon as he was born, was sent to his uncle. Lycurgus was at supper with a large party, when the babe arrived; but he instantly took it into his arms, and, holding it to the view of his company, exclaimed, "Spartans, behold your king!" As all the people were delighted to see the son of their deceased monarch, Lycurgus named the boy Charilaus, which, I believe, signifies "the joy of the people."

Lycurgus now governed the kingdom until the prince should be old enough to govern for himself; but he found the nation so full of folly and vice, that he resolved to travel into

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other countries, and discover the best means of government.

In his travels, he met with the poems of Homer; he collected these with great care, and took them with him when he returned to Sparta, to which place he was soon recalled by the people. Things were now much worse in this city than when he left it; and he resolved to set about a reformation of the manners of the people. Charilaus at first opposed his plans, but he had sense enough to find they were good, and then he cheerfully forwarded them.

Lycurgus began his labors by instituting a senate, that is, an assembly of the best and wisest men, to make laws, and see that they were obeyed; this senate was composed of thirty members, the two kings being of the number. He next made an equal division of all the land, so that all the Spartans shared it fairly among them. When he tried to do the same with the movables, the furniture, clothes, &c., he found the rich, who possessed a great deal, very averse to his proposals; so he went another way to work. He took away the value of gold and silver, by ordering the money in future to be made of iron. As this iron money was despised by all the neighboring countries, the Spartans could no longer buy foreign showy articles, so that luxury was at once banished from among them. The workmen, also, not being employed in making

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useless finery, had more time to give to useful articles, so that the conveniences of life (the things that are *necessary*) were very neatly and completely made and finished.

He then commanded that all persons should eat at public tables, and that those tables should be served with plain food. This regulation vexed the rich Spartans more than any other, so much were they devoted to eating and drinking. They rose in a body and assaulted Lycurgus; and one of them cruelly struck out his eye with a stick. Lycurgus no otherwise punished this offender, Alcander, than by ordering him to become his page and attendant. Alcander, having a good heart, was so touched by this mildness, that he resolved to be more orderly, and learned in future to govern his passions. In time, these public dinners came to be much relished, and very pleasant discourse often enlivened them.

I never can enough admire one part of the ceremony observed at them. When the company were assembled, the oldest man present, pointing to the door, said, "Not one word spoken here goes out there." This wise rule produced mutual confidence, and prevented all scandal, misrepresentation, and foolish or ill-natured prating.

You will laugh when I tell you, that, at these public dinners, they served up a kind of soup called *black broth*, which the Spartans enjoyed very much, but which the people of

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other countries thought sad stuff. The truth was, the Spartans were healthy, and had good appetites, so that any food was acceptable to them.

When you are hungry, you know, you can relish the plainest viands, just as they did their black broth.

The children were taught in large public schools, and were made brave and hardy; all the people were accustomed to speak in short, pithy sentences, so that that style of speaking is even now called after them — *laconic;* Laconia being one of the names of Lacedæmonia.

I could tell you much more of this warlike people, but you will read of them in other and better books, when you are older; so I will only add that, when Lycurgus had firmly established his new laws, he took a curious mode of insuring their continued observance. He left Sparta, after having made the people solemnly swear, that they would abide by his laws until he should return. As he intended not to return, this was making them swear they would keep his laws forever.

Lycurgus died in a foreign land. Some say he killed himself; but I hope he was not so wicked. His death happened when Solomon had been dead 100 years, about the 874th year before Christ.

The Helots, of whom you will read in the history of Sparta, were a people conquered by

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the Spartans, and not only deprived of their liberty and made slaves, but often otherwise cruelly used.

CHAPTER V.

CARTHAGE. DIDO. ÆNEAS.

I HAVE now to inform you of the origin of the magnificent city of Carthage, in Africa. It is said to have been built before the Trojan war; but if so, it was certainly much enlarged and improved by Queen Dido.

About the time that Lycurgus died, Dido, or Elissa, (as she is sometimes called,) being provoked at the tyranny of her brother Pygmalion, (who had murdered her husband Sichæus,) fled with a party from Tyre, in Asia, and settled on the coast of Africa. There she bargained for the purchase of as much land as the hide of an ox could enclose; then very artfully cutting the hide, or skin, into narrow strips, she claimed as much ground as those strips would surround.

Virgil has written a charming poem, the *Æneid*, which gives a very interesting narrative of Dido, and, as it may have been founded on facts,* I will tell you his story.

You remember that Troy was taken, after

* Gibbon.

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ten years' siege, by the Greeks. Among the Trojans who escaped that bloody day, was a prince, Æneas, who, with his father Anchises, his son Ascanius, and a few followers, fled by sea from the ruins of Troy.

Æneas and his little party were long driven about by contrary winds; and at last a tempest threw them on the coast of Africa, near the city of Carthage. Dido received them with great kindness; gave them food and clothing, and behaved so compassionately, that Æneas fell in love with her. He soon gained the affections of the queen, and they lived very happily together for many months; but at last Æneas either became tired of her, or his conscience accused him of spending an idle and useless life.

In spite of the prayers and tears of the tender and faithful Dido, who had done so much for him and his followers; who had refused, for his sake, to marry a great king, and thus drawn upon herself the fury of that king, — Æneas hoisted his sails, and hastened far from Carthage. Dido, broken-hearted at his ingratitude and desertion, resolved to die, according to the barbarous usage of those days, when true religion was unknown; she raised a high pile of wood, and, mounting upon it, stabbed herself, and was burned to ashes with the wood on which she had laid herself.

Carthage was long celebrated for its commerce and wealth; and hereafter I shall have

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to inform you of some great men, who fought her battles and enlarged her power. This city measured twenty-three miles in circumference. It had a noble park and fine fortress; altogether, it was one of the finest cities that was ever erected; though, at present, the spot on which it stood is scarcely known. So, the period may come when ruins alone shall mark the spot where London, the metropolis of England, — London, still more celebrated than Carthage for riches and commerce, — now proudly stands.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLYMPIADS.

THERE are many ways of measuring time: we say such an event occurred in such a year of the world, *Anno Mundi;* marked thus, A. M.; that is, when the world was so many years old.

Or, we say, it happened *Before Christ*, B. C., or *Ante Christum*, A. C.; that is, so many years before Christ was born.

Or, we say, a circumstance came to pass in such a year of such an *Olympiad;* you shall hear what is meant by this last expression.

Every four years, at Olympia, or Pisa, both towns of Greece, certain public games were

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celebrated in honor of the heathen god Jupiter. These games consisted of chariot races, horse races, wrestling, throwing the disc or coit, and boxing with the cestus; the cestus was a gauntlet, or glove, made of an ox-hide. One of the wrestlers being once entangled by his dress, the men from that time wrestled naked, with their bodies greased, or oiled, to prevent their being held firmly by their antagonists. The reward of the victor was a simple wreath of the wild olive; hence it seems they fought for glory, not for riches. The conquerors were talked of all over Greece and the neighboring states, so that young men flocked from all parts to contend at these games; and, as they caused the candidates to practise manly exercises, and thence to become robust and daring, these games were very considerable.

Women were not allowed to be present: indeed, few would have desired it. There was once a female, who, wishing to see her two sons perform, put on man's attire, and mixed with the crowd. It happened that her sons were declared to be the victors; and when she heard this, the joy of the mother overmatched the prudence of the woman She ran from her place, jumped over the cord that was fixed to keep back the spectators, and, throwing off her manly robe, declared her sex. The people were amazed; but, in consideration of the merit of her sons, the fault of the mother was pardoned.

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From that time, however, a stricter vigilance was used to prevent the entrance of females.

The Olympic Games were first instituted about 1453 A. C.; but having fallen into disuse, they were restored by Pelops, 1307 A. C.

But the Olympiads, from which history is sometimes reckoned, were established 776 A. C.; an epocha you must be careful to remember, not only as the period from which ancient history is generally dated. but because it is very near the time when the far-famed city of Rome was built.

CHAPTER VII.

ROME.

THERE are many accounts of the first building of Rome; the most generally accepted I will give you; but you will find, though very entertaining, it is by no means certain.

I told you that, after the sacking of Troy, Æneas fled to Carthage, and, after staying there some time, deserted Queen Dido, and sailed away. After many adventures, he landed with his little party on the coast of Italy, in Europe. There he married, and built a city, and reigned in it, and his sons after him.

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Numitor, a descendant of his, the fifteenth king from Æneas, many years after his death, was deposed (that is, removed from his throne) by his brother Amulius; his son was killed; and his daughter Rhea Silvia was obliged to become a vestal virgin, that she might not marry and have children.

Rhea, however, happened to have twin sons; and as soon as Amulius heard of their birth, he ordered Rhea to be buried alive, and her children to be thrown into the River Tiber.

The poor babes were put into a basket accordingly, and placed by the water, that, when the river rose, it might carry them away and drown them. However, the infants were so light, that the basket floated,

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and the children were saved. — Some say a wolf suckled them — an almost incredible thing; for wolves, you know, are remarkably fierce and bloodthirsty. Other writers relate, that the woman who preserved and nursed them was called Lupa; and, as *Lupa* is the Latin word for *she wolf*, this caused the mistake.

Be that as it may, the two boys throve, and grew strong and bold. They were called Romulus and Remus; became shepherds, and were fond of hunting the wild beasts. At last, they were told of their high birth, and that, in right of their mother, they ought to be kings of the country. They therefore collected their friends, fought against their wicked uncle, and killed him; so that then their old grandfather Numitor came again to his throne. After forty-two years' exile, to be sure, he would be happy to return to his crown; and he would be proud to owe it to the bravery of his grandsons.

Romulus and Remus persuaded him to build a new city. Cities in those days were not what they are now; I suppose, a few, low-built houses, with mud walls, erected near each other, were thought a very fine city; for Europe was then as barbarous as some part of America is now.

These young men had nearly quarrelled in deciding where this city should stand; but Numitor advised them to watch the flight of

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birds — a custom common in that age, when any debated point was to be settled. They took their stations on different hills. Remus saw six vultures; Romulus twice as many. Remus said he was victorious, because the birds first appeared to him; Romulus insisted that, as he had seen the greater number, he was the conqueror.

From words they came to blows; and, I am sorry to tell you, Remus was killed by his brother.* Romulus now became sole master; and at eighteen years of age, laid the foundation of a city which was to give laws to all the world.

It was named Rome after him, was built in a square form, and contained one thousand houses. Some of the laws he made were excellent. He had a senate, of one hundred men, to assist him to govern. They were called *Patricians*, from *patres*, the Latin for *fathers;* and the common people were called *Plebeians*, from *plebes*, the *commonalty.*

They had priests to perform religious ceremonies; for you will observe, as you read history, that the most rude and ignorant nations worship God, in some form or other, "believe in Him, fear Him, love Him."

The Romans had also an army, composed of horse and foot soldiers; and great numbers of men flocked to them from the little towns

* Livy.

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near Rome: thus every day the city increased in power and extent.

About the time that Rome was founded, B. C. 753, Sparta changed its form of government, and, instead of thirty senators, had only five magistrates, called *Ephori*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SABINES.

I do not know how it happened that Rome was in want of women; either they had not any, or they had too few. So Romulus sent to the neighboring cities, to ask permission for his people to marry their young virgins. These cities, however, scornfully refused the proposal; so Romulus determined to gain by cunning what he could not obtain by fair and honorable means. He therefore gave notice that, on a certain day, there would be public games, and shows, and feasts, in his city of Rome. Then the proud inhabitants of the adjacent towns came in crowds to see the sights and partake of the festivities. Among the rest, it is said that all the nation of Sabines, men, women, and children, visited Rome. In the midst of the shows, at a certain signal given, the young Romans rushed upon the strangers, and ran away with the

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fairest maidens, each taking the one he liked best, and making her his wife.

The parents of the young girls, you may be sure. were very angry, but, in the confusion, could not find out their children; so they left the city, vowing vengeance on the perfidious Romans; and, indeed, this was a breach of hospitality that no necessity could justify.

A war ensued, and the Sabines gained some advantages, as also did the Romans. At last the two armies met, each resolved to conquer or die. Just before the battle began, the women, who had been the innocent cause of this animosity, with their hair dishevelled, and their garments torn, rushed in between the contending troops: some tried to soften their husbands; others strove to melt the hearts of their fathers and brothers. They wept, entreated, caressed; — declared themselves to be very kindly treated by their husbands, and prayed that peace might be established between relatives so near and dear. Their prayers were granted. The Sabines consented to forgive the Romans, and the Romans were willing to be reconciled to the justly offended Sabines. To obtain and preserve concord is woman's true province.

Peace and confidence were restored, and the nations lived in mutual love and harmony for many years.

After having brought his city into a state of great power and comfort, Romulus died,

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and was succeeded by Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, the second king of Rome. It has been said that Romulus was killed; and it has also been said that he was taken up alive to heaven.

Leaving these marvels, I shall have more pleasure in telling you of Numa. He was a wise and virtuous man, living contentedly in privacy. When the throne was offered to him, he wished to decline it; and it was not until his friends had repeatedly urged him to accept it, that he gave up his own wishes to theirs, and, for the public good, consented to be made king of Rome.

He proved as excellent a monarch as he had been a simple citizen, and reigned forty-three years in profound peace, doing every thing possible for the improvement of Rome and the advantage of its inhabitants.

It was in the time of Romulus, about B. C. 732, that a colony from Corinth, a city in Greece, passed over to the island of Sicily, and laid the foundations of Syracuse.

CHAPTER IX.

ATHENS. THESEUS.

Athens was the most famous city in Greece. I have already told you that Cecrops, with a

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colony from Egypt, built it a few years before Sparta was founded.

You must know, Greece is a large tract of country in the eastern corner of Europe; and formerly it was covered with cities, each of which had its territory. Of some of these cities you have already heard: Sparta was one of them, Corinth another, Argos another, and Athens, perhaps the most celebrated of them all. The country belonging to Athens was called Attica.

Theseus was the most renowned of its kings; he reigned there before the Trojan war, and was the son of Ægeus.

When he was young, it was a custom in Athens to send seven youths and seven maidens to Minos, king of Crete, as a kind of tribute; and it is said he put those victims into a place called a *labyrinth*, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a strange monster, partaking of the form of a man and a bull.

This was done once every ten years. When the time of the third tribute came, and the poor young people were going to be chosen by lot, Prince Theseus came forward, and voluntarily offered himself for one of the victims, without taking his chance. You may suppose the old king, his father, did not approve of this self-devotion, though at last he consented to it. The ship that took out these hapless creatures had a black sail, as an emblem, or sign, of its melancholy office; but Theseus

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persuaded Ægeus to give them a white sail likewise; and he promised, if he escaped the monster, and returned in safety, to hoist the white sail instead of the usual black one.

When he arrived at Crete, a young virgin, named Ariadne, fell in love with him, and gave him a clew of thread, with the help of which he could find his way out of the labyrinth. He therefore boldly entered it, killed the Minotaur, and then, guiding himself by the thread, came safely forth, and, with Ariadne and the young victims he had rescued, set sail for Athens.

When they drew near to Attica, they were all in such raptures of joy, that they quite forgot to hoist the white sail: so Ægeus, who was anxiously watching for the ship, concluded that his beloved son was dead, and, throwing himself from the rocks, was instantly dashed to pieces. Two great faults caused this sad calamity: Theseus had broken a promise solemnly given, and Ægeus was too impatient under trial.

The gratitude of the people for being rescued from so dreadful a custom, did not compensate to the brave son for the death of his affectionate father.

Theseus fought many battles with a race of women called Amazonians. Surprising stories are told of the courage of these valiant females; but of what is related of those dark times so little can be depended upon, that I do

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not wish to say much of what is so strange and incredible. I suppose, however, there was a race of women singular for their courage and strength, as that is very possible.

After Theseus, many kings reigned in Athens: the last of them, Codrus, deserves to be remembered. He was told that Athens would not flourish until its monarch should die by the hand of an enemy; he directly went in disguise into the enemy's camp, and picked a quarrel with one of the soldiers, on purpose to rouse him to kill him, which the man soon did.

It is truly brave to die in the hope of benefiting our country. Codrus so died. Saul was then king of Israel.

After this gallant action, Athens was governed by a magistrate, called an archon; and Medon, the son of Codrus, was the first archon.

Medon and a few of his immediate followers were archons during life. Afterwards, this magistrate governed only ten years; and lastly, he was chosen annually. We have now brought the history of Athens from its building, B. C. 1556, to the time of the foundation of Rome, B. C. 753.

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CHAPTER X.

COMBAT BETWEEN THE HORATII AND CURIATII.

The Romans were always trying, by every means in their power, by force of arms or artful schemes, to extend their dominion. Their king, Tullus Hostilius, under pretence that the peasants of the nation of Alba had plundered his subjects, sent ambassadors to demand restitution of the goods they had taken away. He knew that the Albans would refuse satisfaction, because the Romans had also robbed them; and it turned out as he expected. War was therefore declared between the two nations.

When the opposing armies met, the general of the Albans, Mitius, averse to the shedding of so much blood, proposed that some other method of settling the dispute should be chosen.

It happened that in each army there were three brothers born at a birth. Those on the Roman side were called Horatii, and those on the Alban side, Curiatii. The kings proposed to these young men to fight, each for his own country; and whoever conquered, should be deemed to have obtained the victory for his nation.

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A treaty to this effect was signed, and it was solemnly resolved, "That the nation, whose champions should come off conquerors in the combat, should reign peaceably over the other."

By the by, this is the most ancient treaty recorded in history. The armies were placed in due order; the brothers took their arms; their hearts, no doubt, beating high with the hope of victory, and happy in the assurance that, at all events, their prowess would save the lives of hundreds of their fellow-creatures. That is the only true courage, which risks personal danger in the expectation and intention of obtaining good to our country and our fellow-creatures.

Boldly these gallant young heroes stood before their own armies, and heard the prayers of their fellow-soldiers for their success.

The signal was given. The youths rushed forward to the encounter. Presently they were engaged hand to hand, and, in the desperate conflict, felt not the wounds they received, although the spectators, with aching hearts, saw them soon covered with blood. But the glorious spirit of patriotism prevented the heroes from feeling pain; they were insensible to every thing but honor.

The three Albans were desperately wounded, and loud shouts ran along the Roman army. In a few seconds, two of the Romans

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fell, and expired. The acclamations were now heard among the Albans: such is the fate of war.

The surviving Roman saw that all depended upon him; it was an awful moment. But he did not despair; he manfully roused his spirits to meet the exigence of the hour. He saw that force could not avail, for three to one were fearful odds; but he had presence of mind enough to think upon what was best to be done. How valuable is presence of mind!

Horatius drew back, as if fleeing from his enemies. I suppose you will cry out, as the Roman army did, "Shame! Shame!" But Horatius was too brave to trouble himself about what was *said;* he was only thinking of what was to be *done.*

The Curiatii pursued the retreating hero, and, as Horatius expected, one came up before the others: this was what he wanted.

When the Roman hero found one of the Albans near him, he turned about, and, exerting all his skill and bravery, he soon laid him dead at his feet. By this time another of the brothers had arrived; him, too, Horatius quickly despatched. Only one remained on each side.

The hisses of the Romans were turned into cheerings. But what was their joy, when they saw the last of the Curiatii stretched

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lifeless on the ground! Can you not imagine the joy of the victor when he returned triumphant to his friends?

What followed, it is painful to relate. When Horatius reached Rome, he saw his sister bitterly lamenting the death of the Curiatii, one of whom she was engaged to marry; and, in the dreadful moment of ungoverned rage, he killed her on the spot. Alas! to what crimes does not passion lead!

Horatius was condemned to die. His aged father implored the judges to show some mercy to his son; that son, whose valor had lately obtained for Rome the dominion of a new state, whose valor had saved the lives of many Romans; that son, whom he himself would have punished, had he overlooked the conduct of his weak, complaining sister.

The people could not withstand the tears and pleadings of the old father. The life of Horatius was spared. But, no doubt, he deeply lamented that his rash anger had made him tarnish the honors he had so dearly purchased.

A little before this interesting combat took place in Italy, Holofernes, the Assyrian general, was killed by Judith, as related in the book which bears her name.

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CHAPTER XI.

ATHENS. DRACO. SOLON.

The Athenians wished much to have written laws; that they might more steadily govern, and more readily know what to obey. They therefore desired Draco, a wise and honest, but a very stern man, to write out a set of rules for them.

Draco did so; and these were the first *written* laws which history records. But they were most severe; very trifling offences being punished with death, "because," said Draco, "small crimes deserve death, and I have no higher punishment for the greatest transgressions."

This was a strange way of talking; and Draco certainly showed neither mercy nor wisdom by such a remark. Laws are to prevent crimes as well as to punish them. A person chastised moderately for a small offence may be cured of his wickedness, and become virtuous and happy.

Draco's laws were so very harsh that nobody liked to resort to them for the correction of errors and crimes: hence Athens was as badly off as if she had been without laws; and for many years disorder and licentiousness reigned.

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One hundred and fifty years after the death of the stern Draco, the Athenians chose Solon for their archon, and entreated him to make them some just laws, A. C. 594.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece, and gave a clever answer to Crœsus, king of Lydia. Crœsus was so rich, that even now it is common to say, "as rich as Crœsus." This king showed his wealth to Solon, and then asked him, if he did not think the possessor of so much gold the happiest of men. — "No," replied the philosopher; "I know a happier man, an honest laborer, who has just enough to live on." — "And who is the next happiest?" said the king, expecting himself to be named. "The next happiest," answered Solon, "are two virtuous sons, who were remarkable for their duty and kindness to their mother." — "And think you not that I am happy?" exclaimed the disappointed monarch. "No man can be deemed happy till his death," said the sage. When Crœsus, afterwards, was taken prisoner by Cyrus, and about to be burnt, he recollected this conversation, and cried out, "Oh! Solon! Solon!" Cyrus inquired wherefore this exclamation; and, when the cause of it was explained, he set Crœsus at liberty, and owned himself instructed by the hint of Solon. — Thus the philosopher saved the life of one king, and benefited another.

When setting about altering the laws, the

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first thing that Solon did was to repeal the laws of Draco; that is, to declare them no longer binding. Next, he endeavored to introduce more equality of rank and property, by giving power to the lower classes.

He reëstablished the Areopagus. This court had subsisted before, but had fallen into disrepute. Solon, by confining its members to those who had been archons, raised the reputation of the body so much, that it was afterwards greatly venerated. The Areopagus was the highest tribunal in Athens; and took its name from being held upon a hill near the city, called *Areopagus;* that is to say, the *Hill of Ares*, the ancient name of *Mars.*

Many were the useful laws instituted by this wise legislator; and, as they were all mild and reasonable, they were faithfully acted upon; so that Athens greatly improved in virtue and in wisdom from the archonship of Solon.

You see how much can be done by the exertions of a single man; not only a whole country informed, but a very licentious people rendered remarkably civilized and intelligent.

Solon was intimate with Thales, the most celebrated of the seven Grecian sages.* He

* The names of these seven remarkable personages were, Thales, of Miletus; Solon, the Athenian; Pittacus, of Mitylene; Periander, of Corinth; Bias, of Priene; Cleobulus, of Lindus, in Rhodes; and Chilo, the Spartan: they were mostly contemporaries; and lived between A. C. 665 and 542.

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was of Phœnician origin, and a reputed descendant of Cadmus. But his parents had removed to Miletus, a town of Ionia, where Thales was born, A. C. 643. Like others of the ancients, he travelled in quest of knowledge, and visited Crete, Phœnicia, and Egypt. In the latter country, he was taught by the priests geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; in return he is said to have shown them how to measure the vast height and extent of a pyramid by its shadow — a problem which, at that period, was deemed astonishing, but now has nothing difficult in it beyond the labor of calculation. On his return to Miletus, his reputation for wisdom was very great, and deservedly so; for he was the first who calculated with accuracy a solar eclipse; he examined the origin of the winds, and the cause of thunder and lightning; he discovered the solstices and equinoxes, arranged the order of the seasons, and fixed the number of days in the year at 365.

That nothing might interfere with his scientific pursuits, he abstracted himself as much as possible from society; and, when his mother urged him to marry, he replied, "Before my travels, I was too young; I am now too old: between these two extremes a philosopher has no time to think of it." Solon thought otherwise: he was married, and, when he visited Thales, at Miletus, he frequently rallied him on the uncomfortableness of a single

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life. By way of retaliation, Thales engaged a stranger to come into the room while he was conversing with Solon, and to pretend that he was just arrived from Athens. Solon, being an Athenian, naturally asked what news he brought. The stranger replied, "A promising young man is just dead, for whom the whole city is in mourning." — "What is his name?" inquired Solon, eagerly. "I cannot tell," answered the stranger: "all I know is, that his father is a great philosopher, and is at present travelling at a distance from home." — "Alas! alas!" cried Solon, who doubted not that it was his own son, of whom the stranger spoke; and he began to weep and tear his hair. "Moderate your grief," said Thales, smiling. "You now perceive one of the advantages of a single life. Such grief as you now feel can never assail the man who refuses to marry. Be comforted; for this news is not true: your son still lives."

Some Ionians, one day, bargained with a party of Milesian fishermen for the next draught of fishes they should catch. When the net was hauled up, it was found to contain a golden tripod, which, it was reported, Helen had thrown into the sea as she returned from Troy. This, you know, must be a fable. A dispute, as might be expected, arose as to whom the tripod belonged — to the fishermen, or to the Ionians; and, as they could not set-

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tle the matter themselves, they referred the question to the Delphian oracle. The answer assigned the prize "to the *wisest*." The Milesians, thinking their own philosopher, Thales, the wisest man in the world, sent the tripod to him. But Thales, too modest to deem himself perfect, forwarded it to Bias, another of the Grecian sages; who, for similar reasons, sent it to Pittacus; and thus it went round, till it came to Solon, whose decision was, that "GOD alone is truly wise;" and therefore he sent it to Delphi, to be consecrated to the deity of the place.

Thales rendered an important service to Crœsus, when he was at a loss how to get his army across the River Halys; having neither bridges nor boats for the purpose. The philosopher ordered the men to cut a trench behind the camp, in the form of a crescent, and to make it join the river at its two extremities. The water was thus diverted into another channel, and the river became fordable.

Thales lived to the advanced age of ninety-six years; and died respected for his virtue and admired for his wisdom. The Milesians celebrated his funeral with great pomp, and erected a statue to his memory.

Thespis was the first poet who performed comedies at Athens. He and his immediate successors had no playhouses, but used to act upon an open cart, somewhat as our itinerant

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show-folks do now. Solon did not disapprove of these shows, and even went himself to see them. But when the play was over, he called Thespis, who had been acting various characters, and asked him if he were not ashamed to speak so many lies? Thespis replied, "It was all in jest." Admire, I beseech you, the answer of Solon: striking his staff on the ground violently, he cried, "If we encourage ourselves to speak falsely in jest, we shall run the chance of acquiring a habit of speaking falsely in serious matters." Had he never uttered any other words than these, he would have deserved the character of a wise man.

Æsop, who wrote so many ingenious fables, was much caressed by King Crœsus; whilst Solon, for his bluntness, was little noticed. Æsop therefore said, "A man should not converse with kings, unless he says what is agreeable." But Solon nobly answered, "He should not speak, unless he says what is useful."

You will observe that all wise and good persons are equally remarkable for truth. Indeed, there can be no virtue where there is no truth: none but fools and knaves condescend to be false and cunning.

Pisistratus, an Athenian, desiring to gain power, wounded himself; then ran into the market-place, and said his enemies had hurt him. Solon, with contempt, said to him,

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"Son of Hippocrates, you act Ulysses badly: he hurt himself to deceive his *enemies;* you have done so to cheat your *friends.*"

The populace being, as is generally the case, deaf to the voice of reason, Pisistratus became tyrant, or king, of Athens; and Solon retired to Cyprus, where he died at a good old age, A. C. 558, happy in the consciousness of having done much for his native country.

Whilst Solon and Thales were improving their respective countries of Attica and Ionia, by virtue, wisdom, and science, the republic of Corinth was doomed to suffer under the cruel despotism of Periander; who, though reckoned among the sages of Greece, rather usurped the title by his power, than deserved it by meritorious deeds. His father had been chief magistrate of the republic; and, when he succeeded him, the first years of his government were mild and popular. But, soon showing a desire to make himself absolute, the people became disaffected, and he sent to Thrasybulus, tyrant, or prince, of Miletus, for advice as to the best means of establishing himself. Thrasybulus, instead of sending any reply, took his messenger into a cornfield, and lopped off the heads of all such ears as overtopped the rest. — You recollect a similar story of Tarquin. Periander in this case, as Sextus in the Roman story, understood the symbolical purport of this act; and, surrounding himself with a numerous guard, put

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to death the richest and most powerful citizens of Corinth. Nor was it towards his subjects only that Periander proved severe and rigorous; he was a cruel husband and a bad father. The only thing that can be said in his favor is, that he was a friend to learning and learned men. He invited the other wise men to his court, and entertained them with respect and hospitality. He was fond of peace, and patronized the fine arts. His apophthegms, or wise sayings, are beautiful, and so contradictory to the actions of his life, that many historians insist that Periander the tyrant was a different person from Periander the wise man. It may be observed, however, that the accounts we have of him were transmitted by his political enemies. He died, as it is said, by his own contrivance, after a reign of forty years, in the eightieth year of his age, A. C. 585. Notwithstanding his cruelty, his subjects honored his learning, and erected a monument to his memory.

The marvellous adventure of Arion is placed in the time of Periander. Arion, the most famous lyric poet and musician of his day, made a voyage to Italy in company with Periander; and, remaining behind, amassed immense wealth by his profession: at length, wishing to return to his native country, Lesbos, he hired a Corinthian vessel at Tarentum, thinking he might safely trust himself and his riches to Corinthian sailors. As soon, how-

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ever, as the vessel was out at sea, the sailors resolved to throw him overboard, and divide his riches among themselves. Arion entreated them to spare his life; but, finding them inflexible, begged permission to play one tune upon his lute before he died: this was granted: the sailors retired to the middle of the vessel to listen; while Arion, mounting the stern, struck up the "Morning Hymn." As soon as he had finished, he threw himself, with all his jewels, into the sea; and the ship, with its disappointed crew, sailed on to Corinth. So far is probable; what follows, if not altogether fabulous, has been rendered so by the embellishments the story has received. It might be, that Arion was picked up by some other vessel, and conveyed in safety to land; but the legend is, that a number of dolphins had been attracted round the ship by the melody of his music, and that Arion was carried on the back of one of them to Tænarus, in Laconia. whence he again set sail, and, arriving at Corinth before the sailors, related to Periander all that had happened. When the sailors came, they were questioned as to the fate of Arion; and they boldly replied that they had left him well at Tarentum; upon which a door was thrown open, and Arion appeared, clad just as when he made his leap into the sea. This unexpected appearance confounded the guilty sailors; and Periander ordered them all to be crucified.

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About this time the temple of Jerusalem was taken and burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, A. C. 588; and Sappho, the lyric poetess, flourished.

CHAPTER XII.

CYRUS.

A FEW years before Solon was chosen archon of Athens, a prince was born very worthy of being noticed and admired. This was Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, king of Persia, and grandson of Astyages, king of the Medes. This Astyages is called Ahasuerus in the Bible.

The manners of the Persians were excellent in those days: great simplicity in dress, food, and behavior, universally prevailed; so that Cyrus was plainly and wisely educated, and learnt to be modest in his demeanor, and moderate in his wishes. When he was yet a boy, his mother, Mandane, took him to visit his grandfather; and the pride and luxury of the court of Media quite surprised and disgusted him. Astyages was so charmed with the sensible conversation and artless manners of the prince, that he loaded him with rich presents, and made a grand entertainment; but Cyrus gave away all the fine things to the courtiers;

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a present to one, because he instructed him; to another, because he was kind to his mother; to a third, because he took care of his old grandfather. All this showed, not only that he was generous, but that he reflected, and gave gifts with judgment, and from motives of gratitude.

Sacas, the cup-bearer, he neglected, because he did not let him visit Astyages when he pleased; and when Astyages lamented this neglect of so good an officer, "O," said the young prince, "there is not much merit in being a good cup-bearer; I can do as well myself." He accordingly took the cup, and handed it to his mother with great modesty and gracefulness. Astyages admired his skill; but laughingly observed, "The young waiter had forgotten one thing." — "What have I forgotten?" asked Cyrus. "To taste the wine before you handed it to me and your mother." — "I did not forget that; but I did not choose to swallow poison." — "Poison!" exclaimed the king. "Yes; there must be poison in the cup; for they who drink of it sometimes grow giddy and sick, and fall down." — "Then do you never drink in your country?" inquired Astyages. "Yes; but we only drink to satisfy thirst, and then a little water suffices."

I dare say many children must have thought like Cyrus; I only wish, when they grow up, they would remember their thoughts; and then they would not drink strong wine and

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fiery spirits, which do indeed often cause sickness and loss of sense, and, when too freely swallowed, prove a poison. How many are killed by drinking strong liquors!

Soon after this discourse, Cyrus returned home, and was remarkable for his obedience to his father Cambyses, who, in his turn, gave his son very good advice. The prince fought many battles, and was as brave towards his enemies as he was merciful to his prisoners. Do you recollect the anecdote I told you of his pardoning Crœsus, and giving him his life? Well, when this Crœsus, who, you know, prized money above all other things, asked Cyrus where he kept his wealth, Cyrus wrote a short note, and sent it to the lords of his court, and presently a large sum of money was brought to him. "Observe," said this noble youth; "the chests in which I keep my riches, are the hearts of my subjects."

He knew that, by his wise and amiable conduct, he had so entirely gained the love and confidence of his people, that he had only to ask, and they would give him all he desired.

I should never have done, were I to tell you all the clever and noble acts that this great prince performed. You must read the full history of his life in Rollin, and you will find it more amusing and instructive than all the novels that were ever written.

I will only add, that, after a long and in-

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teresting siege, he took the city of Babylon, and put an end to the Assyrian monarchy, which had subsisted from the time of Nimrod. Belshazzar was then king of Babylon; and I dare say you have read the account given in the Bible of his seeing a hand-writing on the wall; of Daniel explaining to him that he was about to lose his kingdom; and of the strange manner in which Babylon was entered, and the king taken and killed.

The prince who thus conquered was Cyrus the Great. He soon after, by the death of his father, grandfather, and uncle, became sole monarch of Media and Persia, besides other states which he had acquired by his victories. He died at the age of seventy, in the midst of his family and friends, after a life remarkable for virtue and glory, A. C. 529, two years before the death of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFUCIUS. CHINA.

I HAVE already told you of two great lawgivers, Lycurgus of Sparta, and Solon of Athens; I have now to tell you of a third, Confucius, the legislator of China. Confucius was born just before Solon died, when Cyrus

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the Great was in the height of his power, and the prime of his life.

The Chinese pretend that Noah (whom they call *Fo-hee*) settled in the north part of China, and that therefore their nation is derived from him; certain it is, that the empire of China is of high antiquity.

Confucius was a very grave child, not fond of play, very studious, and very devout. When only twenty-three years of age, he began to attempt the reform of his countrymen, who were immersed in dissipation and extravagance.

The virtue and ability of Confucius caused him to be much respected, and he was chosen to fill offices of high dignity. He was very happy to accept the situation of a magistrate, because he hoped to be more useful to his fellow-citizens; and he exerted himself very much, until, finding that, in spite of all his exertions, the people were little amended, he gave up places that he only valued as extending his capacity of doing good. He then travelled about different parts of this vast empire; and, on his again settling in his native province, he was invested with an important office in the government. At that time, China was composed of many kingdoms, each governed by its own sovereign.

Confucius wished a king to reign amidst his subjects as a father amongst his children, and wrote many books, and took many journeys,

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to bring about so desirable a form of government. No doubt, he did much good, but certainly not so much as he desired and deserved. He was wont to say to his followers, "There are four things that make me uneasy: 1st, my small progress in virtue; 2d, my want of enthusiasm in study; 3d, my defects in the administration of justice; 4th, my insufficient regulation of my temper."

These were the modest sentiments of a man renowned for his virtue, his learning, his justice, his self-control. We plainly see that the best people are the most humble; the wisest are the most diffident.

A few days before his death, he said to his friends and attendants, "Kings refuse to attend to my precepts: then let me die, since I can no longer be useful to the world." He peaceably expired in the arms of his friends, gray-headed, and enriched by wisdom and by worth.

After his death, his true value was known; and his memory, from that hour, has been honored and respected by the Chinese. Many temples have been inscribed with his name, and many ceremonies are performed in his honor. They worship him as the greatest legislator and wisest man that ever lived. The history he wrote is venerated; the precepts he strove to inculcate are held most precious.

Thus, it seems, worth and excellence are

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sure to be duly prized, if not during the life of the individual, yet after his death. At the same time that Confucius flourished in China, Zoroaster is by some supposed to have lived in Persia. Zoroaster taught the Persians to reverence the sun and fire, as representatives of the one true God. By many writers, however, the era of Zoroaster is carried back as far as the time when Abraham was called out of Ur of Chaldæa, A. C. 1926.

CHAPTER XIV.

TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS, SEVENTH AND LAST KING OF ROME.

Of 1. Romulus; 2. Numa; 3. Tullus, you have already heard: of 4. Ancus Martius; 5. Tarquinius Priscus; 6. Servius Tullius; and 7. Tarquinius Superbus, the remaining kings of Rome, you have yet to hear.

After the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, Tullus reigned several years, and died, it is said, by treason. Ancus Martius, the grandson of Numa, succeeded to the throne: nothing remarkable happened in his reign, except that a stranger, named Lucius, came to live at Rome, and was made guardian of the two sons of Ancus.

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When Ancus died, the government, as usual, fell into the hands of the senate, and Lucius, by cunning and dissimulation, contrived to be made king. He said his wife had prophesied that he should reign, because, when approaching Rome on his first journey to it, as he was riding in an open car, an eagle caught off his cap, and, after much noise and fluttering, put it on again. In those days, little accidents, which we now think of no consequence, were dwelt upon and explained as boding strange events. You know, when the result is known, it is very easy to fancy that some trifle predicted it.

A crown so unjustly obtained was not long possessed, and probably never enjoyed; for conscience is too busy to let the unjust relish their ill-gotten advantages. Lucius Tarquinius Priscus was murdered, and the sons of Ancus were supposed to have ordered his murder. They fled from Rome, which certainly looked as if they were guilty; innocence does not shun inquiry.

The ambitious wife, who had foreboded Tarquin's elevation, concealed his death until she had caused her son-in-law to be chosen king. This was Servius Tullius: of him, too, she told a strange story, that, when he was a boy and asleep, a bright flame of fire had been seen blazing around his head.

Servius was a good man, and married his

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two daughters to the two * sons of Tarquinius; and then, having established peace and good government among the Romans, he was preparing to quit the throne and live in retirement. But these intentions were frustrated.

Tullia, one of his daughters, loved her sister's husband better than her own; and he returned her love, if such wicked wretches could feel love. Tullia killed her husband, as did young Tarquinius his wife, and then they married. As one wickedness paves the way for another, these shameless persons next plotted the death of the good Servius. You will read with horror, that the cruel Tullia rejoiced when she heard that Tarquinius had murdered her father. When she rode forth in her fine chariot to congratulate the base murderer, her driver, seeing the bleeding body of Servius lying in the street, was going to turn down another road, thinking, very rationally, that his mistress would be shocked to behold the mangled corpse of her poor old father. But Tullia had expelled from her heart all natural feeling, and angrily bade the man drive on; he did so, and the chariot-wheels of the daughter's car were stained with the blood of her gray-haired father.

Although the wicked son-in-law was made king, and, from his pride, was entitled Tarquinius Superbus, (Tarquin the Proud,) yet

* Livy.

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you may be sure all men detested him. He made his children as bad as himself; for he sent his son Sextus to a city called Gabii, and commanded him to feign that his father had used him very ill, therefore he had run away. The citizens believed the deceitful Sextus, and were very kind to him, and at last made him their general. This was what Tarquin expected. When his son sent a messenger to know what he must do next, Tarquin gave no answer, but, before the messenger, cut off the heads of the tallest poppies that grew in the garden where he was walking.

No doubt he was afraid of writing or speaking, lest the messenger should betray him; for the wicked always live in the misery of expecting a retaliation of the treachery and cruelty they practise. Sextus, knowing his father's perfidious artifices, understood what he was to do, and without hesitation cut off the heads of all the greatest men in Gabii. The city, no longer protected by brave and prudent citizens, fell an easy prey to the Romans; the treacherous Sextus assisting to betray the nation which had hospitably received him.

Such wicked courses were soon to have an end. Prince Sextus Collatinus, a noble Roman, and some officers, when with the army besieging Ardea, a small town not far from Rome, as they were all drinking and carousing, were boasting what excellent wives each

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possessed. Collatinus was certain that his was the best; so, in a frolic, the young men mounted their horses, and set off for Rome, to discover whose wife was most properly employed in the absence of her husband.

The ladies were found visiting and passing the time in mirth and amusement, all but Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus; and she was spinning wool among her maidens at home. Sextus was so charmed with the good sense and right behavior of Lucretia, that he fell in love with her, and wished her to quit her husband, and go away with him.

Lucretia, shocked at his vile proposals, killed herself for grief, which so distracted Collatinus, that, with Junius Brutus and other friends, he raised an army, and drove Sextus and his infamous father from Rome. The people had suffered so much under the tyranny of this king, that they resolved not only that he should never come back, but that they would have no more kings. They therefore appointed two magistrates, called *consuls*, who were to be elected annually; and Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, and Junius Brutus, her avenger, were the first two consuls who were chosen.

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CHAPTER XV.

MARATHON. MILTIADES.

It is curious that Athens should expel her tyrants, the Pisistratidæ, (the two sons of Pisistratus,) just about the same time that Rome expelled the Tarquins. The cause, too, was nearly the same — the bad treatment of a woman. The sister of Harmodius was ill used by Hipparchus, one of the Pisistratidæ; Harmodius and his friend Aristogiton succeeded in delivering Athens from her tyrants, but unhappily died themselves, when engaged in destroying Hipparchus. Hippias, the other brother, who tried to continue in power, arrested a beautiful woman, named Leona, who, as he thought, knew of the conspiracy, and ordered her to be tortured till she disclosed the truth. But this brave woman bore all her agony in silence; and at last, afraid that extreme pain might force her to speak, she bit off the end of her tongue, to prevent any such weakness, and died faithful to her friends — a noble instance of courage and fidelity.

Hippias was soon compelled to quit Athens. Statues were erected to the memory of Leona, Aristogiton, and Harmodius; and the

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government was, shortly after, restored to the state in which Solon had left it.

Callisthenes, a rich Athenian, strove, indeed, to possess the power he had himself helped to subvert; and, whilst popular, made a few regulations, among which one is well worth notice.

He instituted the *Ostracism*, which was, that every man of sixty years of age should have the privilege of writing on a tile, or an oyster-shell, the name of any person he desired to have banished from the city. It was then that Aristides, a person so excellent that he was always entitled "Aristides the Just," was exiled. One of those who voted against him, met Aristides, and, not knowing him, asked him, as he could not write himself, to be so kind as to write on the oyster-shell for him. "What name shall I write?" said Aristides. "Write Aristides," replied the stranger. "And what harm has Aristides done to you, friend, that you should desire his banishment?" asked Aristides. "He has done me no harm," answered the man; "but I am tired of hearing of Aristides *the Just*." Aristides smiled at the folly of the applicant, and doubtless felt well pleased that he was innocent of all offence. He very quietly wrote his own name on the oyster-shell, and thus conduced to his own sentence of exile.

But, before he was exiled, — before he was ungratefully sent away from his own country,

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—he had performed for that country many eminent services.

Miltiades was much older than Aristides, and was sent with an army to fight against Darius, king of Persia. Darius was the third king of Persia after Cyrus; and Datis was the Persian general whom Darius had sent, with a large army, to take Athens and burn it to the ground.

Datis met the Athenian forces at Marathon, a little town by the sea-side. The Athenians were commanded by ten generals, each of whom, in rotation, commanded for one day; and Miltiades was obliged to take his turn with the others, although he was chief general. Aristides had sense enough to see the evil of such a plan, and generosity enough to give up his honors for the benefit of his country. When it was his day to command, he resigned it to Miltiades, because, he said, "Miltiades was the best general." How much benefit a good example may produce! The other generals, seeing the propriety of this conduct, admired its merit, and imitated what they approved and applauded.

Miltiades, however, thought it his duty not to act till his proper day came round; on the other days, as he had the power, he had the sense to make every necessary preparation. The armies engaged in a fierce and obstinate battle; Themistocles, a brave man, and the compeer of Aristides, fought nobly by his

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side; from the skill with which Miltiades had placed his troops, as much as from the valor of those troops, the battle of Marathon was won by the Athenians, B. C. 490. A soldier, covered with the blood of the enemy, ran to Athens with the news, and had just strength enough left to say, "Rejoice! the victory is ours!" and then fell down dead from fatigue and wounds.

I am ashamed to tell you that, after this glorious conduct, Miltiades died in prison, where he was put by the Athenians, because he could not pay a fine which they levied on him. On a false pretence of treachery to his country, this excellent general had been condemned to death; and afterwards the sentence of death was changed to a fine.

Aristides, you have heard, was banished; so, it seems, the Athenians were a most ungrateful people. When Aristides was quitting the city, instead of expressing any anger or revenge, he prayed to the gods that nothing might happen to make his country regret his absence. This was returning good for evil; this was the behavior of a truly noble mind.

Themistocles, from jealousy of the merit of Aristides, voted for his banishment; but, although so unkind in that action, on other occasions he acknowledged and praised the virtues of Aristides.

The Athenians had the sense to recall Aristides; and by and by you shall hear more

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about him. I will now finish with an anecdote about Themistocles. When he was in power, he laughingly said, that his son was greater than any man in Greece. — "How is that?" said a friend. "Why," replied Themistocles, "the Athenians govern Greece; *I* command the Athenians; his mother commands me; and this boy commands his mother!"

Pythagoras died about this time; he thought that when the soul quitted the body of man, it passed into the bodies of animals. This is called the "transmigration of souls;" of course, none of his sect ate flesh, for fear they should devour their friends and relations.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRUTUS. MUTIUS SCÆVOLA. CORIOLANUS.

I HAVE now to tell you a most pathetic story. You remember, the first two consuls of Rome were Junius Brutus and Collatinus. Brutus had two sons, Titus and Tiberius: these youths engaged with others of the young nobility in a conspiracy to restore Tarquin to the throne. This conspiracy was discovered by a slave, who informed the consuls of it. All the conspirators were directly taken, and,

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being put in chains, were condemned to be beaten, and then beheaded. It was the duty of the consuls to see the sentence carried into execution. What must have been the sufferings of Brutus to behold his two sons first bleeding with stripes, and then killed before his eyes! Dearly as he loved his children, he loved justice and his country more dearly. Severely as he deplored the fate of his sons, yet more severely he lamented their crime. Dreadful as it was to have them so die, yet more dreadful must it have been to him to know they deserved so to die! The people interceded for these two youths, and Collatinus was willing to listen to them; but Brutus firmly persisted in performing his duty.

The Tarquins now fled for aid to Porsenna,

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king of Clusium, in Etruria, who advanced with a large army to Rome, and had very nearly entered it. The valor of one man saved the city. How often we have to remark the good caused by the valor or wisdom of an individual!

Horatius Cocles, seeing the enemy approach the bridge where he stood sentinel, and observing the Romans retreating, besought them to assist him, and to burn or break down the bridge behind him, whilst he went forward to keep back the enemy.

Two of his friends stood by him while he was manfully stemming the fury of his foes; but he bade them retire just before the bridge was entirely removed. He then remained alone, fighting in the midst of his enemies; and, when he heard the crash of the bridge, and the shouts of the Romans, because all was demolished, and no way of entrance left for the foe, he jumped into the river, and swam over to his friends in safety.

Another action, not so wonderful, but much more credible, was performed about this time.

Mutius Scævola, a noble young Roman, went to the senate, and told them he was resolved to perform a great action, and desired leave to go to Porsenna's camp. Leave was granted; and, disguising himself, he hastened away, and entered the royal tent. There he saw a man so richly dressed, that, supposing he was the king, he killed him; but he was

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only a secretary. Pray think a little! Was there any greatness in stealing into even an enemy's tent to commit murder?

When endeavoring to quit the camp, Mutius was seized and carried before Porsenna, who told him he would severely torture him, if he did not betray the schemes of the Romans. Mutius only answered by putting his hand into one of the fires lighted near him, and holding it steadily there. These fires had been lighted on purpose to increase his sufferings by burning or scorching. When Porsenna saw the courage and fortitude of this youth, he leaped from his throne, and, drawing the hand of Mutius from the flame, highly praised him, and dismissed him without further hurt.

A little before the Athenians banished Aristides, the Romans exiled a great general of theirs, called Coriolanus. But Coriolanus acted differently from Aristides. He did not patiently submit to his fate, but went to the Volsci, a nation at war with Rome, and offered his services against his native city. As general of the Volscians, Coriolanus besieged and took many towns belonging to the Romans. At last, he attacked the city of Rome, and would have conquered it, had not his mother, with his wife, his children, and many matrons, gone out to him, and, kneeling before him, prayed to him until he promised to draw off his army.

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You see, Coriolanus had placed himself in a trying situation; he must either betray the Volsci, who trusted in him, or destroy the city in which he was born.

If he had endured his unjust banishment with fortitude and patience, he would have escaped a trial, in which, whatever his decision, he must do wrong; he must either be treacherous or cruel. By departing from the line of duty, we not only commit one fault, but run the risk of committing many. The Volscians were so irritated at his conduct, that they assassinated him, B. C. 488.

The tribunes of the people were first created B. C. 493, just before Coriolanus rose into notice.

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CHAPTER XVII.

XERXES. LEONIDAS. THERMOPYLÆ.

On the death of Darius, his son Xerxes succeeded to the throne of Persia. Xerxes was determined to pursue his father's favorite scheme, the conquest of Greece. He said he would no longer *buy* the figs of Attica, for he would make himself master of the country, and then all its produce would belong to him. He ordered a passage to be cut through the high mountain of Athos, in Macedonia, and thus made a canal for his ships.

He is said to have written a letter to Mount Athos, in which "he commanded it not to put stones in the way of his workmen, or he would cut it down and throw it into the sea;" and he ordered the laborers to be flogged, to make them work faster.

When he saw, from a high hill, the plain covered with his soldiers, and the sea with his ships, in the pride of his heart he called himself the most favored of mortals; but, when he reflected that in a hundred years not one of the many thousands he beheld, would be alive, he burst into tears at the instability of all earthly things.

The Hellespont, now called the *Strait of the Dardanelles*, is about an English mile

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across; Xerxes built a bridge of boats over it, which a violent tempest destroyed. This proud king, in his fury, ordered chains to be cast into the sea, and three hundred lashes to be given to the waves, for presuming to injure the works of the master of the ocean.

Almost all the small cities of Greece submitted to him, when he sent to them (as was the custom) for earth and water; which was as much as to ask them whether they would receive him as their conqueror. But Sparta and Athens, with the small towns of Thespia and Platæa, refused to receive the heralds, or to send the symbol of homage.

Every thing gave way before the conquering march of Xerxes, until he came to the pass of Thermopylæ. On this spot Leonidas, one of the two reigning kings of Sparta, with a few thousand brave soldiers, awaited his coming. Xerxes, for four days, expected every moment to hear of the flight of this

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little band; and then he sent to desire them to give up their arms. "Come and take them!" was the short answer of this true native of Laconia.

The bravest Persian troops were ordered out against the forces of Leonidas; but they were always driven back with disgrace.

At last, a vile wretch went and informed the king of a secret path by which he could ascend an eminence that overlooked the enemy's camp. The Persians gained this advantageous post during the darkness and silence of night; and the next morning the Greeks discovered that they had been betrayed. Leonidas knew it was in vain to expect his small army could now conquer the endless forces of Xerxes; he therefore sent away his allies, and kept with him only his own three hundred Lacedæmonians. He had been told by the oracle, (that is, by the priest or priestess of some temple, supposed to be inspired by the gods,) that either Sparta or her king must perish; and he longed to die for the good of his dear country.

Xerxes marched his vast army against this brave little band. Leonidas fell among the first, bravely fighting, and covered with wounds. Of the three hundred heroes, only one escaped to bear to Sparta the glorious news that her valiant warriors had died in her defence. But this man was shunned as a coward, until, at the battle of Platæa, he

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proved his extraordinary courage. Xerxes, to his immortal shame, hung up the dead body of the gallant Leonidas on a gibbet. Afterwards, however, a monument was erected at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ to the memory of the brave men who had died there, not vanquished, but overcome by numbers; for the Persian army consisted of three millions of soldiers.

The poet Simonides wrote a couple of lines on this monument, which are thus translated:

"Go, passenger, and tell Lacedæmon, that we died here in obedience to her laws!"

These heroic Spartans did not die without serving their country; for they not only killed twenty thousand Persians, and detained the rest of the army for some time, so as to give their friends opportunity for preparation, but by their valor they made the Persians fear the prowess of the Greeks.

Is not this one of the most gallant actions you ever read of? It took place B. C. 480; just ten years after the battle of Marathon.

Egypt was now under the government of Xerxes, as were Macedonia and many other countries.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THEMISTOCLES. SALAMIS.

Athens was now exposed to the invasion of the exulting conqueror; and Themistocles, reminding the Athenians that an oracle had bidden them rely for safety on their *wooden walls*, advised them to quit the city and take refuge in their ships. Some were for fortifying the city with timber; but Themistocles insisted that, as the ships were made of wood, they alone should be considered as the wooden walls that were to secure Athens.

It must have been a moving sight to see the Athenians quitting their beloved city. The old men, women, and children, fled for shelter to the city of Trœzene. The stout and active men hastened to their fleet, which lay at Salamis.

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, who was then very young, did all in his power to cheer and inspirit his fellow-citizens. A few persons only remained in Athens; and these died, nobly fighting, under the hands of the Persians. How much must Xerxes have been surprised in beholding this desolate and deserted city! He burnt down its citadel, and sent away its finest statues and pictures to Susa, with the accounts of his conquests. Susa was then the capital of Persia.

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The Greeks now concerted what was best to be done; and, some dispute arising between Eurybiades, the Spartan, and Themistocles, Eurybiades, in the moment of rage, held up his truncheon, as if about to strike the Athenian. Themistocles quietly said, "Strike, but hear me!" as if he would bear any indignity, provided his counsels might save his country. His moderation had a good effect. Eurybiades became ashamed of his violence; and, listening more patiently, confessed that Themistocles proposed the best plan. In this, Eurybiades showed his wisdom as well as his magnanimity; and he deserves our praise for owning his fault, and confessing the superiority of his opponent.

Aristides also again displayed the greatness of his mind. Themistocles commanded the Athenian fleet at Salamis, and was not aware that in one night the Persian fleet had surrounded his ships. Aristides hastened to inform him of this circumstance, and said, "Themistocles, let us not be rivals; let us be friends: you shall command, and I will obey;" and then he advised him to give battle immediately. Themistocles was charmed with this generous behavior. Had not Aristides informed him that the Persians were around his navy, he would most likely have been overcome by them, and his glory would have been forever lost; but now, by a victory, he could gain immortal fame. All this

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he owed to Aristides, — to the man whom he had assisted in banishing from Athens. He was heartily ashamed of his former mean jealousy, and promised Aristides he would strive to imitate his virtue.

So much good was done by this noble act of Aristides! He not only did well himself, but caused Themistocles to do well also.

The Athenians attacked the Persian fleet, and, after a short but severe contest, put it to flight; some of the vessels were taken, some destroyed; the rest fled. Xerxes had seated himself on a high mountain, that he might see his Persians overcome the Greeks; but, when he saw the Greeks overcome his Persians, he hastened from his post, and, with part of his army, proceeded homewards. When he arrived at the Hellespont, he found that his boasted bridge of boats had been broken to pieces by the violence of the waves; and this great and proud monarch crossed the strait in a little open boat.

Such was the end of the immense expedition of Xerxes! And thus it was that the Greeks signalized their courage at the battle of Salamis, B. C. 480.

Carthage, now rich from her commerce with Egypt, Gaul, Tyre, and other places on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, and drawing gold and silver from the mines of Spain, had made a treaty with Xerxes to attack the Greeks who were settled in Italy and Sicily,

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whilst he invaded Greece itself. The Carthaginians, therefore, raised a large army, and gave the command of it to Hamilcar, who sailed to Sicily, and landed at Palermo.

Gelon then commanded in Syracuse; he was a brave warrior, and so skilfully and valiantly opposed the efforts of Hamilcar, that he completely conquered the Carthaginians. Hamilcar was killed, his fleet was burnt, and his troops were taken prisoners. This victory was gained on the very day that Themistocles was triumphant at Salamis; so that Xerxes might be said to have lost two battles in one day.

Gelon, as a reward for his great exertions, was crowned king by the grateful Syracusans; and Gisco, the son of Hamilcar, was banished by the Carthaginians, because his father had been unsuccessful; as if it were possible for a general to command the issue of battles! Hamilcar had probably done his best, and certainly had died for his country.

The Athenians joyfully returned to their city; and, when Themistocles found the Persian army no longer to be dreaded, he went to Athens, and directed its repairs.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CIMON. EURYMEDON.

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was as renowned as his father. He was joined with Aristides, at one time, in the command of the Athenians; and Cimon was the general who fought two battles against the Persians on the same day, and won them both; a battle by sea, and a battle by land, at the mouth of the River Eurymedon. Yet did these strange people, the Athenians, on a slight pretext, banish Cimon by the ostracism for ten years, which was the usual term of the exile decreed. Before this happened, besides gaining more than one victory for Athens, he had greatly improved the city: he planted groves and formed shady walks; he erected noble places for exercise and public speaking. Æschylus and Sophocles, two famous tragic poets, recited their pieces before Cimon; and because the prize was adjudged to Sophocles, the younger of the two, Æschylus, was so much vexed that he left Athens and never returned.

Themistocles, in his turn, was also banished, but he did not calmly submit to this injustice; for he went to the king of Persia, and offered to serve him in any way he

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pleased. Artaxerxes was then king of Persia; Xerxes was dead, and this was his third son. He did not immediately employ Themistocles; and afterwards, when he wished to make him his general against Cimon and the Athenians, it is said Themistocles was so unwilling to fight against his native country, and yet so desirous to oblige his royal benefactor, that, to avoid ingratitude to either, he killed himself.

Aristides died in peace, at a good old age, beloved and honored by his fellow-citizens, and perhaps more respected by posterity than any man that ever lived. His life is rich in anecdotes of virtue; you will read it with equal pleasure and profit. Two little stories more about him I must relate.

Once, when he was carrying on a prosecution, and sentence was about to be pronounced before the accused had spoken, Aristides entreated that the man might be heard in his defence, and even helped him to make it. Another time, when he was judge, a trial came before him, in which one of the parties thought to irritate him against the other, by declaring that he had said and done many injurious things towards Aristides. "Do not talk about that," said Aristides; "tell me only what harm he has done to *thee;* it is *thy* cause I am judging."

Courage, fortitude, forbearance, are all great and shining virtues; but truth and justice are

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greater and more glorious. Truth and justice are the greatest virtues.

After Cimon had been recalled by the Athenians, they gave him the command of the army that was marching against Artaxerxes; but he died, either from a wound or from sickness, soon after he set out on this expedition.

Athens and Sparta were now on friendly terms, and assisted each other in their several wars.

The Amphictyonic council was a meeting, to which all the cities of Greece sent members, to consider and decide matters important to the peace and comfort of all the states.

Amphictyon, the third king of Athens, is the reputed founder of this council. It met twice a year, at Thermopylæ, and twelve cities sent deputies to it. The first meeting was B. C. 1522; afterwards, other cities deputed members to it.

CHAPTER XX.

AGRARIAN LAW. CINCINNATUS.

Soon after Coriolanus had consented to save Rome by drawing off the Volscian army, one of the consuls, Sp. Cassius, endeavored to make a law for an equal division of the lands

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gained by conquest. This was called the *Agrarian Law*, from *ager*, the Latin for *field*, or *land*. The poor were in favor of this law as much as the rich were against it; but though it was often talked of, yet it was never thoroughly carried into effect.

The mention of any proposal for bringing in the Agrarian law always produced commotions in Rome. The notice of any new laws, indeed, generally caused disputes between the poor and the rich. In one of these quarrels, Cæso, a spirited young man, acted with so much violence, that he was condemned to pay a very large sum of money as a fine for his misbehavior.

His old father sold all he was worth, to raise the demanded sum, and then retired to a small cottage on the banks of the Tiber. The Tiber, you know, is the river that flows through Rome. You will see what happened to this honest man, Quinctius Cincinnatus, the father of the rash Cæso.

When the Romans were in any great emergency, it was their custom to create a Dictator; that is, a supreme officer, who should *dictate* what was to be done, and who was to be instantly and implicitly obeyed. The first Dictator was Lartius. About forty years after his dictatorship, Rome was in fear and confusion from the approach of a successful enemy; and, as it was necessary to have a Dictator, Cincinnatus was fixed upon, as the wisest and

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bravest man belonging to the commonwealth.

This Cincinnatus, who was called upon to save Rome from destruction, cultivated a small farm of four acres with his own hands. The deputies of the senate found him following his plough, in one of his little fields. They begged him to put on his gown, and hear the message from the senate. Cincinnatus anxiously asked, "if all was well;" and then desired his wife Racilia to fetch his gown from their cottage. After wiping off the dust and dirt with which he was covered, he put on his robe, and went to the deputies. They then saluted him as Dictator, and bade him hasten to the city, which was in the greatest peril. B. C. 458.

A handsome barge had been sent to carry Cincinnatus over the river; for his farm lay on the opposite side of the Tiber. His three sons, with his friends and several of the senators, were ready to receive him when he landed at Rome, and to carry him in a pompous procession to the house prepared for him. The very next morning, he began to fortify the city and marshal the soldiers for battle; and he very soon gained a great victory, and made the officers of the enemy pass under the *jugum*, or yoke.

This yoke was a kind of gallows, made of three spears; two firmly fixed upright in the ground, and the third laid across them. To

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pass under this was considered a very great disgrace.

Cincinnatus, having completed the duty for which he had been called from his plough, modestly resigned the dictatorship at the end of sixteen days, though he might have held it for six months. But he liked power only whilst it made him useful. He was again chosen Dictator when he was upwards of eighty; and he then also acted with vigor and wisdom.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE DECEMVIRI. VIRGINIA.

VERY soon after the first dictatorship of Cincinnatus, the people agreed that Rome wanted new laws. They had heard of the excellent laws of Solon; so three persons were sent to Athens, to obtain a copy of them, and to learn the customs of the other states of Greece.

When these deputies returned to Rome, a new form of government took place; and, instead of two consuls, ten magistrates, called *Decemviri*, ruled in the city. The deputies were of the number; and the Decemviri, with great care, formed a body of laws, which was long preserved and acted upon, and is to this day admired and respected in many parts of Europe.

The government under the Decemviri lasted only three years; and you shall hear what a tragical story caused its dissolution. Appius Claudius, one of the ten, fell in love with a beautiful girl, named Virginia: she was engaged to marry Icilius, a brave man, and would not listen to the suit of Appius. To prevent this marriage, and obtain possession of the lovely virgin, he procured a man, also called Claudius, a very worthless fellow. to

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take a false oath, and to swear that Virginia was his slave. The matter, Appius knew, would be brought before him as judge; and, by giving an unjust sentence, he could assign the poor girl to Claudius, and then make the base Claudius give her to him.

Virginia was dreadfully frightened, you may be sure, when she found herself seized by the cruel Claudius; and when he carried her before Appius, and swore that she was his slave, that she had been born in his house, and had been stolen from him by Virginius!

The people were confounded, and knew not whom to believe; for the trembling Virginia, and her nurse, loudly asserted that Claudius was swearing falsely.

When Icilius, her lover, tried to interfere, Appius commanded him to be driven away; and Virginius was at a distance with the army, as Appius very well knew. But the struggles of Icilius caused such an uproar, that the decision of the affair was left to the next day. Appius had sent orders that Virginius should not be allowed to quit the camp; but Icilius had been beforehand with him, for he had already informed Virginius of the affair, and the poor father had left the army before the orders for his detention had reached it.

The next morning Virginius appeared in the forum, the place of public business, dressed in deep mourning, leading his weep-

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ing daughter. He told his true and simple tale — that Virginia was his child, but that the wicked Appius loved her, and desired to gain possession of her. Appius, being one of the Decemviri, had unfortunately so much influence, that the beautiful Virginia was decreed to be the slave of Claudius, and as such ordered to go to him.

Think of the despair of the poor girl, of the agony of her lover, of the distraction of her father! The guards approached to seize and present her to Claudius. Appius thought the day was his own; and enjoyed the view of the misery he had caused.

Virginius, seeing that he could not preserve his innocent child from the grasp of the hateful Decemvir, now begged to give her his parting embrace. His request was granted. He clasped his child in his arms, while she clung round his neck and bathed his cheek with her tears.

At last Virginius, tenderly kissing her, before he raised his head, suddenly plunged a dagger into her bosom, saying, "Oh! my child, by this means only can I give thee freedom!" He then held up the bloody instrument to the now pale and affrighted Appius, exclaiming, "By this innocent blood, Appius, I devote thy head to the infernal gods!"

All was now horror and confusion. Icilius showed the dead body to the people, and

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roused their fury; Virginius hastened to the camp, bearing with him the dagger reeking with his daughter's blood; and instantly the army was in an uproar.

The power of the Decemviri and the senators could not still the tumult. Appius ran away and hid himself. A liar is always a coward. Public tranquillity was at last purchased, by the senate consenting to abolish the Decemviri, and allowing Rome to be governed by consuls and tribunes, as before. This happened B. C. 449.

Military tribunes and censors were first created soon after the abolition of the Decemviri.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERICLES. PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

Pericles was younger than Cimon, when they divided the authority in Athens between them.

Pericles was remarkable for the dignity of his manners and the elegance of his speech. The period in which he lived is sometimes called "the Age of Pericles," because it was distinguished by many clever men, and by the erection of several beautiful buildings in Athens. When some persons complained that

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Pericles spent too much of the public money in beautifying the city, he went into the assembly of the people, and asked, "whether indeed they thought him extravagant." The people said, "Yes." — "Then place the expense to my charge," answered Pericles; "only let the new buildings be marked with my name instead of yours." The people were either so pleased with the spirit of this reply, or so jealous of the fame Pericles might acquire, that they cried out, "he might spend as much as he pleased of the public treasures."

Euripides, the great tragic poet, and Phidias, the greatest sculptor that ever lived, flourished at this time. Pericles befriended and protected these eminent men; and certainly nothing can be more laudable than for persons who have power and wealth to be kind and generous to those who have what is more precious than either; for skill in writing, or painting, or sculpture, or any other art or science, being self-earned, is more honorable and valuable than gold or titles, which chance often bestows.

But the circumstance the most honorable to Pericles was that to which himself alluded when he was dying. The friends who surrounded his death-bed, thinking him senseless and incapable of hearing and understanding what they said, spoke of all he had done for Athens — the victories he had gained, the fine edifices he had erected or embellished. Per-

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icles, though faint and expiring, heard these remarks, and exerted himself to utter these words: "I am surprised that, when you extol my actions, you omit to notice the most honorable part of my character, *that through my means no Athenian ever put on mourning.*"

His never having given cause for sorrow to a fellow-citizen, was indeed a matter worthy of praise, and seems to have been most consoling to him at the hour of death. Thus, you see, virtuous deeds are more pleasing in the recollection than feats of valor or acts of splendid ambition.

The Athenians raised Thucydides, the historian, the brother-in-law of Cimon, to oppose the growing power of Pericles; but Pericles caused Thucydides to be banished by the ostracism, and then he was the greatest man in the city. For forty years he secured an unbounded authority. Athens was at this time considered in its highest state of elegance and knowledge, and, with Sparta, ranked as the first of the cities of Greece.

A quarrel between the cities of Athens and Corinth, respecting a colony of the latter settled at Corcyra, produced a war in Greece, known in history by the name of the "Peloponnesian war." — It continued for twenty-eight years; Sparta, taking the part of Corinth, headed one side; and Athens, as the friend of Corcyra, headed the other. The several cities of Greece were the allies

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of one or other of these two great leading powers.

That part of Greece now called the Morea, was formerly entitled *Peloponnesus*, whence this celebrated contest obtained its name. After various success, the Spartans finally triumphed; their general, Lysander, reducing the Athenians to submission, and taking their city, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALCIBIADES. SOCRATES.

It was very usual, in Athens, for the young men to attach themselves, as pupils and disciples, to the sages and philosophers — an excellent practice, because it throws youth in the way of profiting by the wisdom and experience of age. Alcibiades, when very young, was a follower and an admirer of Socrates, one of the most celebrated men of Greece. Though Alcibiades was sometimes wild, and deserted the precepts and the company of his master, yet, the moment Socrates found him again, he was all submission and attachment.

A noble action is recorded of this singular young man. In the heat of passion, he one day struck an elderly and very respectable

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Athenian: the beholders naturally expressed their indignation at this insolent and most unworthy outrage. Alcibiades, touched and ashamed, hastened to the person he had insulted, and, handing him a cane, offered to submit himself to deserved chastisement. The old man was so much pleased with the candor and spirit of the young offender, that he not only pardoned him, but soon afterwards gave him his daughter in marriage.

There are no circumstances, even of disgrace, in which human beings cannot act with honor and virtue.

With many shining virtues, Alcibiades had many defects; he was fond of power, and very jealous of any one who gained the public applause. Nicias, a very able general, (who had principally procured the long peace with Sparta, so that it was called the "peace of Nicias,") was disliked by Alcibiades, because he was much beloved by the Athenians. The peace having been broken, war was renewed between these cities.

Alcibiades persuaded the Athenians to try the conquest of Sicily, and was sent as general of the troops, Nicias being ordered to go with him. When they were gone, the enemies of Alcibiades raised an accusation against him, and the fickle people directed him to return immediately. Alcibiades, fearing to return whilst the Athenians were so incensed against him, fled secretly; and when he was

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told that, for his disobedience, all his property had been confiscated, (that is, taken for the use of the state,) and that he was himself condemned to death, he exclaimed, "I will show them that I am alive!"

Nicias managed matters so skilfully, that he was on the point of taking Syracuse, when the alarmed Syracusans were cheered with news that the Lacedæmonians were coming to their assistance. They then exerted themselves more earnestly; and the Spartans arriving, after many desperate conflicts, Nicias, in attempting to escape with his fleet to Athens, was conquered by the Syracusans; his soldiers were made prisoners, and himself was massacred. Nicias had never approved of this expedition, but he did his utmost for its success when it was undertaken; and one cannot help lamenting his very undeserved fate.

Alcibiades first fled to Argos, and next to Sparta, where he gained all hearts, by conforming to their plain dress and simple food. But Agis, who was then king of Sparta, saw that Alcibiades was affecting to appear what he was not; and, as all art and cunning are despicable, Agis disapproved of the crafty Alcibiades, who, seeing this, quitted Sparta, and went for protection to Tissaphernes, a Persian grandee. Here, by the elegance of his manners, and the charms of his conversation, he obtained universal admiration.

Athens was now governed by a council of

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four hundred; and the tyranny of these was so great, that Alcibiades was sent for, to assist in restoring the liberty of the people. The Spartans, with some vessels, were watching the city, to take advantage of the confusion that distracted it; but Alcibiades, with a small fleet, which he had collected at Samos, attacked the Spartans, destroyed their ships, and soon after entered Athens in triumph.

The Athenians being again displeased with Alcibiades, he left the city, to avoid their displeasure. But when he heard that Lysander, the Spartan general, was artfully planning to conquer the Athenians, he returned to give the commanders of Athens notice of what was going on against them. They treated his opinion with contempt, and ordered him to quit the camp.

The Athenians used every morning to put out their fleet to sea, and feigned to threaten the Spartans with battle; but every night they returned to their own station, and, mooring their vessels to the shore, the soldiers and sailors dispersed about the country, and spent the evening in mirth and jollity. Lysander allowed them to do this several times, without offering battle, to make them believe he feared them. But, one night, when, as usual, the Athenians had quitted their ships, and were scattered far from them, Lysander, with his fleet, bore down upon the Athenian force, and, in the moment of hurry and confusion, de-

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stroyed their vessels, and took three thousand prisoners.

He next proceeded to Athens, gained possession of it, burnt down the houses, and demolished the walls. It is said that Lysander was so cruel as to add insult to misfortune, by ordering music to be played whilst the walls were destroyed.

Alcibiades now retired to a small village in Phrygia, where he lived with a woman named Timandra. The Spartans persuaded the Persians to destroy him: a party of soldiers was sent for this purpose to his house; but, fearing his known courage, they dared not enter, and therefore set fire to the building. Alcibiades rushed out, and the cowardly barbarians, from a distance, killed him with darts and arrows. Timandra buried the corpse decently, and was the only mourner of this once powerful man.

Not long after the death of Alcibiades, his friend and tutor, Socrates, was put to death. As a private citizen, a skilful artist, a brave soldier, an upright magistrate, and a profound philosopher, Socrates attained a proud eminence in the Athenian republic: he was honored and beloved by all men during a long life; but, in his old age, men jealous of his fame excited a cabal against him, and he was condemned to death as an impious and profane person.

Socrates was born of poor parents; but he was never ashamed of his origin. He was

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brought up to his father's profession of a statuary; and, although he had a great dislike to the trade, he executed a group of the Graces, which was universally admired, and obtained a place in the Acropolis, or citadel of Athens.

The study of philosophy had greater charms for Socrates than any fame he might have acquired as an artist; and, after some years of alternate labor at his business and mental improvement, he attracted the notice of Crito, a rich and generous Athenian, who took him from his workshop, and intrusted him with the instruction of his children. This change enabled Socrates to attend the public lectures of the most celebrated philosophers, which increased his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge; and, under Anaxagoras and Archelaus, he laid the foundation of that exemplary virtue, which succeeding ages have always loved and reverenced.

During the Peloponnesian war, Socrates, in common with the rest of his countrymen, appeared in the field of battle, where he fought with boldness and intrepidity; and to his courage, two of his friends and disciples, Alcibiades and Xenophon, owed the preservation of their lives. The former, at the siege of Potidæa, had fallen down severely wounded, and was on the point of being destroyed by the enemy, when Socrates, rushing between them, saved both Alcibiades and his arms. The prize of valor, which the generals usually

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bestowed on the man who had fought best, undoubtedly belonged to Socrates; but he was the first to vote it to his young friend, Alcibiades, by way of encouragement to his rising merit.

In his second campaign, when engaged in an expedition against the Bœotians, he displayed the generous bravery of his character in many instances. On one occasion, when the Athenians were obliged to give way before their enemies, Socrates, as he slowly retreated, observed Xenophon upon the ground, covered with wounds. Immediately, reckless of his

own safety, he raised his friend, and carried him a considerable distance, at the same time defending him till all pursuit was over.

Socrates served once more in a military ca-

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pacity, in an expedition against Amphipolis; but after that he never left Athens. He served his country in a civil capacity, but would accept no office till he was turned of sixty years of age.

The character of Socrates appears more conspicuous as a philosopher and a moralist, than as a warrior or a magistrate. In the latter capacity, indeed, he shines in our estimation, because he was a philosopher, and, when possessed of power, gave practical effect to his precepts. With his countrymen, however, it was otherwise. His dazzling virtue was too resplendent for their enslaved and degraded minds; and, when they found him opposing the popular outcry against certain commanders who were unjustly condemned to death, they began to hate him; and Aristophanes, who undertook to ridicule him on the stage, was generally patronized. Imboldened by this success, his enemies stood forth to criminate him. He was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth, and of despising the gods of the state. False as this might appear, the accusers relied for the success of their cause upon the perjury of false witnesses, and the envy and ignorance of the judges. Nor was their expectation disappointed: Socrates was condemned to die, and hurried to prison, where he was loaded with chains. On account of a religious observance which happened just at that time, during which it was not lawful to put a

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criminal to death, the execution was deferred for thirty days. During that interval, his friends and disciples were his constant attendants; and when one of the latter was lamenting that his master should die *innocent*, Socrates rebuked him, by saying, "Would you have me die *guilty?*"

He was condemned to drink the juice of hemlock. Hemlock, you know, is a very poisonous plant: its juice soon caused the death of the aged Socrates; who continued calmly conversing with his friends, and giving them good advice to the last moment of his life. Death, you see, is not terrible to the innocent and virtuous.

After the death of Socrates, his school was divided into several classes, or sects, one of which, the Cyrenaic, was founded by Aristippus, a native of Cyrene, from which place the sect had its name.

Of his early days, little more is known than that his parents sent him, first, to the Olympic Games, and, secondly, to Athens, that he might become a pupil of Socrates.

Very soon after his admission to the philosopher's school, Aristippus gave evidence of superior talents; but, brilliant as these were, his mind was not sound enough for such doctrines as those of Socrates. He had been nurtured in luxury; and, so far from entering into the notion of his master, that virtue affords the highest happiness, he asserted, that

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pleasure alone was happiness, and therefore the constant end of all our actions. Sentiments of this character, added to great affectation of outward show and self-indulgence, gave offence to the whole school; so that, at length, he was obliged to leave Athens.

Repairing to Sicily, he became one of the flatterers of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, complying with all his wishes, and appearing to make whatever happened to be the best; his object being to enjoy present pleasure without any concern for the past or future.

He flourished about B. C. 365; and was more remarkable for pithy sentences and prompt repartees than for true wisdom.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS.

XENOPHON.

You have heard of one Cyrus; I will now tell you of another. About one hundred and thirty years after the death of Cyrus the Great, son of Cambyses, king of Persia, another Cyrus lived in Persia: he was the son of Darius Ochus, and was jealous because his elder brother, Artaxerxes, ascended the throne.

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He even tried to prevent this, but his intrigues were discovered: the king, nevertheless, generously pardoned him, and gave him a command in a distant province.

When Cyrus was only twenty-three years of age, he began to plot against his brother, and prevailed upon the states of Greece to send troops to assist him in dethroning Artaxerxes. Clearchus, a Lacedæmonian, who had been banished from Sparta, and had taken refuge with Cyrus, was the principal general of the Greeks. The soldiers did not know whom they were going to fight; and, when they were told that it was for one brother against another, they loudly complained.

At length, a great battle was fought between the brothers, at Cunaxa, a town about twenty-five leagues from Babylon. A league, you know, is three miles. Cyrus had one hundred and thirteen thousand soldiers, and Artaxerxes had twelve hundred thousand. Think what an immense crowd of human beings were here assembled, with the determination of slaughtering each other!

Both armies had chariots armed with scythes. The scythes were so fixed as to cut down all they approached, as the chariot rolled along. Cyrus, gaining some advantage, fancied he had won the battle, and was hailed as king by his friends; but, Artaxerxes returning to the charge, Cyrus hastened towards him. The brothers attacked each other, and,

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after a fierce encounter, Cyrus was killed, and his army put to flight, B. C. 401.

Clearchus and the Greeks, having conquered in that part of the field where they were placed, retired in good order, expecting Cyrus every moment to join as conqueror. When it was known that this ambitious young prince was dead, Artaxerxes sent to the Greeks to desire them to surrender; but this they refused, and boldly assured the king they would not be his prisoners.

Clearchus, after some time, was prevailed upon to trust himself among the Persians; and they basely delivered him up to the king, by whose order he was beheaded. The principal generals and other Greek officers had accompanied Clearchus, and died with him.

The soldiers were now in great consternation; but by the advice of Xenophon, a young Athenian, new commanders were chosen, and Xenophon was one of them.

The retreat of this army, consisting of ten thousand men, is one of the most interesting parts of history. Pray look on the map for Babylon, and then for Greece; observe how much desert ground, how many hills, what numerous rivers, lie between the two places; even the sea must be crossed in going from one spot to the other. All this space of an enemy's territory was traversed by this small, brave band of Greeks. Xenophon has written a charming account of this wonderful re-

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treat, in which himself acted so noble and conspicuous a part. Many men have gained high fame by victories and battles; but the brave and skilful manner in which this defeated army was led home in safety, confers more honor on its conductors than conquest ever bestowed.

You see that, in the most adverse circumstances, a truly great mind will show itself — will find a path to glory and renown.

Fifteen months * were employed by the troops in going to and returning from Persia: it has been calculated that they moved, when on their march, at the rate of eighteen miles a day going, and fifteen miles a day returning.

Cyrus was the son of Parysatis, who was also the mother of Artaxerxes. Parysatis was a most cruel, bad woman: she did many wicked things; amongst the rest, she murdered Statira, her daughter-in-law, the beloved wife of Artaxerxes. This she managed in a most cunning way: she pretended great love for Statira, and, with marks of kindness, invited her to supper. The young queen, meaning no harm, feared none, and accepted the invitation of her mother-in-law.

Parysatis had an elegant supper ready, and, taking an exquisitely fine bird on her plate, she cut it in two, gave half to Statira, and ate the other half herself. Statira, immediately after supper, was seized with violent pains,

* Rollin.

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and, being removed from the table, died a few hours afterwards, in the most horrible convulsions. The distracted king, knowing the cruel temper of his mother, suspected her as the cause of his wife's death. He therefore ordered all her servants to be put to the torture, and one of them confessed the whole nefarious plot.

The wicked Parysatis had caused a knife to be rubbed, on one side, with a virulent poison — the other side was clean; she took care to help Statira to the half of the bird that had been against the poisoned side of the knife. It is impossible not to wish she had made a mistake, and taken the poisoned side herself. To such great wickedness may giving way to passion lead human beings! A queen, a woman, a mother, to be guilty of so heinous a crime!

Artaxerxes did not take away the life that had given him birth; but he confined his mother to Babylon, where she died, miserable and despised.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE GAULS, UNDER BRENNUS, SACK ROME, B. C. 385.

You have seen France: its ancient name was Gaul. Gaul was divided from Italy, the country in which Rome stands, by a long line of very high hills, called the Alps. It has been said that some of the Gauls, having by accident passed over these mountains, were so charmed with the delightful country they found on the other side, and with the rich wines and delicious fruits abounding there, that, when they returned to their own home, they did nothing but talk of all they had seen. Some of their countrymen, curious to see this beautiful place, soon after crossed the Alps, and settled themselves in small towns at the foot of these immense hills. The Gauls at that time were quite a barbarous people; rough in their manners, rude in dress, fierce, brave, and hardy.

About fifteen years after the famous retreat of the Greeks from Persia, and about two hundred years after their first visit to Italy, the Gauls, under the command of their king, Brennus, marched thither, and laid siege to a town called Clusium. The Clusians were so terrified at the vast army which Brennus

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brought with him, and at the fierceness of his soldiers, that they sent in all haste to Rome, to beg for aid. However, they did not obtain any; and, soon after, the Romans were themselves alarmed by the approach of the Gauls to their own city.

So bold and so numerous were these barbarians, that they soon conquered the Roman army: the greater part of the inhabitants fled for protection to the neighboring cities; the young and stout men shut themselves up in the Capitol, (a kind of fortress, a place of great strength,) resolved to hold out to the last against the enemy; the old men assembled in the senate-house, determined to abide patiently their fate.

The Gauls were much pleased and surprised to enter the city without bloodshed, and ran about the streets, wondering where the inhabitants had hid themselves: at last Brennus and some of his soldiers went into the senate-house, and there saw the aged senators sitting calm and unmoved. The venerable appearance of these noble old men rendered the Gauls afraid to approach, and unwilling to harm them. A soldier gently shaking the beard of Papirius, the old Roman was so offended at the act, that he struck the man on the head with the ivory staff which he had in his hand: this blow instantly aroused the fury of the barbarians; they massacred all the senators, and rifled and burnt their houses.

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How dreadful must have been the state of the poor Romans! — the few men left in the city barbarously murdered; women shrieking for succor; children crying and screaming; the fire raging all around; and walls and houses tumbling down every moment!

In this season of distress, the Romans did not give up all for lost, and, because they were severely tried, weakly resign themselves to despair. No! like wise and brave men, they set about doing all in their power to drive away the enemy, and recover their beloved city. The little band shut up in the Capitol made every possible arrangement for defence.

There was a Roman, named Camillus, who had once been Dictator. Of him, I dare say, you have heard an interesting story, that, when he was attacking the city of Falerii, the master of a school basely betrayed into his hands all his scholars, expecting to obtain a handsome reward for his treachery. He told Camillus that the boys were sons of the principal Falisci, and they would give up the city to recover their children.

The noble Roman, shocked at this perfidious action, sent back the boys in safety to their parents, and, giving each of them a rod, made them beat the traitor all the way.

Camillus, after nobly acting and fighting for Rome, had been ungratefully sent into exile; and was living at Ardea when Brennus was pillaging that devoted city. Forgetting all

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his private wrongs, he besought the Ardeans to save Rome by sending out an army against the invaders. So wisely and so bravely did he act, that the Gauls were shortly after cut to pieces, and scarcely a man was left to carry home the account of their total overthrow.*

Two or three curious circumstances attended the siege of Rome. The Capitol was once nearly taken by surprise: some Gauls, having climbed up the steep rock on which it stood, were about to kill the sentinels, and make themselves masters of the place, when some geese, kept near the spot, being awakened by the noise, began to flutter their wings and cackle loudly. This aroused the soldiers, who soon mastered the foe.

* Livy.

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It has been thought, that the Gauls found out the way of climbing the rock, by having seen the footsteps of a messenger who had been sent to the Capitol by Camillus. As Camillus had been banished by the Romans, he could not return till his sentence had been reversed; and it was necessary to send to the Capitol for that purpose; but, as the way thither lay through the enemy's camp, it was a very hazardous undertaking. A courageous youth, named Cominius, offered to attempt this enterprise; and, committing himself to the bark of a tree, was floated down the River Tiber to the foot of the rock; this he climbed up very cleverly, delivered his message, received the orders of the Romans that Camillus should be recalled from exile and created Dic-

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tator, and then returned in the same way. Cominius ran the risk of this undertaking for a good cause, and therefore deserves the warmest applause; but, when persons hazard their lives without a proper motive, and merely to obtain praise or create wonder, they deserve nothing but contempt.

Another Roman equally signalized himself. — It was thought proper that a certain religious ceremony should be performed in a certain place, and by a member of a certain family: Fabius Dorso, one of this family, dressed in suitable robes, came down from the Capitol, and, passing through the enemy's guard, walked firmly to the appointed spot, steadily performed the ceremony, and then, with a sober pace, reëntered the Capitol.

The Gauls, either admiring his courage, or respecting the holy duty in which he was engaged, allowed him to pass unharmed.

Thus was Rome sacked by the barbarous Gauls, and recovered from her enemies by the valor and virtue of her citizens. The Romans at one time thought of buying their safety with gold; but Camillus, arriving just as the money was weighing, ordered it all back to the treasury; "for the Romans," he said, "were accustomed to purchase safety, not with gold, but with their swords."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

PELOPIDAS. EPAMINONDAS.

WHILST Rome was the prey of foreign foes, and bravely struggling to recover her liberty, Greece was also the scene of war and stratagem. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, obtained a considerable victory over the Athenians: the Athenians, assisted by money from Persia, were sometimes successful in their turn. All the small states of Greece were warring with and weakening each other. The great power of Persia, taking advantage of the quarrels and the feebleness of the Greeks, contrived to obtain a very desirable treaty of peace, which was so dishonorable to the Spartans, that it was called "the reproach and ruin of Greece."

The Spartans, you know, were a nation of soldiers; fighting was almost all they were fit for; and, therefore, when they had got rid of the Persians, they began to make war upon their neighbors. The citizens of Thebes were disputing among themselves; and the Spartans, under pretence of settling the dispute, turned the Thebans out of their own fortress, and put in a Spartan garrison.

For four years this garrison kept its station; but the angry and deceived Thebans then took their revenge; for a party of them, putting

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women's clothes over their armor, entered among the Lacedæmonians at a feast given to them, and cut their principal officers to pieces.

Archias, the chief Spartan, had that very day received a letter from Athens, which would have informed him of the whole plot; but he very improperly threw aside the letter without looking into it, saying, "Business to-morrow!" He was the first man killed; and thus lost his life for a neglect of duty, in suffering the pleasure he enjoyed in the company of his friends to make him forget the interest of his country.

All people may not equally suffer for putting off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day; but all persons deserve to suffer. All, we may be assured, do in some degree suffer for every neglect of duty.

Pelopidas, a celebrated Theban, by his skill and bravery, greatly contributed to the success of this day; he commanded a body of troops, and, being assisted by soldiers from Athens, restored Thebes to liberty, and drove the Spartans from the citadel. But the dearest friend of Pelopidas, the brave and virtuous Epaminondas, was now called from a quiet and private life to be the general of the Theban army. Epaminondas was as much celebrated for his wisdom as for his virtue; but, of all the excellences of his character, he gained the most respect for his strict regard to truth;

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he was never known to utter a falsehood: had this been his only merit, he would have deserved the love and esteem of mankind. Indeed, where truth is strictly observed, vice cannot be found; for truth is the basis of virtue, and the exterminator of vice.

Epaminondas performed an act of which every rich man should be told — upon which every rich man should reflect. He sent a poor citizen to a very wealthy one, to ask for the gift of a thousand crowns, in his name. The rich citizen was amazed at the message; and asked Epaminondas, when he next saw him, what he meant by it. You may be sure, Epaminondas smiled at the opulent man's surprise; and the answer he gave him was admirable: "I sent him to you for money, because you are rich, and he is poor."

But we must talk of him as a great general, as well as a good citizen. He caused the small town of Leuctra to be famous in history, by gaining there a victory over the Spartans, commanded by Cleombrotus. The Theban army was much smaller than that of Sparta, but the skill of their general in disposing the force to the best advantage, added to the valor of the soldiers and officers, more than made up for the difference of numbers. Besides, the Thebans were fighting for liberty, the Spartans only for conquest; no wonder, then, that the Thebans conquered. Do you not

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think that Britons would oppose and vanquish the united armies of Europe, in defence of their freedom and their country?

Some silly persons told Epaminondas that many bad omens were against him; he replied by repeating a verse from Homer: "There is but one good omen — to fight for one's country." Omens are the meaning which ignorant people give to any sign or event, when they say, such a sign, or such an event, is an omen of good or bad luck. Sensible persons never trouble themselves about such ridiculous fancies; for they are only fancies.

Epaminondas restored also to liberty a country called Arcadia, and performed so many noble actions, that Agesilaus, the king of Sparta, called him "the wonder-working man." Pelopidas shared the danger and the glory of his friend; yet, when these valiant generals returned to Thebes, they were both called before the tribunal of justice for the crime of keeping the command too long. Pelopidas, being of a very passionate temper, did not so ably defend himself as did Epaminondas, who was firm and self-possessed. Both were acquitted; yet the enemies of Epaminondas caused him to be elected the city scavenger, on purpose to disgrace and vex him. But what might have been a disgrace to a mean person was no disgrace to this noble Theban. He accepted the office, saying, "If the office will not give me honor, I will

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give honor to the office." This speech is a charming instance of true greatness of mind, which finds dignity, or bestows it, in every condition of life.

Pelopidas lost his life, when gallantly fighting to rescue the people of Pheræ from the tyranny of a usurper, named Alexander. This wretch's manner of living gives a dreadful picture of the condition of a tyrant. Alexander suspected every body of designs against him; for he had committed so many crimes that he knew he deserved universal hatred. He slept in a chamber which could only be reached by going up a ladder, and at the foot of the ladder he kept a great dog as a guard; but at last his wife carried away the dog, and covered the steps of the ladder with wool, so that no noise could be made by going up them, and her brothers killed the usurper in his sleep — the wretched but deserved fate of cruelty and tyranny.

Epaminondas closed his glorious life in the field of battle and in the moment of victory. In a tremendous battle, fought by the Thebans against the Lacedæmonians and other Greek powers, at Mantinea, this illustrious general, urged on by his daring spirit into the midst of his enemies, received a fatal wound. A javelin pierced his bosom; he instantly fell, and a fierce contest arose between his foes and friends for the possession of his body. The Thebans at last bore him from the field.

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Epaminondas, though in extreme agony from his wound, had no other thoughts but for the success of his army; and, when informed that the Thebans had conquered, he said, "Then all is well."

The surgeons around him having admitted that he would expire as soon as the javelin was drawn out of his wound, no one had fortitude to remove the weapon, and thus close the life and sufferings of this beloved general: he therefore did the office for himself, and, wrenching the dart from his bosom, breathed his last in the arms of his friends. Thus died the great Epaminondas, B. C. 363. The glory of Thebes rose with him, and with him expired.

Dionysius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse, died five years before Epaminondas; he was as oppressive and as cruel, and consequently as miserable, as Alexander, the tyrant of Pheræ. Dionysius wore armor under his clothes; so much he feared to suffer for his cruelty to others by the treachery of those about him. The wretchedness of these two men strongly shows that abused power inflicts more sorrow on him who abuses it than on him who suffers from it. You must read the long and busy life of Dionysius, and then you will acknowledge the truth of this remark.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

TITUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

THE vanity and ambition of a young woman produced a change in the government of Rome. You know that the patricians were the nobles, and the plebeians a lower class of the people.

The officers of state were always chosen from the nobles. There was a patrician, Fabius Ambustus, who had two daughters; he married one to a plebeian, the other to a patrician. The wife of the plebeian, seeing the state and dignity in which her sister lived, became very unhappy at her own humble mode of life, and pined away with envy and regret. Her husband and her father were sorry to see her ill and melancholy, and at last drew from her the reason of her sighs and pale looks. Both of them loved her, and promised to procure her the pomp and distinction for which she pined. By their joint endeavors, they succeeded in fulfilling the ambitious wishes of the envious sister; and her husband, Licinius Stolo, was soon after elected consul, being the second plebeian who was raised to that high office: his friend Sextius had been the first.

Two years after this elevation of Licinius, an earthquake happened at Rome, which

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shook the earth so much, that in the forum, or place for public meetings, a great chasm, or open space, was made in the ground; so very wide, and so very deep, that the people tried in vain to fill it up by throwing in earth. At last, it was said that the hole could never be filled, unless the most precious thing in Rome were thrown into it. Marcus Curtius, a very brave young man, hearing of this oracle, declared that courage was the most valuable of all things; and, therefore, dressed in his armor, and mounted on his horse, he made it leap with him into the chasm, calling aloud, that thus he devoted himself for the good of his country. The people, according to the superstition of those times, heaped corn and other offerings over him; and it was afterwards believed that the hole had instantly closed.

Pray draw your chairs a little closer, and listen with increased attention; for I have a most interesting account to give.

A noble Roman, Lucius Manlius, was chosen Dictator, to perform a ceremony which was then deemed sacred. A sickness raged in the city, and some old persons said the plague had once been stopped by the Dictator driving a nail in the temple of Jupiter. This duty Manlius performed; and then he wished to rouse the people to make war against the Hernici. For the earnestness with which he strove to raise an army, and the supplies for that army, he was, the next

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year, summoned before the consuls to be tried.

Among other accusations brought against Manlius, it was asserted that he used his own son, Titus, with great severity, because the youth was slow of speech.

When Titus heard of this last accusation, he was shocked at the danger to which his father was exposed; and, without disclosing his intention to any one, he concealed a dagger in his bosom, and went to the house of Pomponius, the tribune, who had demanded the trial of Manlius. He desired a private conference: this the tribune readily granted, supposing that the son was desirous still more to criminate his father. But, as soon as they were alone, Titus, without saying one word against his parent, drew out his dagger, and, approaching Pomponius, swore he would stab him to the heart if he did not instantly take an oath to drop the prosecution against his father. The alarmed tribune, seeing his life in danger, took the required oath; and thus Manlius not only escaped a trial, but gained honor by the bravery of his duteous son; for Titus, as a reward for his conduct, was soon after made a military tribune.

Titus, shortly after, accompanied the army against the Gauls; and, when the forces met, one of the enemy, a Gaul of remarkable bodily strength, offered single combat with any Roman who would come out against him; "and

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then," said he, "it will be seen which is the more valiant nation." All the Romans were indignant at this boast; and Titus, instantly hastening to the general, said, "Though I were sure of victory, general, I would never quit my post without permission. Give me leave to fight this proud boaster." The Dictator replied, "Go, Manlius! you have already shown your filial piety; go now, and prove your patriot zeal."

Titus Manlius, simply armed, and with a modest air, advanced to the combat. The Gaul, decked with glittering weapons, came forward, exulting and noisy. But his pride was soon confounded; for the noble Roman quickly laid him dead at his feet; and, scorning to strip his fallen foe, (as was then the custom,) he only took from his neck a golden collar, (in Latin, *torquis*,) as a testimony of his victory, whence he obtained the surname of *Torquatus*.

The Romans ran in crowds to congratulate and applaud their youthful champion; and the general, after commending him before the assembled army, gave him a crown of gold, as the reward of his prowess.

This Titus was afterwards Dictator, and three times Consul. I believe it was he who gave a remarkable instance of well-meant but mistaken severity. During his third Consulate, in a war against the Latines, who were at that time a distinct nation, the Ro-

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mans were ordered not to quit their ranks without permission, on pain of death. His own son, however, happened, with his detachment, to meet a troop of Latines, headed by Metius, who scoffingly addressed the Romans, and at last dared their young commander to fight him.

Manlius, overcome with rage and shame, forgetful of the orders of the Consuls, one of whom was his own father, sprang forward to the encounter, and soon conquered the Latine. Then, gathering together the arms of the fallen foe, he ran joyfully to his father's tent, and, throwing them at his feet, told his tale. Alas! short was his rejoicing. The Consul turned from him, and, ordering the troops to

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be assembled, thus addressed him before them: "Titus Manlius! You this day dared to disobey the command of your Consul, and the orders of your father: you have thus done an injury to discipline and military government, and must by your death expiate your fault. Your courage has endeared you to me, but I must be just; and, if you have a drop of my blood in your veins, you will not refuse to die, when justice demands it. Go, lictor, and tie him to the stake."

The astonished young man showed his noble spirit to the last, and as calmly knelt down beneath the axe as he had bravely wielded his sword against the enemies of his country. The whole Roman army mourned his early death.

What think you of his father? He had been himself so obedient to his general, and so dutiful to his father, that he perhaps had a peculiar right to be thus strict; otherwise, I think, he might have forgiven the small fault, for the sake of the great bravery displayed. Surely, mercy is sometimes as much the duty of man as justice. And why may not mercy be as honorably extended to a relation as to a stranger?

This interesting event* occurred B. C. 340.

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* Livy.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHILIP, KING OF MACEDON. ORACLE OF DELPHI.

MACEDONIA was a kingdom situated not far from Athens and the other Grecian States. Edessa was its capital, till Philip, and his son Alexander, who were both born at Pella, made Pella the capital city.

Philip, of whom we are now going to speak, was the son of Amyntas, the sixteenth king of Macedonia. This kingdom once paid tribute to Athens; but you will hear that, under Philip and Alexander, it exacted tribute from almost all Greece, part of Asia, and some places in Africa.

Philip lived nine years at Thebes, under the care of Pelopidas, where he closely watched Epaminondas, and strove to copy the manners and acquire the knowledge of that great man. He was a third son, and, on the death of his two brothers, he secretly returned to Macedon, and was elected king by the people, to the prejudice of his nephew.

Philip, as soon as he had ascended the throne, did all in his power to benefit and protect his subjects. He took particular pains with his soldiers, and established the famous Macedonian *phalanx*. This phalanx was a peculiar mode of placing his soldiers, so that

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they could best defend themselves. He took the idea from a passage in Homer: thus wise people profit by whatever they read, and whatever they see.

When his son Alexander was born, he was overjoyed, and wrote to a very learned man, Aristotle, a native of Stagira, in Thrace,* and told him he should be the tutor of Alexander. "I am not only happy," he wrote, "to have a son, but to have him when Aristotle lives."

It will be impossible for me to tell you of all the battles fought, and all the countries subdued, by Philip. You must read of them when you are older, and the account will much amuse you. Among other countries invaded by this aspiring monarch, was that of Attica: long and bravely did the Athenians

* Afterwards added to Macedonia.

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oppose him; their spirit and their fortitude being aroused and sustained by the fine speeches of one of their orators. You have heard of Demosthenes; he was always stirring up the Athenians against Philip, and always satirizing that king. His speeches were called *Philippics;* and, from that time, *Philippics* has been a term signifying "speeches against any person," as his Philippics were "speeches against Philip."

This Demosthenes was one of the greatest orators that ever lived; and he owed his ability entirely to his own perseverance. In the history of his life, it is said that he was born with an impediment in his speech; so that public speaking seemed to be the last talent in which he was likely to excel. But mark, I beseech you, the effects of industry and patience: Demosthenes not only conquered his natural defect, but became most excellent as an orator. He saw that Athens wanted good advisers, and he knew that the people would only listen to good speakers; so he earnestly strove to render himself capable of serving and advising them. He used to speak by the sea-side, that the murmurs of the waves might accustom him to the murmurs of assembled crowds, and that thus he might acquire a habit of speaking loud. Some writers say he put pebbles into his mouth when speaking, to cure himself of stammering. The pains he took must have

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been very great, for he fully succeeded in his aim; and no person can be excellent in any thing, who does not strive long and closely. Demosthenes lost his father when he was a child; he was weak and sickly, and his guardians educated him very badly; yet, with all these disadvantages, he became the greatest orator of his time. When he first spoke in public, he spoke so ill that he was hissed by those who heard him; but, though abashed and sorry, he did not despair. No; he only more earnestly studied to improve himself; and thus he gradually became admired by all who heard him. He rose very early in the morning, and sat up till midnight in his lonely study. He shaved only half of his face for many months, that, not being fit to go abroad, he might have no desire to go. To cure himself of an awkward trick of shrugging up his shoulders when speaking, he used to stand under a pointed javelin, in such a manner that, if he shrugged up his shoulders, the javelin pricked him, and thus reminded him of his fault. He wrote over a very long history* eight times with his own hand, that he might attain a good style. In short, he did as much as man could do, and more than almost any other man ever did. And what was the consequence? He reached as high a degree of excellence as

* Of Thucydides.

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could be attained, and his fame may indeed be called "a deathless fame."

I meant to have talked to you of Philip; but I find nothing in his battles and his pomp half so interesting as is displayed in the more quiet life of Demosthenes; so true it is that wisdom and virtue charm us more than ambition and greatness. All the gold of Philip could not buy Demosthenes to silence. When Philip was murdered, Demosthenes rejoiced. This was unworthy of a great man, who would scorn to triumph in the sorrow or death of any fellow-creature, even of a foe.

The conduct of a rival of his should have taught him better. Æschines, a good speaker, once repeated a speech of his own, and one of Demosthenes. His own was much applauded, but that of his rival much more. "Ah," said the generous Æschines, "how would you have applauded, had you heard Demosthenes speak it!"

Demosthenes was as warm against Alexander as he had been against his father: some persons say he was corrupted by the gold of Harpalus; but this is not believed. However, on this pretext, he was banished from Athens; and, though recalled, he did not find himself quite safe in his native city, but, wandering thence, and surviving both Philip and Alexander, he at last put an end to his life by poison, in the Island of Calauria.

Phocion, one of the greatest men that Greece

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ever produced, was general of the Athenian forces, and more than once beat the army of Philip. He disdained the offers of Harpalus; and, when Demosthenes was rousing Athens to continue the war against Macedon, he opposed him, recommended peace, and voted for the banishment of the orator. Phocion, honest and simple himself, did not suspect the cunning of Philip; but Demosthenes knew this king's character better; and it is thought, if the advice of the latter had been followed, Greece would not have been subdued by Macedon.

Phocion, after having been chosen general forty-five times, and after having performed the greatest services for his country, was condemned to die by the ungrateful Athenians. Phocion, when about to swallow the dose of hemlock that was to poison him, was asked what message he would send to his son. "Tell him," said this good old man, "that I desire he will not remember the injustice of the Athenians." With this generous, forgiving speech on his lips, he drank off the fatal draught, and calmly expired.

There was a city called Delphi, in which was a temple, dedicated to the heathen god Apollo. In this temple resided a priestess, who was held sacred, and who pretended to foretell events and explain omens. The words she uttered were called *Oracles*, which in those days were much respected.

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It is related that, from a chasm in a mountain, a vapor arose, which was observed to intoxicate the animals that breathed it; a shepherd, seeing his goats skip about strangely whenever they approached a certain spot, examined it closely, and discovered the exhalation that affected them. A temple was built over this place, and when persons desired to "consult the Oracle," as they styled it, a tripod was placed over the cavity, and a woman was made to stand upon it. When she breathed the ascending vapor, she became wild and agitated, and uttered broken sentences and strange exclamations. These incoherent words and phrases were carefully written down, and delivered as oracles from the heathen god Apollo. They were consequently held as sacred and inspired declarations, and were explained according to the wishes of the questioner, or of the priestess. You know, it is no difficult matter to affix what meaning we please to wild and unconnected words. The woman, or priestess, as she was called, was addressed as the *Pythia;* because Apollo was worshipped under the name of *Pythion*, for having killed the serpent Python.

The Phocians, a people of Greece, ploughed up a field which belonged to the temple of Apollo. All the Greek States around exclaimed loudly against this act of sacrilege; and many of them took up arms against the

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Phocians, whilst Sparta and Athens befriended them.

At the Amphictyonic Council, the great general council of Greece, the people of Phocis were ordered to pay a fine for the sacrilege they had committed. This they refused to do, and war ensued. This contest, which was called the *Sacred War*, lasted eight years.

Philip of Macedon was asked to take part in the struggle; but he held back, being well pleased to see the Greek States weakening each other by their efforts. When he thought them sufficiently enfeebled, he entered the country, under pretence of attacking Phocis; but he stopped not his warfare till he had made himself master of Greece. This conquest achieved, he was about to invade Persia, but was murdered by Pausanias, during a public festival, B. C. 336.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PLATO. DIONYSIUS, TYRANT OF SYRACUSE. TIMOLEON.

PLATO the philosopher, of whom you will often read, was an Athenian, and the pupil of the famous Socrates. He died about twelve years before Philip of Macedon was murdered.

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He was the intimate friend of Dion, the best and wisest of the Syracusans; and went to Syracuse, a city in the Island of Sicily, to visit him. When he observed that the manners of Dion were stern and harsh, he, like a true friend, told him of this defect, and reminded him "that a haughty carriage keeps people at a distance, and reduces man to pass his life in solitude."

As Dion was a wise man, no doubt he profited by this good advice; for it is a proof of superior wisdom to listen kindly to counsel, and amend the faults it points out.

Dionysius the Younger was at this time tyrant, or king, of Syracuse; he was the brother-in-law of Dion, and a young prince of great promise. His father, Dionysius the Elder, had sadly neglected his education, which led Plato to say, all his faults arose from ignorance; and this great philosopher took considerable pains to instruct and improve him. Dionysius proved the natural goodness of his character by the respect and attention he paid to Plato: he gave up his habits of idleness and dissipation, and devoted himself to study and sober amusements. Had it not been for the base flattery of his courtiers, this young prince would have probably become a good and great man. But the angry nobles, jealous of the influence of the virtuous Dion, misrepresented his conduct, and spoke so ill of him, that he was at last banished

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from Syracuse; and Plato, soon after, gladly quitted the court of the tyrant.

About two years afterwards, upon receiving a promise from Dionysius that he would recall Dion, Plato made another voyage to Sicily. Dionysius, on hearing of his arrival, went out to meet him in a splendid chariot, drawn by four white horses, in which he placed the philosopher, and performed himself the office

of driver. The Sicilians, too, rejoiced at his return; and, for a time, all was harmony. Among other proofs of the prince's favor, he presented Plato with eighty talents of gold, or about 15,500*l.* Plato had now more influence at court than any one, and he lived in a dignified manner, which his enemies stigmatized

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as pride; but his friends praised it as the result of wisdom.

Plato could not, however, prevail on Dionysius to recall Dion; a mutual distrust was the consequence, and, in the sequel, the philosopher returned to Athens.

Dionysius, now left to himself, and to the influence of his artful flatterers, forgot all the good that Plato had taught him. He not only broke the promise he had made of recalling his brother-in-law, but even married that brother's wife to one of his courtiers. Dion, provoked at this wickedness, led an army to Syracuse, drove the tyrant from his throne, and recovered his wife. He governed Syracuse with much moderation and ability; but was at last cruelly murdered. After his death, Dionysius again ascended the throne, and was again driven from it; and, after all his various fortunes, it is said he became a schoolmaster at Corinth. He had always such good spirits, that, when one rallied him on not having profited by the counsel of his master Plato, he replied, "How can you say I have not profited by Plato's maxims, when you see me bear misfortunes so well?"

But you will wish to hear who was the person that finally drove this tyrant from Syracuse; and I shall have great pleasure in speaking to you of that successful general. It was Timoleon, a native of Corinth, an excellent soldier, brave, humane, and firm. He

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had a brother, Timophanes, who had made himself tyrant of Corinth. Timoleon loved his brother, but he more dearly loved his country; and when he found he could not persuade him to give freedom to Corinth, he consented to his death.

But, though the people praised him, the heart of Timoleon reproached him for this act; and he would have punished himself by death, if his friends had not implored him to live. He consented to live, but he never more knew peace of conscience.

The Carthaginians, who were almost always at war with the Syracusans, sent an army against them; and they in their distress applied to Corinth for relief. Timoleon was despatched with some troops to their aid: he gained great advantages over the Carthaginians, and entered Syracuse in triumph.

Dionysius, admiring this excellent general, surrendered himself and his citadel into his hands, and was sent to Corinth.

Timoleon now attacked the Carthaginians, under Asdrubal and Amilcar, and gained a signal victory. In short, he subdued all the enemies of Syracuse, and restored that city to liberty, instituted laws for her benefit, and was universally loved and honored.* "Virtue is seldom or never without envy." Timoleon had, doubtless, enemies and false accusers; but he had also friends and admirers.

* Rollin.

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When he had performed all the good he could for the Island of Sicily, he gave up his power, and lived the rest of his days in an honorable and tranquil retirement. His wife and children followed him from Corinth; and, to the last hour of his life, the Syracusans acted by his advice in all important matters. When they wished to have his opinion, he used to be drawn in a chariot to the place of meeting, and whatever he directed was done. He died about B. C. 337.

Every honor was paid to him after his death, and his bier was wetted with the tears of the grateful Syracusans.

Plato, of whom I have told you so much in this chapter, died B. C. 348, aged 81, the year before Dionysius recovered the tyranny of Syracuse.

CHAPTER XXX.

SELF-DEVOTION OF DECIUS.

Whilst the Syracusans were fighting and expelling their old and inveterate enemies, the Carthaginians, — whilst Philip, beginning with Phocis, was conquering the Greek cities, one by one, — the Romans were engaged in a severe contest with the Samnites. Alas! war

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forms a principal part of the history of all nations!

The Tarentines, the allies of the Samnites, implored and obtained the aid of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, the greatest general of his age, and of whom you will soon hear many amusing particulars.

In spite of his great abilities and his extraordinary exertions, the Romans were generally victorious. Even when conquered by Pyrrhus, they profited by the misfortune, in learning the arts by which they had been vanquished.

The victories obtained by the Romans at this time led to the conquest of all Italy, and laid the foundations of that power which you will find afterwards spread over almost all the then known world.

Rome was certainly very rich in brave men: very soon after the gallant action of the unfortunate Titus Manlius, a Consul, named Decius, devoted himself to death for the service of his country.

In a battle with the Latines, Decius saw, with consternation, that the enemy was gaining advantage over his soldiers. He instantly called to the *Pontifex Maximus* (a kind of high priest of the Romans) to come and hear him devote himself to the gods. This sacred person, Valerius, covering the head of Decius with a veil, and ordering him to stand upon a

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lance laid on the ground, bade him repeat a certain prayer to the gods of war. Decius, having obeyed, drew his robe about him, put on his arms, and, mounting his horse, rode full speed among the enemy. He was plainly seen by both armies, his spirit making him carry himself in a bold and majestic manner. The Latines, according to the ignorance of those times, thought it was a messenger from heaven against them; and the Romans, I suppose, fancied that Decius was inspired by the gods to befriend them.

Thus fear spread in one army, and hope in the other. Decius died covered with wounds, and the Romans put the Latines to flight. Thus it may be truly said, that the self-devotion of Decius saved his army. He performed this gallant act, B. C. 340.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

We are now come to the history of Alexander the Great: he was the son of Philip, king of Macedon; his mother's name was Olympias, and his tutor was the great Aristotle, a man as much celebrated for his wisdom, as

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Alexander was for his conquests. You must read both their histories at large; and when you have done so, perhaps you will think Aristotle the greater man of the two.

I cannot pretend to give you an account of all the exploits of this victorious king. Pray look into a map of the world, for a map of any one quarter of it will not do. Alexander carried his triumphant arms into Europe, Asia, and Africa. America, you know, had not then been discovered.

Look at Greece; he made himself master of it. Run your eye over Persia; he was its conqueror. See Egypt; he subdued it. Trace the course of the Ganges, in India; to the banks of that river he led his victorious bands. Behold Babylon; there he closed his life. After years of successful war on the human race, there was one conquest he never obtained — a conquest over himself; he died the victim of folly and self-indulgence: the conqueror of the world lost his life by excessive drinking!

The very day on which Alexander was born, the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, a city of Ionia, in Greece, was burned. This temple was one of the seven wonders of the world. Alexander had other very good masters besides Aristotle; and he early showed a desire to distinguish himself. He read a great deal: Homer's Iliad he especially studied. He was of a cheerful temper; a little positive

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in his opinion, but always ready to give it up if reasonably convinced of its impropriety.*

When very young, he managed the fiery war-horse Bucephalus, which no one else dared to mount; and afterwards he built a city in honor of this noble steed, calling it Bucephalia, after him. When he attended his father to battle, he showed as much skill as valor, and once had the happiness to save his parent's life, when it was in great danger from an enemy.

He was only twenty years old when the death of Philip raised him to the throne; and so high were his abilities rated, that he was soon after declared generalissimo, or chief commander, of the Greeks, against the Persians. He once proudly asked some ambassadors, who, he supposed, were afraid of him, "What do you dread most?" They replied, "We are afraid of nothing but the falling of the sky and stars;"—a neat way of telling him that they feared neither him nor any other man.

At Corinth, he saw Diogenes of Sinope, surnamed the Cynic, because he affected great dislike of wealth and rank, and lived in a strange, rude manner. Alexander asked whether he wanted any thing. "Yes," said Diogenes; "I want you to stand out of my sunshine, and not to take from me what you cannot give me." He said this, I imagine, to

* Rollin.

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show Alexander that there were things which, great as he was, he could neither govern nor bestow; for certainly he could not rule or give the sunshine. Alexander admired this speech, and directly remarked, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes;" as much, I suppose, as to say, "Had I not all things as Alexander, I would desire to scorn all things as Diogenes."

This Diogenes, of whom many ludicrous stories are related, though a mere churl in his manners, was a philosopher of acute genius, with some learning, and more skill in the knowledge of mankind. He was born at Sinope, a city of Pontus, where his father was what in modern times would be called a banker: being accused of coining false mon-

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ey, Diogenes fled to Athens, and became a pupil of Antisthenes, whose disposition corresponded with his own.

In the streets of Athens, Diogenes was to be seen in a coarse double cloak, which served him for clothing by day and for a covering by night. He boasted that the porticoes and public buildings were erected for his use, and there he would dine, sleep, and lecture. He carried a wallet for such food as was given him; and was accustomed to endure the extremes of heat and cold. A friend had promised to build him a small hut; but, as it was not finished so soon as the philosopher wished, he took up his abode in an open vessel, which has been called his *tub*. This vessel, or others of a similar kind, he is represented as making his constant residence; but, more probably, he only lived in it while indulging his angry fit.

In his old age, Diogenes, making a voyage to Ægina, was taken by pirates to Crete, and sold as a slave. The eccentricity of his manners induced Xeniades, a rich Corinthian, to purchase him: Xeniades took him to Corinth, where, after some experience of his talents and character, he gave him his liberty and his children to educate. He also committed his household concerns to his care; and was so well satisfied with his conduct, that he often declared he had brought a good genius into his house.

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It was here that the interview just spoken of, between Diogenes and Alexander, took place; and here he died, B. C. 324, after a life of the greatest indigence, about the 96th year of his age.

We must now return to Alexander, who resolved, before he marched into Asia, to consult the Oracle at Delphi; but, as he visited the temple on a day on which consultations were forbidden, the priestess refused to go into the temple. Alexander, unaccustomed to denial, seized her by the arm, and drew her forward. "Ah! my son! you are irresistible!" exclaimed the priestess. These words, he said, were a sufficient answer, and he went away, well pleased with the speech of the holy woman.

He was of a generous disposition, if giving largely constitutes generosity; and once, after having made splendid presents, and given away all he was worth, Perdiccas asked him, "My lord, what have you kept for yourself?" —"Hope," replied the king. "Then that hope ought also to satisfy us," replied Perdiccas, and refused the gift appointed for him.

But intoxication was the bane of Alexander: in one drunken fit, he killed his kind friend Clitus; in another, he consented to the wishes of the wicked woman Laïs, and with his own hand set fire to the beautiful palace of Persepolis.

His behavior to the family of Darius, king

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of Persia, after he had taken away the life and the crown of that unfortunate monarch, is better worth remembering. He married Statira, the daughter of Darius, and treated his widow and her other children with tenderness and humanity.

He loved his friend Hephæstion faithfully and warmly, and mourned his death with sincere feeling; he allowed him to speak to him with freedom and honesty, and never was offended at any thing he said. Sisygambis, the mother of Darius, with his wife and family, fell into the hands of Alexander after the battle of Issus. He visited them, attended by his friend Hephæstion, who being the taller and handsomer man, the queens took him for the conqueror, and fell at his feet. When informed of their mistake, they were much confounded; but Alexander kindly said, — "Good mother! you have not been mistaken; Hephæstion is only another Alexander" — a neat way of saying, that his friend was his other self.

Whilst he was dangerously ill at Tarsus, owing to his imprudently bathing in the River Cydnus when he was extremely hot, he received a letter from Parmenio, bidding him beware of his physician Philip, for Philip had been bribed by Darius to poison him. Alexander, when he had read this letter, put it under his pillow. When Philip came in with some medicine, Alexander took the cup and

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drank off the draught, having first given Philip the letter to read, and fixing his eyes upon him as he did so. Philip proved worthy of the confidence of his sovereign; for Alexander soon after recovered, to the inexpressible joy of his army.

He behaved very kindly to his mother, listening to her reproofs with mildness and patience; and when Antipater, whom he left to govern Macedonia in his absence, wrote a long letter complaining of Olympias, the king said, with a smile, "Antipater does not know that one tear shed by a mother will obliterate ten such letters as this."

In India, he conquered a king, named Porus, who was seven feet and a half high: this singularly tall man, when introduced to Alexander, was asked by him how he would be treated. "Like a king," replied Porus. Alexander was so much pleased with this answer, that he restored his kingdom to him, and ever afterwards treated him with kindness and respect.

But I cannot go on any longer speaking of Alexander; you must read his life in Rollin, and then you will know all the good and all the evil of his character.

He died — and what then became of his mighty conquests! His successors quarrelled about the division of the immense territory he had subdued. They murdered his infant son, his mother, and his two wives, Roxana and

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Statira; and in a very few years the countries he had intended to form into one vast empire, were split into many small kingdoms. Alexander died at Babylon, aged 33, B. C. 323.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SAMNITES CONQUER THE ROMANS, AND MAKE THEM PASS UNDER THE YOKE, AT CAUDIUM, B. C. 321.

Shortly after the death of Alexander, the Romans endured a very severe disgrace. They were still at war with the Samnites, over whom their dictator, Papirius Cursor, had obtained a splendid victory, the very year before the death of the Macedonian king; but, five years after this triumph, they were doomed to feel a bitter reverse.

The Romans, under the command of their consuls Veturius and Posthumius, were decoyed into a narrow pass by the Samnites, under their general, Caius Pontius. When too late, they found themselves surrounded by the enemy, unable to go forward or backward, and, worse than all, unable to defend themselves. Think what must have been the misery of these brave people! Unhappily, they gave themselves up to despair, and made no

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attempt to relieve themselves. Relief, indeed, seemed impossible; but many things that seem at first sight impossible, can be performed by patience, ingenuity, courage, and constancy. Few things are really impossible.

The Samnites, overjoyed to see their old foes at their mercy, sent off to the aged Herennius, the father of their general, for his advice and opinion. Herennius recommended his son to permit the Romans to retire in honor and safety; but, this counsel being rejected, another courier was despatched to the venerable Samnite, and by him Herennius sent word, "Then put them all to the sword!"

Caius fancied his father was superannuated, to offer opinions so various; but Herennius came to the camp, and plainly proved his sense and judgment. He said "If you give the Romans their liberty, so generous a people will not forget the obligation. But if you choose harsher measures, destroy them all; you will thus weaken their force essentially. Do one or the other."

The Samnites chose a middle course; they made the Romans pass under the *jugum*, of which I have already spoken, and thereby rendered them their implacable enemies, without crippling the strength by which they might display that enmity.

When the consuls sent to sue for peace, Pontius proposed very hard terms. The Roman soldiers groaned aloud when they heard

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what shameful submissions were expected from them. Sextulus, a wise and brave officer, reminded them, that their safety was necessary to the safety of their country, for they formed her principal army; and that it was the duty of true patriots to suffer shame, as well as earn glory, for the sake of their country.

He spoke well; the Romans acknowledged the propriety of his sentiments, and consented to suffer more than death for their beloved Rome.

First, they were ordered to give up all their arms and their upper garments; then to march out from their confined situation. The consuls, half naked, and stripped of every mark of rank, led the way, and passed under the detested yoke; after them the officers, according to their rank; and last of all, the legions. I am ashamed to add that the Samnites stood by, mocking the sufferers; and they even killed such as returned their cruel scoffs by frowns and stern looks.

The wretched soldiers, when the hated ceremony was over, lay down in the fields and roads, ashamed to enter any town in their forlorn and half naked condition. But the moment that the inhabitants of Capua, a city not far from the pass of Caudium, heard of their distress, they generously despatched horses, clothes, and food, and even lictors to attend the fallen consuls.

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The rage and shame of the Romans may be easily conceived: they immediately began to take measures to wipe off the stain cast on their glory; and it was not long before Papirius gained another important victory over the Samnites. These were, in their turn, compelled to taste the bitterness of that lot which they had assigned to the Romans. Papirius took care that they should also pass under the yoke, and endure every other disgrace they had before adjudged to their enemies.

The Romans were so exasperated that they would not lay down their arms until they had entirely vanquished the Samnites. Such were the consequences of provoking a valiant people!

I must tell you what happened a little before this disgrace of the Romans. They had conquered a city, called Privernum, and one of the senators asked the deputies of the Privernates what punishment his fellow-citizens deserved for revolting against Rome. "Such as those deserve who think themselves worthy of being free," was the noble response. "But," continued the senator, "what kind of peace can we expect to have with you, if we should forgive you?" — "Fixed and perpetual, if you grant us an honorable one; but if your terms are bad, a peace with us cannot last long," replied the manly Privernate.

These words we should all reflect upon; for, in private as in public life, all treaties and

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bargains should be fair and just for both parties; and then to both they will be desirable, and consequently binding.

The Romans passed under the yoke at Caudium, B. C. 321.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALEXANDER'S SUCCESSORS. EPICURUS.

I OUGHT to make you acquainted with two actions of Alexander the Great, because they are both often spoken of. Just before his dangerous illness, he took the city of Gordium, in Phrygia. In this city was a chariot, to the pole of which a knot was so curiously tied, that it was thought impossible to untwist it. There was also a saying in the city, that whosoever should untie this knot would possess the empire of Asia.

Alexander was confident that the saying related to him; but, as he tried in vain to untwist the well-concealed strings, his patience failed, and with his sword he cut asunder the knot he could not untie.

In the midst of the deserts of Libya, in Africa, Alexander found the temple of Jupiter Ammon; and he persuaded the priests to declare that he was the son of this heathen god.

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From that time, therefore, he always called himself "Alexander the king, son of Jupiter Ammon." Not satisfied with this preposterous folly, he even desired that his courtiers and subjects should adore him, as if he were really something more than mortal; but we have already seen how this *immortal god* died at Babylon; and must now go on to talk of his successors.

Alexander had a son called Hercules, by one of his wives named Barsine. He also left a brother, Aridæus. Aridæus, and Alexander, the son of Roxana, born after the death of Alexander the Great, were both named to succeed him; but their power and their lives were soon closed. When the conqueror, in his dying moments, was asked to whom he left the empire, he replied, "To the most worthy."

His principal officers, by degrees, divided the extensive territory amongst them. One of them destroyed Hercules and Barsine; and another killed Cleopatra, the sister of Alexander, so that all his family became extinct.

The officers first began to govern only as generals and governors, and each took a particular country under his rule. But, after some years, they assumed higher titles; they became kings and emperors, and established themselves, and their sons after them, on the thrones which they had raised. Of the principal lords, who thus took upon themselves to

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portion out the empire of their deceased monarch, six or seven were more conspicuous than the rest. These quarrelling among themselves, battles followed, which impoverished some and enriched others, till, in the end, only four remained in power. Of these, Ptolemy became king of Egypt, Cassander of Macedonia and Greece, Seleucus of Syria and Babylon, and Lysimachus of Thrace.

Eumenes, the best of them all, after being governor of Cappadocia, was conquered by Antigonus, and put to death.

Of the above four, only two, Ptolemy and Seleucus, transmitted their empires to their children; the others were conquered, so that the distant provinces regained their freedom.

When Alexander left Macedonia, he created Antipater its governor; and he continued to enjoy this high station after the death of his master. At a very advanced age, he died, leaving his son Cassander and Polyperchon (the oldest of Alexander's generals) joint regents of Macedonia. Cassander was of a very ambitious disposition; and by cunning and force contrived to become sole sovereign of Macedon and Greece.

The kings of Egypt, for a long time, all took the name of Ptolemy, from the general of that name, who was one of the four monarchs who shared Alexander's chief possessions amongst them. When he was eighty years old, he abdicated the throne, and, rais-

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ing his son Ptolemy Philadelphus to that elevated station, he retired from the business of a court, and died peacefully two years afterwards. This Ptolemy (Soter) was a learned and virtuous man; he founded the famous library at Alexandria, in Egypt, which was burned nearly a thousand years* afterwards, by the barbarous Saracens; and he it was who said, "that the true grandeur of a king consisted in enriching others, not himself."

Lysimachus, king of Thrace, drove Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, from Macedonia, of which kingdom Pyrrhus had made himself sovereign after the death of Cassander and Cassander's sons. Lysimachus was himself conquered by Seleucus, and slain.

Seleucus became very powerful; and his posterity were called the *Seleucidæ*. He married a beautiful young woman, named Stratonice. Soon after the marriage, his son Antiochus fell sick, and the physicians could not discover his malady, till Erasistratus, a skilful physician, at last discovered the cause of the young prince's malady; he observed him change color, sigh, and tremble, whenever the lovely queen entered the apartment; and at last he drew from him a confession, that he loved his beauteous mother-in-law. "But," added the young prince, "I will die rather than declare my love, and thus

* A. D. 640.

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punish myself for giving my heart to one I never can marry."

The physician resolved to make an attempt to save the drooping Antiochus. He went to the king, and told him he had discovered the cause of his son's illness. "What is it?" asked Seleucus. "He is in love with a lady whom he cannot marry," said Erasistratus. "And why cannot he marry her?" — "Because she is my wife," replied the cunning physician. "And will you not part with her, to save my son?" demanded the king. "My lord, put yourself in my place; would you give up your wife?" — "Yes," replied the tender father; "I would give him Stratonice, and my kingdom too, could I but save his life." — "Then do so, my lord; for it is your wife, and not mine, that he loves."

Seleucus did not hesitate a moment; but, with the consent of Stratonice, gave her in marriage to Antiochus, and crowned them king and queen of Syria; but it is related that Antiochus would not marry Stratonice till after the death of his father.

What will not parents sacrifice for their children!

It was in the times of Seleucus and his son that the philosopher Epicurus lived. You have frequently heard the titles of *Epicure* and *Epicurean* applied to persons fond of dainties, or given to luxurious living: hence you might be led to suppose that Epicurus,

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whose name has been thus stigmatized, was himself more devoted to the pleasures of the table than to study. But nothing is more distant from the truth, as you shall presently hear.

Epicurus was born of poor parents, at Gargettus, a village of Attica; but he early distinguished himself by the brilliancy of his genius, and at fourteen determined to be a philosopher. After having improved himself, and enriched his mind by travelling, he settled at Athens, in his thirty-sixth year. As all the public places were preoccupied by other philosophers, Epicurus purchased a pleasant garden, in which he delivered his lectures; hence his followers were denominated "Philosophers of the Garden;" and he was the first who introduced at Athens the fashion of having a garden attached to a house in the city. He soon attracted a number of followers by the sweetness and gravity of his manners, as well as by his social virtues. His daily food consisted of bread and water, with such fruits as his garden produced. Mark this, I pray you, and observe how much his name has been misused. A little milk and cheese constituted his dainties; and of these he would sometimes partake when he wished to have a treat. His pupils generally adopted his plan; and though a few would drink a little wine, most of them took only water.

Epicurus taught that happiness consists in

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pleasure, not such as arises from sensual gratification or from vice; but from the enjoyments of the mind and the sweets of virtue.

The private and happy life which Epicurus led excited the jealousy of the other sects; and as he would never deign to answer or refute their calumnies, his doctrines have been unceasingly censured, and the very name of his sect has been made proverbial of every thing corrupt in principle and conduct.

At an advanced age, Epicurus was attacked by a very painful disorder; yet he persevered in teaching till his seventy-second year. During a fortnight of excruciating agony, he was never heard to murmur, but conversed as usual with his friends upon the principles of philosophy. Finding that nature was exhausted, he ordered a warm bath, and, stepping into it, drank a glass of wine; and then, while exhorting his friends not to forget his doctrines, he calmly expired, B. C. 270.

A letter, which he wrote just before his death to his friend Idomeneus, is expressive of the serene state of his mind: "After a happy life, I am arrived at the last day of it. The excruciating pain of my disorder is counterbalanced by the mental joy I experience from the recollection of our discourses and discoveries." This is the language of a philosopher, not of a man of pleasure.

The memory of this amiable philosopher was so much venerated by his disciples, that

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they each had a picture of him, which they always carried about them. They likewise had his likeness on cups and rings, and considered it a good omen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PYRRHUS.

Pyrrhus, son of Æacides, king of Epirus, seemed born to be a soldier; for he was continually fighting in some place or other all his life. Epirus was a province of Greece, divided from Macedonia by Mount Pindus.

Pyrrhus was an infant when his father was killed: at twelve years old, he was, however, made king of Epirus; but at seventeen he was deprived of his crown. He fought very bravely at the battle of Ipsus, when Alexander's four principal captains divided his conquests among them. He married Antigone, the daughter of Ptolemy, king of Egypt; and, with an army given to him by his father-in-law, he returned to Greece, and repossessed himself of the throne of Epirus. Pyrrhus now engaged in a war against Macedonia, expelled its monarch, Demetrius, and was declared its king; but, in a very short time, he was himself driven from Macedonia by Lysimachus.

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He now returned to Epirus, where he might have spent a happy and useful life, protecting and serving his own subjects, and fulfilling the various duties of life; but his warlike disposition made him averse to peace, and it seems that he chose to indulge this disposition.

The people of Tarentum were then at war with the Romans, and sent to beg of Pyrrhus that he would assist them. He began gladly to make preparations for passing over to Italy, when Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his intentions and expectations.

"To conquer Rome," said Pyrrhus.

"And what will you do next, my lord?"

"Next, I will conquer Italy."

"And after that?"

"We will subdue Carthage, Macedonia, all Africa, and all Greece."

"And when we have conquered all we can, what shall we do?"

"Do! Why, then we will sit down, and spend our time in peace and comfort."

"Ah! my lord!" said the wise Cineas, "what prevents our being in peace and comfort now?"

Pray stop, and observe a little what was the end of all Alexander's mighty conquests! Seleucus and Ptolemy became great kings; and what they did not possess fell back into the hands of the natives of each place. Alexander's wives, children, and relatives, were

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killed, that they might not interfere with the ambition of the great captains. Alexander himself died in the prime of life; his death unquestionably caused by the excessive indulgence of his passions. Let us see to what the ambition of Pyrrhus conducted him.

He went to Italy, and speedily conquered the Romans, under their consul Livinius. This victory was thought to have been gained by the effect produced by some elephants in the army of Pyrrhus, the Roman horses taking fright at the sight of these monstrous animals. Pyrrhus was surprised at the valiant and skilful conduct of the Romans, for at that time the Greeks called all nations but their own *barbarians* — a mode of expression in which the Romans copied them, as they also named all persons *barbarians* except themselves.

Pyrrhus gained a second victory; but after that, he found himself losing ground daily, and was glad to leave Italy before he was entirely conquered. The people of Sicily sent for him; and he went to them, well pleased with the pretext they afforded him for quitting the falling Tarentines.

In Sicily, he also experienced a changeful fortune, first prosperous and then adverse. He once more returned to Italy, being almost driven from Syracuse by the Carthaginians: again he conquered the Romans, and again fled before them; again he subdued Macedonia, again he lost it. He laid siege to Sparta,

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but could not take it; and at last lost his life, when trying to conquer the city of Argos; and how, do you think? — By the hands of a woman. When fighting close by the walls, a mother saw him combating with her son; and, to save her child, she threw a large tile from the walls on which she was standing upon Pyrrhus; the tile struck him on the head; he fell down, and a soldier, seeing him fall, instantly cut off his head.

Such was the end of Pyrrhus! And such is likely to be the end of those who love war, and give themselves up to ambition.

I must now tell you that, when he was first in Italy, one of his physicians told the Romans he would poison Pyrrhus, if they would give him a large reward. Fabricius, the Roman general, was shocked at his treachery, and directly informed Pyrrhus of it, sending away the physician with scorn; "for," said Fabricius, "we should be honorable even to our enemies."

This same Fabricius was the man whom Pyrrhus strove to master, first by fear, in showing him an enormous elephant, an animal the Roman had never seen before; and next by bribery, in offering him vast sums of money, if he would procure him an advantageous treaty with the Romans. But Fabricius, firm and honest, refused all his offers, saying with a smile, "I neither fear your elephant, nor value your gold."

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Pyrrhus was killed B. C. 272. He is said to have been the first general who understood and taught the art of encampment; and from him the Romans learnt much of the art of war. Indeed, you will observe that the Romans tried to learn all they could, even from their enemies; and it was by this conduct they became so great.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIRST PUNIC WAR. REGULUS.

The wars between the Romans and the Carthaginians were called *Punic wars*, be-

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cause the Carthaginians came originally from Phœnice, and were named *Phœni*.

The first Punic war was caused by the dissensions of the Sicilians, some of whom applied to the Romans for assistance, and some solicited succors from Carthage. Now, the very same year in which the kings were expelled from Rome,* (you remember, I dare say, the story of Tarquin and Lucretia,) the Romans engaged, by a treaty with Carthage, not to interfere with the trade and the possessions of the Carthaginians.

But when Pyrrhus was killed, and the Romans were no longer harassed by his attacks, they had time to think of Carthage, whose growing power and wealth they heard of with envy. Athens, you know, was renowned for skill in the arts of sculpture, oratory, painting, and poetry. Carthage was remarkable for riches and commerce. Rome was celebrated for her extensive conquests: she once ruled over almost the whole of the known earth, and was entitled *Queen of the World*.

The first expedition the Romans made out of Italy was when they crossed over to Sicily and took the city of Messina. They next thought of conquering the Carthaginians at sea; but they had no ships; and Carthage possessed a fine fleet. Ships in those days were very different from what they are now: they were rowed along by oars; and, I sup-

* See p. 64.

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pose, were not much better than our large boats or barges.

The Romans, I have already said, were always eager to gain knowledge — the sure method of becoming wise; and, a Carthaginian galley, or ship, having been wrecked on the coast of Italy, the Romans began building vessels like it. At first, the ships they constructed were rude and clumsy; first attempts in every art must be awkward; but the Romans knew that people must persevere, if they desire or expect to acquire excellence.

After some time, they built very neat galleys, and had many of them. As the property of the loadstone was not then known, they had no compass to steer by; therefore they kept in sight of land, or sailed by observing the situation of the stars.

So well did the Romans manage, that they soon conquered the Carthaginian fleet. The excellent but unfortunate Regulus, with a fleet of three hundred and thirty vessels, each vessel having three hundred rowers and one hundred and twenty soldiers, beat the navy of Carthage, commanded by Hanno and Hamilcar.

This victory encouraged them so much, that they boldly crossed the Mare Internum, (now called the Mediterranean Sea,) and, landing in Africa, took the small town of Clypea.

Regulus was ordered to remain there, as

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proconsul, to command the troops; but he earnestly requested leave to return home, as he had a small estate of seven acres, which required his care. A person was directed to perform this service, and then Regulus, satisfied that his wife and children would have food, willingly devoted himself to his public duties.

The Carthaginians had procured forces from Sparta under Xantippus; and, thus supported, defeated the Romans, and took Regulus prisoner. Sorry am I to add, that the Carthaginians were so vexed at owing this victory to the spirit and presence of their warlike allies, that, when they sent home Xantippus in their own vessels, they gave orders that he and his attendants should be massacred. What perfidious cruelty! What ingratitude!

Regulus was kept in prison many years; and was then sent to Rome, to propose peace and an exchange of prisoners; having been first made to take an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he did not succeed in his proposals. When this noble Roman made his appearance among his countrymen, they were all touched by his misfortunes, and were willing to purchase his freedom by granting the request of his enemies. The generous Regulus would not allow his country to suffer for his sake; and, though he knew that torture and death awaited him at Carthage, he begged the Romans would send him back, and refuse

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the Carthaginians their prisoners; for among these prisoners were many skilful generals and vigorous young men, who would thus be set at liberty to fight against Rome.*

The senate with pain consented to the disinterested advice of Regulus. In spite of the tears of his wife, the embraces of his children, the prayers of his friends, he returned to Carthage. With aching hearts you will hear, that, as soon as the cruel Carthaginians saw him come back with a refusal, they were so enraged that they put him to every kind of

pain they could invent — to tortures so barbarous, that I cannot write a description of them, and you could not read an account

* Rollin.

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of them without pain. He bore all the anguish in patient silence, and when, finally, they placed him in a barrel through which sharp nails were driven, he died as heroically as he had lived.

After various successes on both sides, the Romans gained so complete a victory, that the Carthaginians deemed it necessary to propose terms of peace. They agreed to quit Sicily, return all the prisoners they had taken, and pay the Romans a large sum of money. Thus ended the first Punic war, after having continued twenty-three years, B. C. 241.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SECOND PUNIC WAR. HANNIBAL.

Twenty-two years elapsed between the end of the first and the beginning of the second Punic war: during this peace between the Romans and Carthaginians, nothing very remarkable happened.

Comedies were first acted in Rome B. C. 240. In B. C. 224, the Romans first crossed the Po, and entered the territories of the Gauls, over whom the consul gained a great victory; and Marcellus killed their king Viridomarus with his own hand, B. C. 222. The

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Gauls were then a rude and fierce nation, half naked, and so barbarous as to make drinking-cups of the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. But mark the power of learning to change the minds of men: the country of the savage Gauls is now called France; and what a polite and refined people are the French! Spain, a warlike nation, and abounding in mines of gold and silver, was then under the dominion of Carthage.

I must now introduce to you Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar, a famous Carthaginian general. Like most other great men, he was capable of bearing great fatigue and hardship, heat and cold, good and bad fortune, without shrinking or complaining. His dress was simple, and he never indulged his appetite; he ate, drank, and slept, only so much as to support his body, and give him strength and ability to perform the intentions of his mighty mind. He knew how to obey, as well as to command; yet his defects are said to have been as prominent as his excellences. He was cruel, negligent of his truth and honor, and inattentive to the duties of religion. This is the character given of him by Livy, a Roman historian, who, perhaps, did not speak impartially of this enemy of Rome. When you have read an account of his actions, you will judge how far Livy may be credited.

Hannibal took the city of Saguntum, in Spain; and this place, being considered as an

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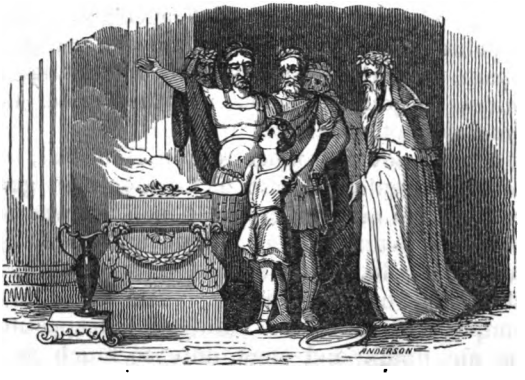
ally of the Romans, caused the second Punic war. The two nations, therefore, began to make preparations for attacking each other. It is recorded, that Hamilcar made his son



Hannibal, at nine years old, take a solemn oath at the altar, that he would, as soon as possible, declare himself the enemy of Rome: he was therefore prompt and anxious in providing men and arms.

Open the map, and mark the progress of the Carthaginian general; crossing the sea from Africa to Europe, then marching through Spain, and over the Pyrenean hills to Gaul, along the coast of Gaul, and over the snow-topped Alps, to Italy — a land journey of one thousand miles.* Observe, too, that he passed

* Rollin.

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through various barbarous nations, with most of whom he had to fight for a passage; the Gauls, amongst the rest, attempting to oppose his progress.

Hannibal was only twenty-six years old when he began this wonderful enterprise; and it was against the most powerful people then existing. Several Roman generals of approved talent and valor opposed him; yet you will see how nearly he was on the point of making himself master of Rome itself.

At the celebrated battle of Cannæ, B. C. 216, the Carthaginians totally routed a fine Roman army, under the command of their consuls. Varro, one of them, gave orders for battle, against the wish of his colleague, Paulus Æmilius; but, the encounter once begun, Æmilius fought with his utmost skill and bravery, and died covered with wounds. Just before his death, he was found sitting on a stone, faint and streaming with blood. The soldier who discovered him, besought him to mount his horse, and put himself under his protection. "No," said Æmilius; "I thank you heartily, but I will not clog you with my sinking frame: go — hasten to Rome; tell the senate of this day's disaster, and bid them fortify the city, for the enemy are approaching it. I will die with my slaughtered soldiers, that I may neither suffer the indignation of Rome myself, nor be called upon to give testimony against my colleague to prove my own

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innocence." With this noble sentiment on his lips, the intrepid consul expired.

It has been frequently said, that, if Hannibal had marched to Rome directly after the battle of Cannæ, he would certainly have taken that city; but, at this distance of time, it must be very difficult to judge of what could, and what could not, have been done. Even when commenting on the battles that occur in our own times, we ought to speak with great diffidence. It is very easy for persons, sitting in safety and comfort, in a peaceful and protected home, to *talk* of what they would do.

The most admired antagonist of Hannibal was Scipio, surnamed *Africanus*, from his successful engagements in Africa. When very young, he saved the life of his father in a battle; and, after the fatal overthrow at Cannæ, he rallied around him a few spirited youths, and made a vow to fight for his country whilst a drop of blood remained in his veins; then, fiercely drawing his sword, he exclaimed, "Whoever is against Rome, this sword is against him!"

It was Scipio who advised that the Romans should force the Carthaginians to quit Italy by carrying the war into Africa. He himself headed the troops sent against Carthage; and, just as he had predicted, Hannibal was recalled in great haste to protect his native city. Thus, after suffering sixteen years under the dread of an invading foe, who threatened

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their freedom, the Romans saw themselves delivered from the apprehensions of being mastered.

Hannibal and Scipio had an interesting interview, in which Hannibal in vain strove to procure honorable terms of peace. The youthful Roman answered him proudly and disdainfully, and the armies prepared for battle.

The decisive contest took place at Zama, a town not far from Carthage, and the troops of that wealthy city were entirely defeated, B. C. 202. The terms of peace granted by the Romans in the following year were sufficiently hard, and their hatred of Hannibal was bitter and constant.

Hannibal did not lose his life at Zama, but he lived to lament that he had not lost it honorably there; for the Romans hunted him from place to place, till at last the brave, unfortunate, and venerable fugitive took poison. "Let us relieve the Romans of their fears," said he, "by closing the existence of a feeble old man." He died at seventy years of age, at the court of Prusias, king of Bithynia, B. C. 183.

Scipio Africanus may be said to have ended the second Punic war by his victory at Zama; though the treaty of peace was not concluded till the next year, B. C. 201.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

ARCHIMEDES. PHILOPŒMEN. PERSEUS.

A FEW years after the battle of Cannæ, Marcellus laid siege to Syracuse; and, in spite of the dreadful machines invented by Archimedes, he finally took it. You know that, in battles now, soldiers use muskets and cannons charged with gunpowder and balls. But gunpowder is quite a modern invention; and before it was known, soldiers fought with swords, and clubs, and javelins, and bows and arrows. When towns were attacked, large machines were built to batter down houses and walls, and to fling large stones upon the enemy. Archimedes, the Syracusan, was remarkably clever in contriving these battering-rams, and other offensive and defensive weapons. He was related to Hiero II., a sensible and good king of Syracuse. It was Archimedes who said, "if he had a place to rest his lever upon, he could move the world." Hiero II. was very friendly to the Romans; but, when he died, his grandson Hieronymus, young and imprudent, was so much disliked, that he was killed in a conspiracy, and, other troubles following, the Romans interposed, and made themselves masters of Syracuse, B. C. 212.

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Marcellus was acquainted with the extraordinary abilities of Archimedes; and, when he found that the city of Syracuse had fallen into his hands, he gave orders that Archimedes should be conducted to him in safety. When the city was taken, this philosopher was so absorbed in study, that he was not aware of the event, until a soldier, rushing into his apartment, bade him rise and follow him. Archimedes desired him to wait a moment, until he had solved the problem, or question, that he was working. The man, not understanding what he was talking about, and provoked at his disobedience, drew his sword and killed him on the spot. Marcellus was sincerely afflicted at this melancholy event.

Two years after the taking of Syracuse by Marcellus, Philopœmen, an admirable man, was chosen captain-general of the Achæans. Twelve small cities in Greece had united for mutual defence, under the name of the *Achæan League*, in very early times; but they had afterwards lost their liberty, and were severally ruled by tyrants and masters. When Pyrrhus was moving about, fighting from place to place, these little cities recovered their freedom, and again united under their ancient title. To command the forces of these connected cities, Philopœmen was selected. He stained his character by his conduct towards the Spartans, numbers of whom were cruelly butchered when that city was taken by him;

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the walls were thrown down, and the people subjected to the Achæans. The Spartans did not much regard the demolition of the walls, because they had long guarded their city by the valor of their citizens; and, in the sequel, Philopœmen suffered as he had made them suffer; for, at seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner when besieging Messina. The Messinians were so delighted to possess this illustrious man in bondage, that they dragged him in chains to the public theatre, for crowds to gaze upon him. At night, he was put into a dungeon, and the jailer carried to him a dose of poison. He calmly received the cup, and, having heard that most of his friends had escaped by flight, he said, "Then I find we are not entirely unfortunate;" and, drinking off the fatal draught, without a murmur, laid himself down and expired, B. C. 183.

Another remarkable personage living at this time was Perseus, king of Macedon; he was the son of Philip, king of Macedon, a great warrior, and almost as ambitious as his namesake Philip, the father of Alexander the Great.

Do observe this latter Philip is distinguished as being the *parent* of Alexander! Can you not think how happy every parent must be, who is distinguished by the virtues and talents of his children? For my part, I desire no higher fame than being known as the mother of amiable and useful members of society.

Perseus did not give his father much reason

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to be proud of him; for he was jealous of his brother Demetrius, who, though five years younger, was so much beloved by the people that Perseus hated and envied him. He persuaded Philip to believe that Demetrius preferred the Romans, with whom he had lived many years as a hostage; and so artfully inflamed the king, that he ordered Demetrius to be smothered. In Rollin you will read a most interesting account of this affair; a father acting as a judge between two sons, one accusing and the other explaining.

When it was too late, Philip discovered the falsehood of Perseus; and he died broken-hearted for his cruelty to the virtuous and youthful Demetrius.

Perseus then became king, and tried to persuade the Achæans to join him in his secret preparations against Rome; and, soon after, he openly declared hostilities. After

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being sometimes the conqueror and sometimes the conquered, he was at length vanquished by Paulus Æmilius, at Pydna, and himself and all his family were taken prisoners. They were all carried to Rome, and served to swell the train of the conqueror when he entered that city in triumph. Perseus starved himself to death, and Macedonia was made a province of Rome. I have spoken of Archimedes, Philopœmen, and Perseus together, because they flourished soon after each other.

Archimedes died	B. C. 212
Philopœmen	183
Perseus	167

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THIRD PUNIC WAR. CARTHAGE DESTROYED.

After almost half a century of peace, the Romans and Carthaginians were again embroiled in war. This third and final war lasted only four years, and ended with the destruction of Carthage.

The Romans were now become a very powerful people; and, as they gained new territories, they more greedily desired fresh dominion. The more they conquered, the more they wished to conquer. It happened

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that Masinissa, king of Numidia, attempted to possess himself of a territory which the Carthaginians considered as their own; and they therefore opposed the invading troops. The Romans, glad of a pretext to attack the Carthaginians, (of whose consequence and wealth they were very jealous,) called this opposition a breach of the treaty of peace; because, they said, the Numidians were the allies of Rome; and they began to make preparations for war.

The Carthaginians had suffered so severely in the former war, that they trembled at the idea of being again embroiled with the proud and successful Romans; they therefore sent a deputation to Rome, to settle the matter pacifically if possible. The artful senate gave no decisive answer. Cato the Censor, and Nasica, the son-in-law of Scipio Africanus, voted against each other; but they both seem to have consulted the advantage of Rome, rather than her honor or the justice of the case.

Cato was for war; and war was accordingly soon after declared. A second deputation from Carthage sought in vain to avert the threatened evil. The demands made upon the Carthaginians were more disgraceful to the Romans who made them than to the people who submitted to them. They were commanded to promise implicit obedience, and to send three hundred hostages, as security for

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their future good conduct. The promise was given, and the Carthaginians yielded up their children as the required hostages. They were next ordered to give up all their arms; this order was also obeyed. And what think you was the next command of the cruel, and ungenerous, and unjust Romans? — Why, that the Carthaginians should quit their beloved city, and allow it to be levelled with the ground. Do not your hearts swell with indignation at these most iniquitous demands? Do you not feel that, as citizens of a free state, you would never submit to such? I am happy to say, the Carthaginians felt as they ought on this last shameless requisition; they found that they had mistaken the character of the Romans, who, puffed up with success, had ceased to be just or generous.

The Carthaginians unanimously resolved that, since they could not save their city, they would perish with her; but, despoiled of their arms, and three hundred of their youths, their efforts were unequal to their wishes. It was hardly possible they could conquer an armed force without arms. One cannot help wishing that their bodily strength had, by some happy chance, sufficed to rescue their city, and overthrow the unworthy invaders! Their conduct to Carthage is a black and lasting stain on the character of the Romans.

The Carthaginians exerted every nerve to

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meet the foe bravely. Their women cut off their fine long hair to be twisted into cords for bows; they brought out all their gold and silver vessels to be converted into arms, for these were the only metals they had left. How gladly would they have purchased iron for its weight in gold!

The Romans were astonished at the resistance they experienced: many times were they repulsed from the walls, and many were the soldiers slain in the various attacks. Indeed, it is thought, Carthage would never have been taken, had not one of her own officers gone over to the enemy. I will not stain my paper with the name of the base wretch who betrayed his persecuted countrymen; but, after his perfidy, the affairs of the Carthaginians rapidly declined.

Scipio Æmilianus cut off their supplies of food, and blocked up the haven. The persevering citizens cut out a new passage to the sea. He next attacked and cut to pieces the army they had stationed without the walls, killing seventy thousand men, and taking ten thousand prisoners. After this, he broke through the walls, and entered the city, pulling or burning down houses, temples, and public buildings, with indiscriminate fury. Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, delivered himself and the citadel to the conquerors; but his wife and children, with numbers of the citizens, set fire to the temples, and, rushing

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into them, perished in the flames. So completely was this once beautiful city destroyed, that the place on which it stood cannot now be discovered: it was twenty-four miles in circumference, and kept burning seventeen days. All the cities which befriended Carthage shared her fate, and the Romans gave away their lands to their friends.

Thus fell Carthage; and with her fall the third Punic war was concluded, B. C. 146. Corinth, one of the noblest cities of Greece, was destroyed the same year, by Mummius, the Roman consul. The fate of Carthage is a warning to all countries that love freedom, not to make undue submissions. Had the Carthaginians begun with fighting, they would most probably have saved their city.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GRACCHI. JUGURTHA. MARIUS. CINNA.

The Romans were now becoming very powerful. They had destroyed Carthage, in Africa, and Corinth, in Greece. Macedonia was under their rule. The Achæans had been defeated by the consul Metellus; and Greece, under the name of Achaia, was reduced into a province of Rome. Syracuse had been taken,

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as we have seen, by Marcellus; Antiochus, king of Syria, had been compelled to make great concessions to Rome; and the Roman senate had extensive influence in Egypt. They had gained many battles over the rude inhabitants of Spain; and the Gauls had more than once felt their power. The history of Rome, therefore, at this period, is the history of the world.

The Numantines, a people of Spain, overcame the Romans in battle, soon after the ruin of Carthage. Three or four years after this defeat, Numantia, the finest and largest city in Spain, was taken by the Romans; and the inhabitants, to escape falling into the hands of these cruel conquerors, set fire to their city, and suffered themselves to perish in its flames. Spain thus became a province of Rome. But, whilst Rome was successful in war, her fame was in danger of being lost by dissensions at home. The rich lords were at variance with the dissatisfied plebeians; and the eldest of the Gracchi, Tiberius, fomented these quarrels.

Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, was left a widow with two sons. It is of this Cornelia that a pretty story is told. A lady once came to visit her, who boasted much of her jewels; and, after showing them to Cornelia, asked to see hers in return. Cornelia waited till her sons came in from school, and then, presenting

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them to her guest, said, "Behold, madam, these are my jewels!"

Tiberius, her elder son, wished much to benefit the poor, and, in consequence, made all rich men his enemies. At a public meeting, he chanced to put his hand to his head; and those who wished his downfall, immediately said he wanted a crown: an uproar ensued, and Tiberius was killed, B. C. 133. After his death, the populace placed his younger brother at their head. Caius Gracchus was only twenty-one at this time, and had lived a very retired life; yet he performed many useful acts, and caused many excellent laws to be passed. He was temperate and simple in his food, and of an active and industrious disposition. His love and respect for his mother were remarkable; at her request, he withdrew a law he much desired to have passed; and so much was he esteemed, that a statue was erected to the memory of his mother, with this inscription: "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi"—a tribute honorable to both parent and children.

Caius lost his life in a dispute between the people and the senators: he did not himself raise up his arm against any one, but, being a warm friend of the people, he was marked out for destruction. He had reached a small grove, when, seeing his enemies close upon him, he prevailed upon a faithful servant to despatch him. This honest creature would

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not survive his master, but, after killing him, destroyed himself, B. C. 121.

Cornelia bore these misfortunes with dignified patience: she loved to speak of her father and of her sons. Her virtuous conduct gave rise to this admirable remark of Plutarch: "Fortune may often defeat the purposes of virtue; yet virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative."

Pergamus, a valuable city in Asia, was now brought under the yoke of the Romans. That people had become so fond of wealth, as well as power, that Jugurtha, king of Numidia, having largely bribed them, looked upon Rome, and exclaimed, "O Rome! how readily wouldst thou sell thyself, were any one rich enough to buy thee!"

This Jugurtha was grandson of Masinissa, the Numidian king who fought against Carthage in the time of Hannibal. He was severely treated by the Romans, who, after some dissensions, and on slight pretexts, offered him terms, or rather sent him commands, as severe as those they had issued to the ill-treated Carthaginians. He gave up his elephants and arms; he paid a large tribute; he yielded up his prisoners; but, when he was directed to yield himself a captive, and go to Rome to be tried as a common malefactor, he resisted; as who would not have done? He was conquered by Marius, carried to Rome, and compelled to march in the train of his conqueror.

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After having thus been shown in triumph, he was put into prison, and, by command of the senate, starved to death, B. C. 106. What think you of the Romans, thus repeatedly uniting insult to cruelty?

Caius Marius, the conqueror of Jugurtha, is worthy of some notice: he was born of poor parents; rude in manners, tall, strong, and intrepid. Implicit obedience, the first duty of a soldier, he practised to such perfection as thereby to attract notice and obtain praise.

He gradually rose from his humble station to command the armies of Rome; and was, at one time, as much her protector, as at another he was her scourge. The same various fortune attended him as must always attend those who devote themselves wholly to military exploits. After driving away the foreign enemies of Rome, and sustaining in that city a civil war with Sylla, he was compelled to flee, a wanderer and an exile: lost amidst the Minturnæan marshes, he had leisure to reflect on the consequences of inordinate ambition. Fearing to be discovered, he passed a night in some marshy land, up to his chin in the moist earth; but, the next morning, as he pursued his solitary flight, he was discovered. Dirty and naked as he was, he was conducted, with a halter round his neck, to a neighboring prison. A Cimbrian slave was sent to despatch him; but his fierce looks and savage appearance so terrified the poor wretch that he

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dared not approach him; and the governor of the place, interpreting the slave's fears as an omen that Marius should not die, restored him to liberty.

He then fled from Italy, and at last was landed in Africa, where he seated himself amidst the ruins of Carthage; but, being ordered to quit the spot by the prætor, a man whom he had essentially served, he exclaimed against the ingratitude of mankind, and desired the officer to inform the prætor, that he had seen "Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage!"

Cinna had, however, so ably advocated his cause at home, that Marius, hastening to him, found himself once more the general of a powerful army. Rome was now torn by civil

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discord; and Sylla, the friend of the patrician party, was in Asia, too distant to be easily recalled. Cinna and Marius, therefore, entered the city in triumph; and both being restored to their rights, Cinna as consul, and Marius as citizen, this last ferocious monster, heading a troop of soldiers, rushed through Rome, slaughtering all whom he feared or hated, without pity and without remorse.

He then made himself consul; and, satiated with blood and revenge, died two months after, aged seventy, during his seventh consulship. His death is thought to have been caused by his ambition and his other violent passions, which produced a fever that rapidly hurried him to the grave, B. C. 86.

Thus he seems to have fallen a victim to those ungoverned passions, by the indulgence of which he expected to acquire glory and renown.

"Plato," says Plutarch, "at the point of death, congratulated himself that he was born a man, and not a woman; that he was born a Greek, and not a barbarian; and that he was the contemporary of Sophocles." But of what could Marius boast? Though born a man, he had acted with the ferocity of a brute; and though he had raised himself from obscurity, it was only to become famous for crime. Let no one desire power but as the means of benefiting his fellow-creatures; it is better not to be celebrated, than to be celebrated for vice.

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Cinna perished soon after Marius, being run through the body whilst attempting to quell a mutiny among his soldiers. Cinna was of a noble family; but, humoring the people, in hopes of obtaining power and popularity, he began his career by opposing Sylla, and died when about to embark some forces against him, B. C. 84.

The civil war in Rome between Sylla and Marius, when Sylla made himself master of the city, had broken out B. C. 88.

CHAPTER XL.

SYLLA.

Lucius Cornelius Sylla, the adversary of Marius, a patrician by birth, was first employed as quæstor to Marius, and went to Africa with that general. He was considered a good soldier; but, having by bribery caused himself to be elected prætor, he once angrily said to an officer who had provoked him, "I will use *my* authority against you;" the officer, laughing, replied, "You do well to call it *yours*, for you bought it."

Sylla had just vanquished Mithridates, king of Pontus, in Asia, and was returning to rescue Rome from the tyranny of Marius, when that

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fierce warrior died. These two Romans first quarrelled, just before a terrible war which Rome sustained against some confederated states; both fought in this war against the common enemy, but, when peace was restored by Sylla's successful arms, his hatred and envy of Marius burst forth.

In a violent commotion in the city, in which Pompey (then very young) had nearly lost his life, Sylla was so provoked that Marius should have been selected to conduct the Mithridatic war, that he hastened to the army, and instigated it to march against Rome. The citizens sent an embassy to appease Sylla: he promised to grant whatever they desired; but, when the ambassadors were gone, he pushed forward his troops, entered Rome, and with his own hands assisted to set it on fire: governed only by revenge and anger, he ceased to feel common humanity, or to act with common judgment. It was then he procured a sentence of death to be pronounced against Marius and some others; and Marius saved his life only by flight.

Athens was besieged and taken by Sylla; and so much human blood was shed by his soldiers, that it is said to have covered the market and flowed down the streets in a stream. After many other conquests, he returned to Rome; and horrible was the conduct he there pursued. He collected six thousand

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persons,* who were inimical to his interests, in the Circus, and had them all butchered by his soldiers. The shrieks of these poor creatures being heard by the senators, Sylla informed them, it was only some criminals suffering merited punishment, whose cries they heard. After this bloody beginning, not a day passed unmarked by murders; and Sylla's horrible *proscription*, as it is called, is not named at this day without shuddering. Not only were noble parents killed, but their property was confiscated, and their children were declared infamous; husbands were massacred in the arms of their wives, and sons on the bosoms of their mothers! And all for what? that Lucius Cornelius Sylla might reign with unlimited power, and in undisturbed security.

In the city of Prænestè, twelve thousand people were collected and cut to pieces. But I cannot go on describing such enormities. How was Rome fallen from her virtue, to admit of their perpetration!

But excessive vice leads to its own chastisement. Sylla was so puffed up with pride, so devoted to the pleasure of eating and drinking, and to every folly and to every indulgence, that his body began to suffer: large boils broke out in every part, from which immense quantities of small vermin were continually crawling.

* Plutarch.

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He had retired from public life, and though he had caused himself to be chosen perpetual dictator, he gave up an office he could no longer enjoy, and retired into the country; there his sufferings were so great that life became a burden to him. One day, he spoke so loudly and violently, in giving orders for the quæstor Iranius to be strangled, that he broke an abscess in his inside, and, after passing many hours in the most excruciating agonies, he expired, B. C. 78.

Sylla's horrible proscription took place when he was appointed perpetual dictator, B. C. 82.

Ten years after this proscription, Lucullus completely conquered Mithridates; and, at the death of that monarch, B. C. 63, Pontus became a province of Rome. During this period of the republic, almost every year was marked by some important conquest by the Romans.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE: POMPEY, CRASSUS, CÆSAR.

When Sylla died, another Roman was rising into consequence; this was Julius Cæsar, of whom you have doubtless heard, and who made his first essay in arms during the dictatorship of Sylla.

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Rome was now distracted by the quarrels of her great men. Pompey and Crassus, the two consuls, were the chiefs of the opposing parties. Cæsar prudently avoided attaching himself to either, and, by reconciling them to each other, made both of them his friends.

Whilst Pompey was making conquests abroad, Rome had nearly fallen into the power of a daring conspirator.

Sergius Catiline, a patrician, desired to raise himself by the ruin of his country, and, if possible, to seize upon the liberty of Rome. He was of a worthless, profligate character, yet aspired to the consulship; and, when disappointed in this darling wish, by the consulate being given to Cicero, the great orator, he resolved by some other means to obtain power and dominion.

Catiline, envying and hating Cicero, (how inseparable are envy and hatred!) resolved to despatch him, as a first step towards advancement. Two knights engaged to murder Cicero; and, that crime executed, Cassius was to set fire to the city, and Cethegus to conduct the massacre of the people; Catiline, at the head of foreign forces, was then to make himself master of Rome.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was an orator as much renowned for his eloquence among the Romans as Demosthenes had been amongst the Greeks. The first time he spoke in public, he was in his twenty-seventh year, when he suc-

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cessfully pleaded the cause of Roscius, the celebrated comic actor, against a sanguinary decree of the cruel Sylla. This Cicero, ever vigilant and active, discovered Catiline's plot. Fulvia, a clever female, informed him of some of the particulars; and, by the help of her lover, one of the conspirators, all was soon discovered.

Catiline fled; the other principal conspirators were seized and put into confinement. A grand debate respecting their treatment now took place. Cæsar earnestly recommended merciful measures; remarking that those who advised death were most lenient, since death puts an end to all human suffering; for his part, he proposed perpetual imprisonment.

Porcius Cato, another celebrated Roman, stern, severe, and haughty, warmly and forcibly counselled that the rebels should suffer death. Cicero, then consul, agreeing in this opinion, the confined conspirators were immediately strangled. It has been well said, that "Cicero loved his country, in hopes one day to govern it; but that Cato loved it more than other countries, only because he thought it more free."

Catiline, with the army he had collected, was attempting to pass the Apennines into Gaul, when he heard of the execution of his friends. The Apennines, you know, are a chain of mountains that run along the peninsula of Italy. But this rash man was so

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closely pursued by the Roman army, under Metellus, that he was compelled to come to an engagement. The battle was desperate and bloody; Catiline and his troops were cut to pieces; and Rome found herself once more free from apprehensions of impending danger.

Cato was so much pleased with the conduct of Cicero, and with the manner in which he discovered the conspiracy, and urged the punishment of the conspirators, that he called him "*The father of his country*"* — a title which the people confirmed with joy.

Pompey now entered Rome in triumph for his Asiatic conquests, and was soon after chosen, with Cæsar and Crassus, to form the first triumvirate, B. C. 60. He married the daughter of Cæsar; and thus these great men seemed united by private as well as public bonds.

Clodius, a young patrician, loved Pompeia, the wife of Cæsar, and contrived to enter her house in the dress of a female musician. Clodius was soon discovered to be a cheat, and, of course, hunted out of the house, despised, as cheats must always be. When is not artifice detected? Surely it never escapes exposure.

As this circumstance was much talked of, and as some persons said that Pompeia must be a giddy, imprudent woman, or Clodius

* Plutarch.

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would have been afraid to visit her in a disguised and disgraceful manner, Cæsar divorced her. When he was asked why he did so, he replied, "The wife of Cæsar ought not only to *be* virtuous, but *to appear* virtuous"—a speech well worth observation, and pointing out the mischiefs of careless and flippant behavior.

Cæsar, being offended with Cicero, and perhaps dreading his great abilities, encouraged and assisted the same Clodius in procuring his banishment. Cicero fled to Greece, where he remained sixteen months in exile, admired and honored by the Greeks. Pompey afterwards procured his recall, and the Romans welcomed him back with every demonstration of esteem and gladness. Cicero was very unhappy during his exile, and wrote letters to his wife Terentia and to his friends, full of repining and lamentation. For this he has been much censured, because such excessive sorrow is deemed unmanly: when you read his celebrated letters, you will judge for yourselves whether he complains unreasonably and weakly.

The first triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, took place B. C. 60.

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CHAPTER XLII.

BRITAIN. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was a great and successful general; he repeatedly conquered the Gauls, and also triumphed over the Helvetii. You have seen Switzerland, a mountainous country, inhabited by a free people, lying between France and Italy. The ancient name of Switzerland was Helvetia, and it is even now often so designated. The Helvetii were as remarkable for their courage and firmness in former days, as their successors, the Swiss, are now for spirit, valor, and love of freedom. Julius Cæsar was much pleased with the bravery of the Helvetii, and has spoken of them with admiration in his *Commentaries*. From Helvetia he passed through Gaul and part of Germany, conquering as he went along: when he arrived on the coast of Gaul, the distant shores of Albion attracted his notice, and he crossed the narrow strait, now called the *Strait of Dover*. This is the first time that England is spoken of in history. It was known long before, and called *Britain*, from *Brith*, a title given to the inhabitants, because they painted their bodies of a blue color, and *brith* in their language signified blue. The name of *Albion* arose from the white, chalky cliffs, which ap-

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pear on the coast of Kent, the coast nearest to the continent, and easily seen from Gaul, or France.

Cæsar, when he attempted to land, found himself attacked by the rude but courageous natives; and it was not without much bloodshed that he gained a footing in the country, and subdued a part of the island.

Pray, let us stop a little here, and reflect upon the difference of Britain *then* and Britain *now*. The country, little if at all cultivated; low, mud cottages thatched with straw; the people half naked, being only partially clothed in dresses made of the skins of beasts; hunting the principal occupation; while the flesh of animals killed in the chase constituted the food, and their furs the clothing, of the people.

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Their language, customs, and religion, you may suppose, were nearly similar to those of their nearest neighbors, the Gauls; they used to fight with clubs and spears, and those terrible machines, chariots with scythes fixed on the axles of the wheels.

The Druids were their priests, who directed and performed their religious ceremonies. They sacrificed human victims to their gods; and the female Druids pretended to prophesy. Nothing could be more rude and savage than these islanders; and we must visit the most uncivilized Indian tribes that reside in the wilds of America, to behold any thing now-a-days similar to our forefathers.

Cassibelaunus commanded the Britons at the invasion of Cæsar; and, after fighting as long and as bravely as he could, he submitted to the conqueror, and made the best terms in his power for the vanquished islanders.

From this time, for about a hundred years, Britain remained in quiet subjection to the Romans, who were well pleased to possess so distant a territory.

Cæsar returned to Italy, to give an account of his conquests, and was continued in his command of Gaul and the northern countries. Pompey was made governor of Spain; but he ruled it by his lieutenants, pretending he could not leave Rome; and Crassus was appointed to command in Syria. In B. C. 53, Crassus being killed, the power was divided between

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Pompey and Cæsar. You will soon see to what consequences the ambition of these great men led, and by what steps Rome, which had been a republic from the expulsion of Tarquin, came once more under the rule of one master.

The death of Crassus must be recorded, on account of the gallant conduct of his son. Ah! how pleasing it is to speak of noble and virtuous deeds! Crassus, as commander in Syria, had obtained many advantages; and it has been thought he might have gained yet more, had he pursued a different conduct to that which he adopted. However that may be, Cæsar sent him, from Gaul, a reënforcement of a thousand men, under the command of his son, young Crassus. This youthful warrior greatly distinguished himself in a war with the Parthians, which his father soon after undertook. In a severe conflict, he was repeatedly wounded, and almost all the soldiers under his command were cut to pieces. Two friends, who were with him, besought him to flee from the field of battle, and save his life; but, after bidding them take care of themselves, he nobly exclaimed, "that no fear of death, however cruel, could induce him to abandon so many brave men, who had died for love of him." * He then persuaded one of his domestics to stab him.

* Rollin.

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When the Parthians showed Crassus the head of his gallant son, fixed on a spear, you may imagine his affliction. He was himself killed, not long after, in an engagement with these barbarians. The Parthians, you know, were remarkable for shooting their arrow dexterously, even when fleeing from the foe. Hence arises the expression, "Like Parthians, flying, fight."

Julius Cæsar first invaded Britain B. C. 55.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

You frequently hear the expression, "I have passed the Rubicon, and must therefore go on." I will tell you in what circumstances it was originally used; and you will then see it can only be properly used when speaking of the performance of an action which ought not to have been performed.

Crassus was dead, Cæsar was in Gaul, Pompey at Rome. Cæsar was solicitous to obtain increased power, and, if possible, to reign alone in Rome; he therefore resigned his power, and desired that Pompey should also cease to govern. Some disputes arising between them, Cæsar prepared to return to Ita-

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ly with his army, to secure dominion by the sword. Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, and wife of Pompey, was dead: while she lived, she preserved the appearance, at least, of concord between her father and her husband; but when her gentle and pacific counsels ceased, these great men became declared antagonists.

When the senate heard of Cæsar's intentions,* they issued a law, that any general, who, with arms in his hand, passed the Rubicon (a river that divided Gaul from Italy) without their leave, should be declared a rebel and a traitor. Nevertheless Cæsar spoke so eloquently to the soldiers, that they agreed to follow him wherever he chose to lead. He now hastened forward, approached the borders of Italy, and, at daybreak one morning, found himself and his army on the banks of the Rubicon.

Here he paused, and, for a few moments, seemed overwhelmed with the greatness of his enterprise, and the dangers that attended it. He looked upon the river in melancholy silence, and pondered on the evils which his warlike return might bring upon Rome; then, turning to one of his generals, he said, "If I pass this river, how many evils may I not cause! Yet, if I do not pass it, I am undone." In another instant, he urged his horse

* Tytler.

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into the stream, calling out, "The die is cast;" meaning, "I have passed the Rubicon in defiance of the law; and, having done the worst, I may now as well go on." His troops eagerly followed him, and he pressed on towards Rome.

That city was in the utmost consternation: Pompey, aware that he was not in a capacity to resist the conqueror of Britain, retreated to Capua; and Cæsar, having first entered Rome in triumph, followed him thither.

Pompey next retreated to Greece, and, lastly, to Pharsalia, a city in Macedonia, where a desperate battle was fought between him and Cæsar. Cæsar was victorious, and Pompey escaped only with his life.

It was in the pursuit of Pompey into Greece that, Cæsar being on board a small vessel, and a violent storm arising, the boatman, wearied with struggling against the winds and waves, threw aside the oars, and would have committed himself to the elements. Cæsar, disguised in the habit of a slave, and solicitous to join his army, discovered himself at this crisis to the astonished boatman, and, bidding him row on boldly, exclaimed, "Fear nothing, for you have Cæsar and his fortunes on board." The sailor, encouraged by this address, made fresh efforts; and Cæsar was safely landed, amidst his rejoicing soldiers.

The word of battle, on Pompey's side, was "Hercules the Invincible;" that on Cæsar's,

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"Venus the Victorious." When the conqueror looked upon the army of his adversary, composed of his countrymen, lying breathless on the well-fought field, he cried out, in a tone of regret, "They would have it so."

Pompey hurried from his camp, (which was so richly furnished as to offer a splendid booty to the conquerors,) and, without making any further efforts to retrieve his fortunes, hastened to the Island of Lesbos, where his wife Cornelia had been left.

Severely mournful must have been the meeting of this pair. Cornelia fell weeping into his arms, and Pompey, in silence, embraced her. The Lesbians offered the sufferers a refuge in their island; but Pompey advised them to consult their own safety, and make terms with the conqueror, generously adding, "Cæsar is my enemy, but I bear witness to his mercy and humanity."

After sustaining a rebuff from the people of Rhodes, the fugitives resolved to claim protection of Ptolemy, king of Egypt.

Ptolemy was then very young; but his ministers pursued a base conduct towards the unfortunate Pompey. They sent out a boat to receive him from the ship, and Cornelia, with a beating heart, beheld her husband enter it. She watched its course with straining eyes, and with a piercing shriek testified her view of his bloody death. Just before the boat reached the shore, Pompey rose from his

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seat, and, leaning upon the arm of his servant, was about to quit it, when he was stabbed in the back. The moment he felt himself wounded, he knew his death was unavoidable; so, wrapping up his head in his robe, without a word of reproach, or a groan of suffering, he yielded himself to his fate.

His head was cut off, and his body thrown on the strand, where it was burnt on a pile by his faithful freedman Philip. Afterwards, the following inscription was placed over the spot: —"He whose merits deserve a temple, can scarcely find a tomb."

Cornelia was saved, and lived to bury the ashes of her husband upon her own estate in Italy. Pompey was just fifty-nine years old, being killed on his birthday.

The battle of Pharsalia, which left Cæsar without a competitor, was fought B. C. 48.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CATO DESTROYS HIMSELF AT UTICA.

MARCUS BRUTUS was a descendant of that renowned Junius Brutus, who sacrificed his sons to justice and the cause of liberty. Marcus Brutus loved freedom as dearly as his great ancestor did; and he was therefore

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called "the last of the Romans," as Phocion had been called "the last of the Greeks." After the death of these eminent men, Rome and Greece ceased to be free republics.

Phocion was poisoned by the Athenians, just when Philip and Alexander were reducing Greece under their power; and after the death of Brutus, you will see that Rome became subjected to a master.

Brutus, when very young, served as an officer under Cato. When Cæsar and Pompey began to strive for power, though Pompey had injured Brutus by causing the death of his father, yet did Brutus silence his wounded feelings; and, considering Cæsar as the greater enemy to the freedom of Rome, he joined the party of Pompey.

After the battle of Pharsalia, and the death of Pompey, Brutus was received by Cæsar, and always treated by him with kindness and confidence. Cassius was another Roman, befriended by Cæsar; of Cato, the steady and inflexible friend of liberty, you have already heard.

When Cato was once offered a choice of military appointments, he declined them all, saying, "I have yet done nothing to deserve such honors;" and when one of his friends said to him, "Cato, the world finds fault with your silence," he replied, "No matter, as long as it does not find fault with my life. I will speak when I can speak worthily." Cato

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thought that his countrymen were too luxurious in their manners, and too loose in their morals; he resolved not to yield to the fashion, but rather to set the example of moderation and simplicity. He dressed plainly, and ate abstemiously; and was so strict an observer of truth, that it was common in the city to say, "It must be true, for Cato said it;" or, "I would not believe it, unless Cato said it."

No virtue bestows so much honor as truth, and no virtue can be so easily practised. Who could not speak truth precisely? Then why is it not always spoken?

Cato attended Pompey, when he retired to Greece before the army of the victorious Cæsar; and he followed the defeated Pompey to Egypt, carrying with him a gallant band, who had made him their commander. Informed of the death of Pompey, he fixed himself in Utica, a town in Africa, not far from the site of Carthage, and there awaited the approach of Cæsar. In vain his friends urged him to remove farther from danger; he heard their request unmoved, and in silence saw them depart. He seemed to consider the liberty of Rome as extinct, and desired not to survive it.

In those luxurious days, the Romans used to lie on couches around tables to eat their meals; but Cato, after the battle of Pharsalia, never laid himself down but to sleep. However, when he heard that Cæsar was on the way to Utica, he invited a large party to sup-

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per; and, though he still persisted to sit, and not lie at the table, he conversed freely and cheerfully with his guests. When they left him, he retired to his chamber, embracing his son with more than usual tenderness. He then lay down, and began to read; but, observing that his sword was not hanging in its usual place, he called to his servants, and desired them to bring it to him.

His son, fearing, from his looks and conduct, that he meant to destroy himself, had taken away his sword; and he now hastened to his father, to beseech him to be composed, and not insist upon having his sword. Cato sternly replied, that he could do without the sword, since there were other ways of dying. The young man retired in an agony of grief; and, soon afterwards, a little child took in the sword. Cato drew it from the sheath, and, seeing that the edge was bright and sharp, "Now," said he, "I am master of myself."

I hope you do not fail to observe the crimes into which a false religion leads its followers. The heathens thought self-murder the noblest virtue; Christians know it to be the most heinous crime. Our lives were given us to perform various duties and services towards God and our fellow-creatures; and no one but a coward would shrink from life because he may be afflicted. I think the highest courage is, bravely to encounter misfortune, with spirit to struggle, or with patience to endure.

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Towards the dawn of morning, a noise being heard in Cato's chamber, his son rushed in, and found his fears verified: his father had stabbed himself, and was weltering in blood. The wound was bound up, but Cato tore away the bandage, and shortly after expired.

Cæsar was sorry to hear of the death of his adversary, and exclaimed, "Cato, I envy thee thy death, since thou couldst envy me the glory of saving thy life."

Porcia, the daughter of Cato, was married to Brutus, and was worthy of such a parent and such a husband.

Cato destroyed himself B. C. 46.

CHAPTER XLV.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

You must not consider Julius Cæsar as merely a conquering general; for it is said he was so eminent an orator, that Cicero alone was superior to him. He wrote the history of his own battles, called *Cæsar's Commentaries;* and the reform he made in the calendar proves his attention to science. From a false computation of time, there was an error of three months in the calendar; Cæsar took

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great pains to set this mistake to rights, and happily succeeded. Formerly, they reckoned by the course of the moon; thence the year was called the *lunar year*. Now, we reckon by the course of the earth round the sun; and hence it is called the *solar year*. Any body will explain this to you; for conversation will do it better than reading. The first of these corrected years, called the *Julian year*, commenced B. C. 45.

Before the death of Cato, Cæsar went to Egypt, in pursuit of Pompey; and there he beheld Cleopatra. She was the sister and wife of Ptolemy, and gained admission to the presence of Cæsar by a curious stratagem. She rolled herself up in a carpet, and was carried into the palace, tied up like a bale of goods. When Cæsar beheld her, he was so struck with her beauty, and charmed with her conversation, that he soon contrived she should be sole sovereign.

Ptolemy suddenly disappeared: it was thought his sister had been the means of his death; and, Cleopatra thus established in Egypt, Cæsar left her, in pursuit of his military duties. He gained a battle in Asia with so much ease, that, writing an account of his success to his friends, he said, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," — "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Before he left Utica, he gave orders that the cities of Corinth and Carthage should be rebuilt. These two places were destroyed at

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the same time, and at the same time restored.

On his return to Rome, he had a splendid triumph, and was elected consul for the fourth time. The sons of Pompey endeavored to attack him with an army collected in Spain. Cæsar had nearly lost the day; but, rallying his troops, with this reproach, "Are you not ashamed to deliver your general into the hands of boys?" he brought them back to the charge, and gained the victory. He told his friends, as he retired from the field of battle, "I have often fought for victory, but never before to-day for life." This was the last of his wars.

Cæsar was now in great power. Although some of the Romans regretted to see him a conqueror over his own countrymen, over the gallant sons of the brave and unfortunate Pompey, yet they created him dictator for life.

Cicero recommended that he should receive every deserved honor; but others flattered and praised him beyond all reason. He directed that the statues of Pompey, which had been thrown down, should be restored; and of this act Cicero well said, that "Cæsar, by rearing Pompey's statues, raised his own."

I need not explain the meaning of this speech; you will feel the generosity of thus doing honor to the memory of a rival.

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Eminence of station cannot be possessed without raising envy and causing enmity.

Cæsar had many enemies; his friends besought him to be watchful for his safety, and even offered to be his guards; but he would not listen to their wishes; "for," said he, "it is better to die once, than always live in fear."

Mark Antony, a great admirer of Cæsar, one day, in the public forum, offered him a diadem decked with laurels: when he did this, only a few of the people feebly applauded; but when Cæsar refused it, the shouts were loud and universal.

Perhaps Cæsar had this done to try the disposition of the populace; and, finding it adverse to his being king, he ever afterwards resolutely refused a crown. But the plot which had been formed was now ripe for execution; and on the ides* of March it was executed. The senate had assembled in a place where Pompey's statue stood; and Cæsar, joining them there, was attacked by the conspirators. Casca gave the first blow, and then Cassius and the other conspirators rushed upon him; he had only a moment to start up and look upon the numerous shining swords gleaming about him, when, Brutus giving him a wound, he exclaimed, "*Et tu, Brute!*" "And thou, Brutus!" and, covering his face with his robe, he fell dead at the foot

* The 15th of March.

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of Pompey's statue, gashed with three-and-twenty wounds.

The conspirators were obliged to seek safety by flight; and not one of the many who wounded him died a natural death. Assuredly, some of them (Brutus, for instance) killed him from a love of their country, and a desire of procuring her freedom; others were actuated by baser motives; but all were culpable. Julius Cæsar was murdered B. C. 44.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE. DEATH OF CICERO.

When Julius Cæsar was dead, Octavius, his nephew * and heir, hastened to Rome, and, taking the name of Cæsar, sought to gain the love of the people. Mark Antony was then consul, and wished to unite a party against the conspirators; but Cicero was for general peace. Antony at first opposed young Octavius; but, finding he was much approved of by the people, he afterwards consented to be united with him in the government. Thus the second triumvirate was formed of Octavius, Mark Antony, and Lepidus, B. C. 43.

* Plutarch.

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Before this union took place, each of the triumviri consented (to his shame!) to sacrifice his best friend, to humor the wishes of the others. Antony gave up his uncle; Lepidus, his brother; Octavius, his friend, the eloquent Cicero.

A general proscription followed, which, like the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, was most direful. Three hundred senators and three thousand knights were butchered in cold blood, to gratify the private feelings of the triumvirate.

Cicero had not entered into the conspiracy, but he was hated by Antony; and, to glut this hatred, he died. Do you think Octavius can be excused for purchasing dominion by the murder of a dear and kind friend? Does not the motive aggravate the crime? Could *any* motive justify it? What think you?

Cicero, aware of Antony's mean jealousy, determined to spend the summer in Athens; but he returned to Italy on hearing that Antony's feelings towards him were much changed. He exerted himself earnestly for the interest of Octavius, who, on his part, called him "father."

He was at his villa called Tusculum when he heard of the bloody proscription; and immediately resolved to put himself under the protection of Brutus, who was in Macedonia. His brother Quintus and himself set off on this melancholy journey. They were each

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carried in a litter; and, having little money to take with them, and being thus driven from their native land by the base ingratitude of one they had loved and served, they were both extremely dejected. When on their journey, Quintus determined to return to his house to obtain more property; but he was seized on the road, and assassinated by the ruffians sent for that purpose.

Living, as we do, under a government in which no man's life can be sacrificed but for great crimes, and after a long and impartial trial, we find it difficult to believe this shameless system of murder and devastation, practised by the refined and learned Romans. The only way to explain how such things could happen is, to consider the difference of their religion and ours; they, believing in a multitude of gods and goddesses, each of whom they fancied to be possessed of human follies and human vices, were led by the worship of these guilt-stained idols to the imitation of their supposed attributes.

We believe in One God, the God of mercy and of love.

The servants of Cicero put him into a small vessel; but, attentive to a flight of birds, which he and they deemed a bad omen, he returned to shore; nor was he the first man, by many thousands, who lost his life in following the dictates of superstition. The servants persuaded him to reënter the vessel;

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and had put him into his litter to bear him to it, when the assassins arrived. Cicero, beholding them, ordered his servants to set down the litter, and, putting his hand to his chin, as he was accustomed to do, looked his murderers steadily in the face. His wasted form and mournful countenance touched the hearts of his attendants; but, Cicero stretching out his neck for the blow, the principal officer cut off his head at a stroke. His hands were also cut off; and, by the order of Antony, hung up with his head in the rostrum, the very place where Cicero had often eloquently pleaded. The people truly remarked, "that the spectacle did not so much expose Cicero's head as Antony's heart."

Cicero was murdered in the first year of the second triumvirate, B. C. 43.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI. DEATH OF BRUTUS.

Brutus anxiously desired that his country should be free, and not under the tyranny of any one man or any body of men: in this cause he had lifted his dagger against Cæsar; and in this cause he now joined with Cassius

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to raise an army in Greece against the triumvirate.

Octavius and Antony marched against the conspirators; and at Philippi, a town of Macedon, built in honor of Philip, Antony gained a complete victory. Octavius, then very young, and never very celebrated as a general, did not assist in obtaining it, and deeply tarnished it by his conduct after it was obtained.

Cassius had made every effort in his power to meet the triumvirs; yet, lamenting that it was against his countrymen he was going to fight, he exclaimed to a friend, "Bear witness, Messala, that, like Pompey the Great, I am compelled to risk the liberty of my country on the chance of a battle."

Brutus fancied, one night, that he saw a spirit, in the form of a tall man, enter his tent, and stand by his side. "Who art thou?" said Brutus, "and what is thy business with me?" The spirit replied, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shalt see me at Philippi." —"I will meet thee there," answered the undaunted general. This was supposed to have happened when Brutus was in Asia: in those days, it was believed that a spectre had appeared, and that its coming portended calamity. But if you reflect a little, you will be disposed to think no such spirit was either then or at any time beheld.

Brutus was alone in his tent, very late in

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the evening, his mind full of the expected battle, and his body wearied with his military duties; so fatigued, nothing could be more likely than that he should doze; and, so thinking, nothing could be more natural than that, in his short and broken slumbers, his dreams should be the copy of his waking thoughts. Do you not often dream of what has happened, or what is expected to happen? Even so, I suppose, did the Roman general.

Brutus commanded his troops like a skilful officer, and fought like a brave man, at the battle of Philippi. Every thing gave way before his skill and valor; he reached the camp of Octavius Cæsar, and destroyed it; and was considering himself the conqueror, when he found that his friend and coadjutor, Cassius, with his division, had been defeated. This defeat arose from some mistake that had

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occurred; and Cassius was so distracted at his misfortune, that, without waiting for the arrival of succors from Brutus, he retired from his officers into an empty tent, and commanded his freedman to cut off his head. This order was obeyed; and when Brutus arrived at the camp, he found only the breathless body of his friend. Brutus again collected the remains of his army, and shortly afterwards gave battle to Antony; but, though he did all that wisdom and courage could do, he was defeated. Antony desired to save his life; but Brutus, after having escaped from the bloody field, disdained to live when his country was enslaved.

He first, however, assured himself that every possibility of success had vanished; and then, but not before, he resolved to die. His attendants were very unwilling to obey him, when he directed them to stab him: one of them informing him that the foe were advancing, and that therefore they must flee, "Yes," said Brutus, rising hastily, "we must flee; yet not with our feet, but with our hands." He then retired with a few friends, one of whom, Strato, held a sword, on which Brutus threw himself with so much violence, that it passed quite through his body, and he instantly expired.

Brutus died shortly after the battle of Philippi, B. C. 42.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

About 42 years before Christ, (the time that the battle of Philippi was fought,) Herod married the sister of Aristobulus, king of Judæa, and visited Rome to procure the crown to be confirmed to his brother-in-law; but, instead of that, Antony managed to make Herod himself king of Judæa, and he returned to Jerusalem, and acknowledged Mariamne for his wife. It was this Herod who ordered the murder of the Innocents, of which we read in the Bible.

Antony, after the death of Brutus, carried over an army to Cilicia, a province of Asia Minor, and desired Cleopatra to meet him there, to answer some accusations brought against her for having assisted Cassius.

Cleopatra, though no longer young, was still a very beautiful woman; and you have all heard of the bewitching style in which she sailed up the Cydnus, to meet Antony at Tarsus. Her magnificent galley, richly gilt, was furnished with sails of purple silk and oars of silver. On the deck lay the queen, appareled as Venus, under a splendid canopy, with little boys, dressed as Cupids, fanning

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her. Her maidens, habited as Graces and Sea Nymphs, were the mariners of this light and elegant vessel; and incense was burning on the shores to perfume the air. The music of various instruments breathed melodious sounds; and all around was beauty and fascination. The crowds from the town hastening to behold this fine sight, Antony was left almost alone in the public hall. When he visited Cleopatra, he was quite captivated with her beauty and accomplishments; and forgot that he had a wife, Fulvia, at Rome.

Fulvia, an ambitious and cruel woman, exerted herself to break the friendship which appeared to exist between her husband and Octavius; but she died before her plans were matured; and Antony made his peace with

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Octavius by marrying his sister, the virtuous Octavia.

After his second marriage, Antony returned to Cleopatra; which so provoked Octavius, that he went over to Egypt with a large army to punish the faithless husband.

Lepidus, for his imprudent conduct, had been some time banished; and the crafty Octavius plainly saw that, if he could set aside Antony, Rome would be all his own. Antony had been a great general; but his weak love for the Egyptian queen, and his indulgence in luxurious living, seem to have enervated both his mind and body. He met his adversary at Actium, B. C. 31, and, in the midst of a desperate engagement at sea, Cleopatra fled in her galley, and Antony was so lost to glory as to follow her, and thus to give up every chance of victory.

After this, you will not be surprised to hear that Octavius was his conqueror. The fatal battle of Actium is considered as the end of the Roman republic; for Octavius Cæsar was now sole master of Rome.

Antony, hearing that Cleopatra was dead, stabbed himself, that so, either in life or death, he might share her fate; but, finding the account was false, and that she had only shut herself up in a monument, he desired to be carried to her. As all the entrances were fastened, Cleopatra and her women drew up the dying lover by one of the windows, and

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Antony died in the presence of his too much loved Egyptian queen. She, also, fearing to be taken prisoner by Octavius, and carried in triumph to Rome, put an end to her own life.

She had previously tried the effect of many poisons on criminals condemned to die, and found that the bite of an asp (a small venomous serpent) caused the most easy and quickest death. She therefore procured a peasant to bring her an asp concealed in a basket of figs; for Octavius (who by this time was master of Alexandria) had desired she might be watched, and prevented from destroying herself.

Cleopatra, however, disappointed him; and, having dressed herself in her royal robes, applied the asp to her arm, and soon expired from its deadly bite: her two favorite women

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would not survive her, but were found lying by their mistress, all three having just expired.

Octavius, now master of the Roman republic, was declared by the servile senate *Imperator*, or Emperor, and Augustus. The period in which he lived is called the *Augustan Age*, and was celebrated for the many learned and wise men who lived during it; as Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, among the poets; Nepos, Livy, Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, among the historians. The empire of Rome extended over almost the whole of the then known globe; and arts, sciences, and luxury, flourished in their highest excellence in the imperial city.

But of all the events that distinguish and honor that period, the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ exercised the most extensive influence on the virtue, the happiness, and the true wisdom of mankind. The more you read the *New Testament*, the book which records the life and the precepts of Jesus Christ, the more you will revere his character, the more you will feel and understand the excellence of the doctrines which he inculcated. To that sacred volume I refer you, for the best account of the blessed Author of the Christian religion; a religion taking its name from him; a religion unrivalled for the purity of its morals and the simplicity of its piety.

I have only to observe, that all the histo-

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rians of the time, in their several writings, confirm the accounts recorded in the Bible; that all the wisest and best men agree in acknowledging the code of morality given by Jesus Christ to be the most excellent the world ever received.

I will not quit this important subject without entreating you to make the New Testament the guide of your conduct: you will require no other; a better you cannot have, for it contains all most essential for us to know, all most essential for us to practise. My dearest children, did Christians but practise Christianity; did we as closely and as anxiously study the New Testament, as we do many other books; did we as earnestly strive to practise the rules given there, as we do the rules of grammar, of arithmetic, and the other arts and sciences,—we should not only be more good, but also more happy; we should produce in others more goodness and happiness, and thus all mankind would increase in virtue and felicity.

Again, I say, let the precepts of Christ be your rule of conduct.

So far, we have reckoned time as so many years *before* Christ; we shall now begin to reckon time as so many years *after* Christ, or *Anno Domini*, that is, "the year of our Lord;" the fourth year of his life being the first year of our reckoning. Jesus Christ was crucified in the thirty-third year of his age, that is, A. D. 29.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

CHRISTIANITY.

The Old Testament was translated from the Hebrew into Greek, 284 B. C., by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The books of the New Testament were collected into one volume in the second century after the death of Christ.*

Jerusalem is a city in Palestine, and was the capital of the ancient kingdom of the Jews; it was originally called Salem, and was founded two thousand years before Christ. Solomon built its celebrated temple: this temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, but rebuilt soon after, under Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes, kings of the Persians; and, when Christ lived, it was a splendid edifice.

The Jews, or Hebrews, are, you know, the descendants of the Israelites, the people whom Moses led from the tyranny of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. You remember the history of Abraham in the Bible, and of his son Isaac. The Jews consider themselves as descended from him; for Jacob, the son of Isaac, who took the name of Israel, was the father of the twelve tribes.

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* Tytler.

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The Jews persecuted Jesus Christ until they compelled Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, to put him to death. These people had long expected the Messiah, who, they supposed, would be a great and powerful monarch, who would appear in splendor, redeem them from the Roman yoke, and establish the laws of Moses, their own lawgiver, all over the world.

When they beheld a Man of low degree and of simple manners, who plainly declared that "his kingdom was not of this world," their disappointment exasperated them to persecute both him and the religion he taught. The Pharisees and Sadducees were two Jewish sects, that were most violent against Jesus Christ.

I told you that Herod was made king of Judæa; he proved a very cruel and oppressive ruler, and died of a painful disorder. He divided his kingdom among his three sons; but quarrels arising between them, and seditions among their subjects, the Romans were called in to settle the dispute. Augustus made a new division, and Archelaus, to whom Judæa had been assigned, being accused of cruelty, his kingdom was taken from him and declared to be a Roman province.

The Jews, dissatisfied with the Roman government, were perpetually rebelling against it. Not only they, but almost all people, persecuted the followers of the Christian religion.

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The Romans, who worshipped many gods, were its most bitter enemies: yet, in spite of all that has been done, by various nations and at various periods, to prevent the advance of Christianity, it has spread all over the civilized world, and carried with it refinement and virtue.

You know that all civilized nations at present believe in one God, the Lord of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things; and that all others are called barbarians.

The *forms* of the Christian religion are indeed various, but the *doctrines* are the same; for Christ was the founder of all. He did not command any particular *form* of worship; he only explained in what all virtue consists; he only showed how we should best please God, how best serve each other, how best secure our own happiness. He pointed out the virtues that ought to be practised, and how they could be attained; but he left it to ourselves to determine on the ceremonies of religion, on the mode in which we would pray; very few were the directions he left on this subject, and those are generally observed by such as profess his faith.

I beg you to reflect on all the circumstances I have stated. An apparently humbly-born individual teaches a religion, which, against the persecution of kings and kingdoms, becomes the religion of the civilized world. Could this have taken place, if that religion

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had not been excellent in itself? if that religion had not been inspired and blessed by God?

CHAPTER L.

OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

THIS little book could not contain a particular account of each of the Roman emperors: I have therefore written a Table, in which you will see, at one view, their names, succession, fate, and characters, from Julius Cæsar to Constantine the Great. The character I have attached to each, is such as is generally recorded and believed. When you read their history at large, you must judge for yourselves how far the character here given is just; and then you can make any alterations in this Table that you may think necessary.

You will observe, with pain, how few were good and wise, in comparison of those who were vicious, ignorant, or weak. Too many of the worthy, in the latter days of Rome, suffered a premature and violent death; this marks the degeneracy of the people in that period.

The wicked, you will observe, are all (without a single exception) put to a cruel or ignominious death. This proves that, even in the

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highest and most powerful station, guilt does not escape deserved punishment.

The Christian religion was persecuted during the whole of this period; even the mild and accomplished Trajan was its enemy. Yet, in spite of persecution, Christianity continued gradually to gain ground, and to spread itself through various quarters of the world; until Constantine the Great, professing himself a Christian, conformed to the rites of that religion, and his subjects willingly followed his example.

St. Peter, one of the apostles of Christ, is sometimes called the first pope of Rome. But the title of *pope*, so used, merely means the head of the church; the pope, at that time, having no temporal power or dominion.

You can easily suppose that pious men were appointed by the apostles and disciples of Christ, to teach his religion in different towns and cities. These teachers sometimes were denominated *bishops;* and thus, rising from one title to another, and from a lower to a higher degree of influence, they were next *archbishops;* then these chose for their head a *patriarch*, or *father* of the church; and, last of all, the chief of the Christian religion was denominated a *pope*.

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EMPERORS OF ROME,

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR (1) TO MAXIMINUS.

Began to reign, A. D.		No.	Death.	Character.
	AUGUSTUS .	2		
14	Tiberius . ..	3	Smothered ..	Wicked.
37	Caligula . ..	4	Murdered . ..	Tyrannical.
41	Claudius I. ..	5	Poisoned . ..	Contemptible.
54	Nero	6	Stabbed	Vicious.
68	Galba	7	Beheaded . ..	Severe.
69	Otho	8	Killed himself .	Usurper.
69	Vitellius . ..	9	Massacred. ..	Worthless.
69	VESPASIAN.	10	.. ..	Virtuous.
79	TITUS	11	.. ..	Wise and good.
81	Domitian. ..	12	Assassinated ..	A monster.
96	NERVA . ..	13	.. ..	Mild.
98	TRAJAN. ..	14	.. ..	Admirable.
117	ADRIAN. ..	15	.. ..	Excellent.
138	ANTONINUS.	16	.. ..	Very good.
161	AURELIUS ..	17	.. ..	Amiable.
180	Commodus ..	18	Killed	Cruel.
192	PERTINAX .	19	Murdered . ..	Good.
192	Didius	20	Beheaded . ..	Mercenary.
193	SEVERUS ..	21	.. ..	Worthy.
211	Caracalla ..	22	Murdered . ..	Brutal.
217	Macrinus ..	23	Killed	Licentious.
218	Heliogabalus .	24	Assassinated ..	A wretch.
222	ALEXANDER	25	Beheaded . ..	Virtuous.
235	Maximinus ..	26	Slain	Cruel and base.

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EMPERORS OF ROME,

FROM BALBINUS TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

Began to reign, A. D.		No.	Death.	Character.
238	BALBINUS ..	27	Murdered. ..	Wise.
238	Gordian	28	Killed	Prosperous
244	Philip	29	Beheaded . ..	Ungrateful.
249	DECIUS	30	Drowned . ..	Good.
251	Gallus	31	Killed	Wicked.
253	ÆMILIANUS ..	32	Murdered . ..	Brave.
254	Valerian	33	Murdered . ..	Able.
260	Gallienus	34	Slain	Careless.
268	CLAUDIUS II.	35	.. ..	Excellent.
270	Aurelian	36	Killed	Severe.
275	TACITUS . ..	37	.. ..	Virtuous.
276	Probus	38	Murdered . ..	Brave.
282	Carus	39	.. ..	Active.
283	Carinus	40	Murdered . ..	Licentious.
284	Diocletian	41	.. ..	Stern.
304	CONSTANTIUS	42	.. ..	Good.
306	CONSTANTINE	43	.. ..	The Great.

The good emperors have their names in CAPITALS. Such, whose deaths are not otherwise described, died naturally.

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CHAPTER LI.

TIBERIUS. CALIGULA.

TIBERIUS, third husband of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, and son of Livia, the second wife of Augustus, became emperor after the death of Augustus.

In the reign of Tiberius, Jesus Christ was crucified, and the reckoning by Olympiads ceased. From this period only one mode of computing time has been observed — A. D., Anno Domini, or Year of our Lord.

Tiberius was a cruel tyrant, and perpetrated numberless crimes. He had a favorite, named Sejanus, who flattered and cajoled him; and persuaded him to quit Rome and retire to Capræa, a small island on the coast of Italy. Tiberius, however, discovered that Sejanus was plotting to become emperor himself, and he therefore commanded the death of the faithless courtier.

One cannot read without horror, not unmixed with pity, of the miserable end of Sejanus. Old, and long accustomed to power and splendor, he found himself all at once deprived of wealth and consequence, and sentenced to an ignominious death. Of the many flatterers who had bowed to him in his pros-

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perity, not one was found to soften his adversity. Sejanus had no friends, because he had no virtues.

Deserted and disgraced, the artful traitor was led to execution; and, when he would have covered his face in the bitterness of shame and humiliation, this small mercy was denied him: his hands were secured, so that his face was exposed to the insults of the mob.

The good man, however humbled and disgraced, is sure to meet with some pity from the most vulgar and most unfeeling; but the wicked finds no commiseration. His own heart is his accuser: what wonder, then, that others should accuse him!

Sejanus was strangled, and all his family were executed with him.

It will be impossible for me to describe to you the cruelties of Tiberius. There was not a crime that he did not perpetrate, not a suffering he did not inflict.

In his reign, there were men whose sole business was to contrive new pleasures: then also lived Apicius, the most notorious glutton that ever disgraced human nature; he spent a large fortune on one entertainment, and would give a hundred pounds for a single dish. A hundred pounds! How many starving beggars would that sum feed and clothe! Surely Rome was sadly fallen from her greatness, from those days of moderation and simplicity,

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when Cincinnatus left his plough to govern her councils, and Regulus quitted his farm to fight her battles!

It was wonderful that, spending so indolent and so licentious a life, Tiberius should live to the age of seventy-eight: being then taken ill, he lingered so long, that Caligula, whom he had appointed his successor, permitted him to be smothered. Thus died this wicked emperor, who had been heard to say, so guilty was the nation become, and so difficult to govern, that he wished "heaven and earth might perish with him when he died."

Reckoning Julius Cæsar as the first emperor, which most historians do, Tiberius was the third emperor of Rome: he expired A. D. 37.

Caligula, fourth emperor of Rome, was the son of Germanicus and Agrippina. Germanicus was the nephew of Tiberius, and so much beloved by the soldiers, that they would have made him emperor instead of Tiberius; but this just and good man would not consent to an act of disloyalty. From their love to him, the people rejoiced to see his son Caligula placed on the throne.

The beginning of this reign was very promising. Caligula seemed willing to do whatever was right: he banished the cruel Pontius Pilate, and refused to look at a paper which contained the discovery of a conspiracy against him; saying, "I have done nothing

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to cause men to hate me, and therefore I do not fear their enmity." This was a noble sentiment, and worthy the manly fearlessness of an innocent mind! Pity that for eight months only, Caligula acted virtuously and wisely! His after life was one scene of folly and wickedness; and the only palliative it admits of, is the consideration that he must have been insane.

He pretended to be sometimes one heathen god, and sometimes another. One day he called himself Jupiter, another day Mars. He built temples for himself to be worshipped in, and appointed priests to perform sacrifice to him. You will be shocked to hear that he made his horse one of these priests; though indeed such a priest was fit for such a divinity!

This was the conduct of a fool; and how a person capable of making the fine speech I have related, could have so greatly degenerated, can only be explained by the supposition, that extensive dominion sometimes causes a derangement in weak minds.

Caligula was murdered when going to his bath; the conspirator who first struck him, calling out, as he gave the blow, "Tyrant, think upon this!"

He was only twenty-nine years old! How short his life! how long the catalogue of his follies and crimes!

Caligula was murdered A. D. 41.

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CHAPTER LII.

CLAUDIUS, EMPEROR OF ROME. CARACTACUS, THE BRITISH KING.

THE Island of Britain was invaded, as I have mentioned, by Julius Cæsar; and though, from his time, the Romans fancied themselves lords of Britain, yet, as they never troubled the rude islanders, these islanders felt themselves free and independent.

In the reign of Tiberius, some Roman soldiers, being wrecked on the coast of Britain, were treated very kindly by the natives. The principal Britons occasionally visited Rome, and sometimes sent their children to be educated there; so that the two nations lived upon very friendly terms with each other.

The worthless Caligula talked sometimes of invading the island; but, despised abroad as well as at home, his intentions were heard with contempt.

When Claudius became emperor, a Roman army invaded Britain and made some conquests; and Claudius, coming over himself soon afterwards, received the homage of great part of the island.

The Britons had a little improved by their intercourse with the Romans; they had begun to trade with each other, and understood some-

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thing of the art of war; but they were still a very uncivilized race, and were divided into several small states, or principalities, each having its own chief. In time of danger, however, from foreign foes, they used sometimes to choose a general to command their united forces. Cassibelaunus, of whom you have read, was so chosen; and now, when Claudius sent soldiers and governors to conquer and rule the natives, another Briton distinguished himself: this was Caractacus.

Caractacus, king of one of the small principalities, and elected general of the British army, boldly opposed the despotism of the Roman prætors, and the inroads of the Roman soldiers. Often defeated, he yet bravely returned to the charge, and sometimes gained the advantage.

The Silures, a warlike tribe, living on the banks of the River Severn, were attacked by the conquerors; and Caractacus, their chief, saw that his army was likely to be subdued. But he did not therefore resign himself to despair, and tamely submit to the Romans. No; he made the best possible disposition of his small forces; he flew from troop to troop, exhorting them to fight valiantly, and rescue their liberty from cruel invaders. In the sacred cause of freedom, Britons, in every period, have been found brave and enterprising. The soldiers of Caractacus replied to him by shouts of determined valor. They fought, as they

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had promised, firmly and valiantly; but the superior skill of the Romans prevailed, and the Britons were defeated.

Caractacus, in hopes of saving himself for better times, and of collecting forces again to assault the invaders, took refuge with Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, another of the small states; and this unworthy woman delivered him up to the Romans.

Claudius was so delighted to hear of this capture, that he gave orders for the noble prisoner to be sent to Rome.

Caractacus, surrounded by his family, was conducted into the presence of the emperor. Claudius was seated on a splendid throne, and environed by pomp and magnificence. The British king looked with a calm, undaunted eye upon the dazzling scene, and simply observed, "Strange, that a nation possessed of so much wealth and power should envy me my humble cottage!"

It is recorded that his address to Claudius was equally wise and temperate. "Could I have submitted to power," said he, "I should have been here as a guest, and not a captive. My resistance does but add to the splendor of your triumph. I am now at your mercy, and, if treated with lenity, my fate will be a proof of your clemency and moderation."

The language of courage, tempered by prudence, made its just impression: Claudius ordered the chains to be instantly taken off

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Caractacus and his family, and restored them all to freedom.

Perhaps this is the only worthy action performed by Claudius; for he and his wife Messalina were, otherwise, only remarkable for depravity and licentiousness; so much so, that Messalina is often used as a name for a bad woman.

Though Claudius did not ennoble his own reign, it was ennobled for him by one of his subjects.

Arria, the faithful wife of Pætus, distinguished herself by singular fortitude and resolution. Her husband, having joined in an unsuccessful conspiracy against the emperor, tried to escape, but was taken and brought back to Rome. His wife implored that she might be allowed to attend him, saying, "All men of rank are indulged with slaves to wait upon them; let me go as the attendant of my husband."

Her prayer was denied; but she followed the ship in which Pætus was conveyed, and in an open boat trusted herself to the waves.

Whilst Pætus was in prison, his only son sickened and died. Arria watched her beloved child during his severe and fatal malady, till he expired. The agony of such a sorrow mothers only can understand. Yet did the broken-hearted Arria keep the fatal secret from her husband, and, when he asked for his child, governed herself to say, "He is well."

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She knew Pætus would not be permitted to live long, and she desired to spare him so severe a shock. At length, his death was decreed, and he was sentenced to destroy himself. Arria, seeing him fearful of committing the awful deed, and knowing that it must be committed, bravely set him the example.

In his presence, she stabbed herself with a dagger; and then, giving the blood-stained weapon into his hand, she exclaimed, "My Pætus, it is not painful."

Stained with the blood of many other victims, the vicious Claudius died by poison. His second wife, Agrippina, a monster of iniquity, and the mother of a monster of iniquity, — of Nero, — killed Claudius by putting poison into a dish of mushrooms.

CHAPTER LIII.

NERO. SENECA. BOADICEA.

Instead of his son Britannicus, Nero, the adopted son of Claudius, became emperor, A. D. 54. At first, he affected to be very modest and prudent; but he soon showed his wicked disposition, by causing Britannicus to be poisoned, and his own mother to be murdered. Perhaps a more horrible wretch never existed: he killed persons for his amusement,

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and was never so well pleased as when torturing his fellow-creatures.

Now, let us consider what are our feelings on beholding any human being in pain: does not the smallest wound of a stranger, a beggar, an enemy, awaken our pity? And do not we feel eager to lessen the torture and heal the sore? What sort of man must that have been, who, contrary to this common course of nature, was not merely insensible to misery, but rejoiced to behold it? We often talk of Nero and other cruel monsters; but we scarcely reflect upon all the hideousness of such characters.

Among Nero's murders was that of Seneca, his tutor, a very learned philosopher. Nero hated him for being wise and virtuous, and sent him orders to — destroy himself.

Seneca received this command with great composure; and would instantly have prepared for it, by completing his will. This favor was denied; so he told his friends, "as he was not permitted to give the legacies in money which he intended, he left them the most precious legacy he could bequeath — his example."

The wife of Seneca besought him to let her die with him; and, when he found she was quite serious, and very earnest, he consented to her wishes. The veins of their arms were opened, that so they might both bleed to death; but, Seneca being old, his blood did not flow

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readily; and though he was put into a warm bath, to make it flow more freely, he continued to suffer long and exquisitely. He bore all this torture with patient firmness, and during its continuance dictated a discourse, which was written down as he spoke it. At last, he died. His wife Paulina fainted away, and her servants took that opportunity of binding up the wounds of her arms. Thus her life was saved, and she survived some years.

How often we hear of people enduring pain, and consenting to die, without a murmur or a complaint! But do we justly appreciate the merits of the heroic sufferers? We applaud them, indeed; but we applaud them without sufficient consideration of their merit. What think you of Mutius holding his hand in a fire? Hold your finger to the flame of the candle; you quickly draw it back, the instant you feel the burning heat. Pray, then, in future, more truly value the courage and resolution of those persons who have well borne what you shrink from bearing. Learn also, by their example, that much can be endured; and early prepare yourself to imitate the virtue you admire, by enduring slight pains and sicknesses in silence and fortitude. We read history for improvement, as well as amusement — the improvement of our hearts, and minds, and manners: history is the glass in which we see the deformity of vice and the

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beauty of virtue; in which we see what to shun and what to imitate.

The Britons now made another effort to recover their liberty, and a Roman army was sent to subdue them. The brave islanders posted themselves on the shore to oppose the coming foe, and their Druids joined the soldiers, in hopes that their venerable appearance would assist in appalling the enemy; the women also were seen running about with blazing torches in their hands, their hair dishevelled, and their dress wild and strange. The Romans were shocked at this sight, and at first gave way; but their general, Paulinus, rallying them, they fought with their usual success, routed the Britons, and burned the poor old Druids.

These Druids, or priests, were accustomed to perform their religious ceremonies in groves and woods; and the mistletoe, a plant that grows on oaks and apple-trees, was used by them in these ceremonies. The Romans cut down the groves, and destroyed the altars reared in them.

But the oppression of the officers left to rule them, and the vast sums of money required from them, again drove the Britons to war. Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, (one of the British tribes,) a spirited woman, took the command of the assembled troops. The father of Boadicea, willing to gratify the

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Romans and preserve his child from their oppression, when he died, had left one half of his territory to the Romans, that so his daughter might be allowed to enjoy her portion.

But the greedy Romans were not satisfied with half; they chose to have all, and therefore Boadicea resolved to make an effort in defence of her rights.

This queen appeared in a chariot, and exhorted the soldiers to fight manfully. At first, she was successful; but at last she was totally defeated; and, to save herself from the power of the pitiless conquerors, she destroyed herself by poison.

The death of Nero was as horrid as his life

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had been wicked. A general of his, Julius Vindex, who was governor in Gaul, wished to rid the world of such a monster, and declared publicly, "Whoever will bring me the head of Nero shall have mine;" and further to prove his disinterestedness, he proclaimed Galba (the governor of Spain) emperor.

This spirit once roused, Nero saw himself on the brink of ruin, and, like a coward, fled from Rome. Hearing that he was pursued, he tried to kill himself, but his trembling hands faltered in the deed; and he was indebted to the help of one of his secretaries for an easy death.

He had lived for some days in a state of the most abject wretchedness; sleeping in a hole in a hedge amidst briers and rushes, feeding on dry bread and cold water. Could any fate be too abject for such a wretch? Pray read his history, and say, could a man more debase his nature?

CHAPTER LIV.

VESPASIAN. JERUSALEM DESTROYED. PLINY.

Galba, though severe, had many good qualities, and perhaps deserved a better fate

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than the one he experienced; for he was beheaded by some revolted troops, who had chosen Otho for their king.

Otho began his reign well, by forgiving and honoring a person who had been friendly to his rival, Galba; for he said, "Fidelity deserves reward." He was further remarkable for resigning his life when the tranquillity of the state required his death.

The army, you will observe, were now very powerful, both at home and abroad; for they raised whom they pleased to the throne; and now, deserting Otho, they followed another leader.

When Otho heard of this, aware that a war must ensue, he set off with an army to restore peace; but, failing in the attempt, he announced his intention of dying. He thanked his soldiers for their fidelity, and added, "I die to procure your safety. Others gain praise for governing well; be it my praise to resign an empire, rather than injure it by false ambition!"

He then made every prudent arrangement for the safety of his friends, and was about to give the fatal blow, when he heard a tumult among the soldiers. "I will add one day to my life," said he, and devoted himself to quelling the riot. At night he slept calmly and soundly, with two daggers under his pillow; and early the next morning stabbed himself to the heart with one of them.

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I think Otho deserves to be remembered. What think you?

Vitellius now became emperor; but what shall I tell you of him, except that he was indolent, luxurious, and worthless? He was massacred by the enraged populace, who were disgusted by his gluttony and intemperance.

Vespasian, the general of the revolted troops, was by them created emperor, A. D. 69. There was still a senate in Rome; but it had greatly changed from the senate of former times. The soldiers and the reigning emperor governed its decrees; and, consequently, Rome was little benefited by its counsels. But the senate gave its sanction to the election of Vespasian. He was in Egypt at this time, but returned, the next year, to Rome, leaving his son in the command of an army with which he was to besiege Jerusalem.

Titus fully executed the command of his father, and vigorously attacked the Jews. These people had long resisted the Romans; and now, assembling their forces at Jerusalem, all the factions in the city united to oppose the general enemy.

The Jews were at first successful; but Titus not only ably commanded his soldiers, but himself fought valiantly amidst them. Jerusalem was defended by three walls, the outer of which Titus battered down with huge machines. He repeatedly offered par-

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don and mercy to the besieged; but this deluded race scorned all his offers. So severe was the famine, that it is said a mother ate her own child!

To believe this is almost impossible: however, when Titus heard of this shocking action, he vowed to destroy the city in which it had been perpetrated; and he fulfilled his threat. After six months of warfare, the city was taken, its fine temple burnt, and all its houses and walls were so completely destroyed, that, according to the prophecy of Jesus Christ, "not one stone was left upon another." A. D. 70.

The inhabitants were almost all cut to pieces; the few Jews who escaped were dispersed into different parts of the world. From that period, they have been a wandering race, straying about in almost every town and village in Europe, yet having no country of their own.

The soldiers wished to crown Titus as conqueror; but he modestly refused that honor, saying, "he was only an instrument in the hand of Heaven."

Vespasian was much pleased with the success of his son, and they entered Rome together in triumph. This emperor ordained many beneficial arrangements, and so much discountenanced luxury and effeminacy, that he broke a young officer (that is, turned him out of his rank) because he was perfumed.

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Pliny, the great naturalist, lived at this time. He deeply considered the works of nature, and made discoveries, and wrote books, which even at this day are much esteemed. He examined the growth, form, and uses of flowers and plants, which study is called *botany;* and amused himself by observing many other parts of nature. He lost his life by visiting Mount Vesuvius during an eruption, A. D. 79. The mephitic, or suffocating air, it is supposed, caused his death. Vesuvius, you know, is a very high mountain, near Naples, in Italy; and every now and then, from its top issue smoke and fire. This fire is so fierce that it throws out a liquid burning matter, called *lava*, which runs down the side of the mountain, burning trees, overwhelming fields, and throwing down houses; in short, destroying whatever comes in its way, until it reaches the sea, into which it finally falls. This lava, when cold, becomes hard, and, I believe, looks like a black cinder: in that state it is cut out in pieces; and walls, and even houses, are built with it, instead of stone. Just about the time of Titus becoming emperor, an eruption of Vesuvius took place, when Pliny was killed. The lava and ashes from the fire entirely overwhelmed two towns, Pompeii and Herculaneum. So rapid and unexpected was the event, that the inhabitants were smothered in the houses and streets; and the lava rose

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many feet above the tops of the houses. Very lately, some of the lava has been dug away; and now people can go down into the city, and see the dried skeletons of the poor inhabitants, and the furniture of the houses, and every thing, in short, in the same state in which it was when first overwhelmed. The very ruts made in the ground by the carts and carriages are plainly discernible. In a valuable little work, entitled "Relics of Antiquity," you will find an interesting account of this eruption, and of the present state of the two unfortunate cities.

But we have almost forgotten the emperor of Rome and his actions. The deeds of man must always be forgotten in the greater (how much greater!) works of God.

Vespasian lived usefully and virtuously, and died calmly, standing on his feet; for he said an emperor ought so to die. Vespasian was as modest as his son; for when the king of Parthia called himself, in his letters, "King of Kings," the emperor simply wrote his name, Flavius Vespasian.

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CHAPTER LV.

TITUS. AGRICOLA. DOMITIAN.

Titus succeeded his father, and became emperor A. D. 79, the very year in which Pliny lost his life, and the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius.

It has been said of Vespasian, "that he was a man in whom power made no alteration, except in giving him the opportunity of doing good;" and Titus was worthy of being the son of so excellent a father.

It is related of Titus, that, one evening, he broke forth into the following lamentation — "I have lost a day!" because he had passed the day without performing any service to his fellow-creatures. This exclamation ought to be continually in our thoughts. The meanest, the weakest, the poorest of us can please or oblige some friend, or relative, or neighbor, every day of our life; and we ought, like Titus, to call that day lost in which we have not given some pleasure to, or bestowed some benefit on, a human being.

I am sorry to say that the most virtuous persons do not escape censure and reprobation. It would be wise, therefore, for us to take another maxim from Titus. Whenever he

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was undeservedly scandalized, he would say, "Whilst I do nothing worthy of reproach, I need not be grieved that I am censured."

But perhaps the most meritorious of his actions was the self-control and self-denial with which he acted in a very trying situation.

He had long loved a beautiful and accomplished woman, Berenice, sister to Agrippa, king of Judea; Berenice also loved him tenderly; but Titus soon found that the Romans were desirous he should not marry her; in spite, therefore, of her tears and blandishments, in spite of his own fondness and attachment, he sent her from him, and denied himself the happiness of making her his wife. Remember that, when Titus performed this heroic action, he was a powerful sovereign, that he was in love, and had nothing but his conscience to govern him.

It was about this time that Agricola, the famous Roman general, made extensive conquests in Britain. The daughter of this brave officer married Tacitus, the celebrated historian, who has written an interesting account of Agricola. Agricola conquered part of Wales, and made himself master of Mona, now called the island of Anglesea; he also marched into Caledonia, (Scotland,) and defeated the natives, collected under their chief, Galgacus. After extending the power of the Roman empire, he employed himself in refining and

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instructing the people he had subdued. Indeed, the Romans are greatly applauded for always pursuing this course, and carrying knowledge and civilization, with conquest, among the barbarous nations. Agricola built several forts in Scotland, and not only erected houses and temples himself, but urged the Britons to do so for themselves.

Agricola was recalled from Britain by Domitian; and it is said he was poisoned by that wicked wretch. When I tell you it is supposed that Domitian caused the death of his brother Titus, you will not wonder at any other crime he perpetrated. After a happy and prosperous reign of little more than two years' continuance, Titus sickened and died. He left behind him an enviable character, and was distinguished by the epithet of "The delight of human kind."

What shall I tell you of Domitian? What, but that he succeeded his brother, and was in all things unlike him. He persecuted the Christians; he was cruel, hypocritical, perfidious. He once invited a large party, as for an entertainment, and had them ushered into a room hung with black, with only just so many lights as would disclose the horrors of the scene. Black coffins, bearing the names of the guests, were arranged around; and hideous-looking men, bearing torches and naked swords, rushed into the apartment. The

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party, knowing the ferocious temper of the emperor, of course expected instant death, and were struck with horror. Domitian long enjoyed their dismay, and, when tired of the wicked pleasure of beholding misery, he sent orders for his alarmed guests to return to their houses.

They all indeed escaped without bodily hurt; but how severe must have been their mental sufferings! How must that mind be constituted that could find delight in creating and beholding wretchedness!

Domitian was murdered A. D. 96. His name is indeed recorded in history, because he was a public character, because he was an emperor of Rome; but for what else is he celebrated? For his vices! — How is he remembered? With detestation!

Agricola, the beneficent ruler of Britain, is celebrated not for his rank, but for his actions; is remembered not with horror, but with respect. Let us be thankful that we can all of us deserve, if we do not receive, the esteem bestowed on Agricola; for we can all be useful and virtuous in our stations. The rank of Domitian was his misfortune; it gave more license to his wicked temper, it gave more publicity to his wicked actions. *He* disgraced *his* title — Agricola gave credit to his humbler name.

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CHAPTER LVI.

NERVA. TRAJAN. PLUTARCH. ADRIAN.

Whilst Rome was falling into luxury and licentiousness, the various countries under her dominion were rising into refinement and information; Great Britain, Germany, and Gaul, were especially advancing in learning and civilization; so that the Romans bestowed on the countries they conquered benefits fully equal to the worth of the tributes and the authority they claimed. Some of these countries occasionally made efforts to recover their liberty; and, though these efforts failed, they bespoke the unconquered spirit of the nations, and by teaching them the art of war, led to their ultimate liberation.

Domitian took the surname of *Germanicus*, because one of his generals had subdued a revolt of the Germans; although he had not himself even seen the enemy, having only marched an army out of Rome and marched it back again.

After the murder of Domitian, the senate chose Nerva for their emperor. Nerva was an old but virtuous man; his disposition was too gentle for the Romans at that time. You have seen that they were becoming luxurious and insolent, and needed restraint more than

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indulgence. Without firmness, you know, there can be no virtue; for it is of little avail that we think and feel rightly, if we have not firmness to express our thoughts, and to act according to our feelings. Thus it happened that, with the best intentions, Nerva performed no services to his country; and he died of a fever, after a short reign of little more than twelve months.

Trajan was chosen by Nerva to succeed him; and this choice was perhaps the only, as it was certainly the highest, benefit he conferred on his subjects. Trajan was great as a general, wise as a sovereign, good as a man. He conquered many foreign nations; yet, on his return to Rome, he entered it without pomp or noise. He refused a public triumph — a refusal which assured to him the silent and heartfelt applause of all men. In passing through conquered countries, he neither taxed nor ravaged them; and seemed always more intent on bestowing happiness than in asserting authority.

Plutarch, the charming biographer, who has written so many amusing histories of great men, was the tutor, or preceptor, of Trajan. Plutarch was a Greek philosopher, and not much older than his pupil. It is mentioned of Plutarch, that he would never punish any one when he was in a passion, because he thought he should then punish unwisely and unjustly; and he once said to a slave, who

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had greatly provoked him, "I will not beat you now, because I am angry." We can all understand the good sense and humanity of such conduct, for we can all understand how differently we judge when we are enraged and when we are calm. When Trajan became emperor, Plutarch wrote him a delightful letter, which it would much please you to read; ask your friends to show it to you, or you can find it for yourselves in the Life of Plutarch, attached to his Biography of celebrated men.

Many are the interesting anecdotes recorded of Trajan; there is one that particularly denotes his liberal mode of thinking. When presenting a sword to an officer, the præfect of the prætorian bands, he said, "If I do well, use this sword *for* me; if I do ill, use this sword *against* me."

He built a bridge across the River Danube. Look for it in the map. He had ambassadors from India to congratulate him. He showed his confidence in his friend Sura, just as Alexander had shown it towards his physician Philip. You must peruse the story in Goldsmith's *History of Rome*, some day.

A subject of this excellent master showed as much greatness of mind as his sovereign. Longinus, a Roman general, had been taken prisoner by the Dacians. Their king, Decebalus, said he would kill his captive, if Trajan would not consent to terms of peace. Trajan

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replied, that the life of an individual must not be set against the welfare of a whole people, and refused the demanded treaty; and Longinus killed himself, that he might no longer be a cause of dispute.

I told you that Trajan persecuted the Christians; but he afterwards stopped these persecutions, because Pliny, the nephew of the naturalist, being governor of Bithynia, wrote him an account of the quiet and virtuous behavior of the Christians. The Jews again broke out into rebellion, and massacred thousands of their fellow-creatures, in the Island of Cyprus, and other places where they resided; but they were soon subdued.

Trajan made many conquests; but it is not for them that he is renowned. The Romans honored his memory, because, for nearly twenty years, he assured their domestic prosperity. He died at Seleucia, of apoplexy, A. D. 117.

Adrian, the next emperor, was a nephew of Trajan's, and of a Spanish family. When he ascended the throne, the extent of the Roman empire, and the influence of the Roman power, were at their greatest height. Adrian was brave, learned, accomplished, and amiable. He thought the empire was too vast, and therefore gave up part of the conquests of Trajan. He visited Germany, Gaul, Holland, Britain, and Spain. He erected a strong wall of mud and planks between England and Scotland, across the island, to pre-

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vent the Picts, and other northern barbarians, from disturbing the Britons.

He went to Athens, where he long resided, and caused himself to be elected archon of that celebrated city. He crossed over to Africa, and rebuilt Carthage, naming it Adrianople, after himself.

He softened the persecution against the Christians, and seemed to be desirous only of dispensing good. The Jews rose upon the Christians and Romans in Judea, putting numbers of them to death; and the Romans retaliated by slaughtering nearly six hundred thousand of that outcast race.

Adrian died, after a painful illness, in the twenty-second year of his reign, A. D. 138. Being ignorant of the blessed hopes inspired by the Christian religion, he did not look forward to a future state; and, when almost expiring, uttered the following lines. I give them in Latin, as a pleasant exercise for translation.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!

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CHAPTER LVII.

THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.

THE period of which I am going to speak, is distinguished as "the Age of the Antonines;" that is, the age in which two virtuous emperors of that name diffused peace and felicity over the world. The Romans being now masters of almost every inhabited country, the conduct of their rulers decided the fate of all other nations.

Antoninus, surnamed the Pious, from his extraordinary merit, was chosen by Adrian to succeed him. He protected the Christians, declaring his resolution not to allow any sect to be harassed on account of its religion. He was so generous, that, to relieve want and poverty, he gave away even his private property, observing, that, when he became a public character, he ought to have no private interests or possessions: he was mild, yet firm; polished, yet not luxurious.

The power of Rome was now spread over a large portion of Europe and great part of Asia and Africa. The Chinese, indeed, lived undisturbed, except by domestic broils, and were at this time in a high state of civilization: the petty princes occasionally quarrelled among themselves; but they never invaded

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foreign nations; nor did foreign nations invade them. The Tatars, commonly called Tartars, their neighbors, were their only foes; and, to keep them out of China, the ancient mode of defence, that of raising a wall, was adopted; this celebrated wall, though partially built at an earlier period, was not completed until B. C. 214.

The Chinese pretend to trace back their history to a very ancient date. The princes, or kings, of the small principalities, seem to have early been ruled by one great chief, or emperor.

It has been said that the game of chess was invented, many years before the Christian era, by a Chinese general, to amuse his troops during a long cessation of arms.

Pray, bear in mind, that, whilst Rome was flourishing as queen of the European nations, the Chinese were existing in a state of wealth and refinement, and governing a very large portion of Asia: it is, however, generally thought that their knowledge was by no means equal to what they pretend it to have been.

The tribes of India were also at this time an ingenious people, and traced their origin to the highest antiquity. You remember that Sesostris had invaded some part of India; and that Alexander the Great had also visited the shores of the Ganges, and conquered Porus, an Indian king; but these people continued

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to be governed by their own princes, and to enjoy their peculiar laws, customs, and religion. Some of their princes, as I have already mentioned, sent ambassadors to Rome, to offer congratulations to Trajan; thus China and India were almost as civilized and as learned in the age of the Antonines as they are now. You will find the history of those nations singularly amusing; and as, for many centuries, they subsisted apart from every European country, the accounts of them must be read in a separate form, as they do not mingle with other histories.

But to return to Antoninus Pius; it was a favorite saying of his, that he had "more pleasure in saving the life of one citizen, than in destroying the lives of a thousand enemies." The conduct of this most excellent of all the Roman emperors plainly proves that good sovereigns love peace better than war, and that nations possess most comfort and virtue in a period of tranquillity. War may bring conquests and renown, but seldom does it increase national prosperity. Defensive war is necessary and honorable; we ought to fight to protect our liberty and rights; but to fight merely for conquest and glory is never necessary, and seldom honorable.

Antoninus, according to the wishes of Adrian, had adopted Marcus Aurelius for his successor, and married him to his youngest daughter, Faustina. This good emperor

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died of a fever, A. D. 161, after twenty-three years' peaceful reign, aged 75.

Marcus Aurelius succeeded his father-in-law, and took the name of Antoninus. He associated his brother Lucius Verus in the government with himself; but Lucius was a most unworthy character, and disgraced the Roman name wherever he went; fortunately, he died soon, and thus Aurelius became sole emperor.

He was so learned, that he is called, in history, Antoninus Philosophus; and he wrote a work, entitled *Meditations*, which contains much excellent advice. He sold all his plate and jewels to pay the expenses of a warlike expedition, rather than burden his subjects with new taxes; his faults — for he had faults — consisted in his weak indulgence of his vicious brother, his worthless wife, and his foolish son. He was also apt to be proud of his learning, and sometimes forgave faults which ought not to have been forgiven; for it is the duty of all men, more especially of kings and rulers, to check vice by punishing it, as well as to promote virtue by rewarding it.

Avidus, a general of the emperor's, strove to displace him, and become emperor himself. Aurelius declared that he would give up the empire without bloodshed, if his abdication would prove beneficial to his people; but Avidus was slain by his own officers. When

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his head was brought to Aurelius, he ordered it to be decently buried, and behaved with great lenity to the rest of the rebels. When some one said, Avidus would not have behaved so mercifully, had he been conqueror, Aurelius simply replied, "I never reigned so carelessly, nor served the gods so ill, as to fear that Avidus would ever be the conqueror."

He was seized with the plague at Vienna, and died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, after a glorious reign of nineteen years, A. D. 180.

He left a son, Commodus, who succeeded him; and desired that he might be taught that "no wealth would satisfy a tyrant, and no guards defend him; that cruel princes never reign long, and that those in power must govern themselves, because they have no one who has a right to govern them."

Commodus did not profit either by his father's example or his father's precepts. He was as ignorant and contemptible as he was vicious and cruel, and verified his father's words; for, though he was so fearful of danger that he shaved himself, lest his barber should use the razor to cut his throat, yet was he murdered in the thirty-first year of his age, A. D. 192. Perhaps some of the faults of Commodus arose from his father's mildness and indulgence. It is the duty of parents to control their children; and those children who are wisely controlled, turn out the best and

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happiest men and women. Think of yourselves and your play-fellows, and you will plainly see that *pets* and spoiled children are plagues to themselves and to all around them.

CHAPTER LVIII.

SARACENS. GOTHS. CELTS. HUNS.

You have already been told that the empire of Rome was in its most flourishing condition in the age of the Antonines. I fear you will observe that, from that period, it gradually declined in power and prosperity.

Commodus was a worthless emperor, and was followed by many others equally worthless. About this time the Saracens are first mentioned in history.

I dare say you remember reading in the Bible that Abraham had a son, named Ishmael, who, with his mother, Hagar, was sent away, and almost perished in the desert. I dare say you also remember that Joseph was sold by his brothers to some Ishmaelites. These Ishmaelites were the descendants of Ishmael, and, like him, were wanderers in the desert. The Ishmaelites were also called Arabs; and one tribe of the Arabs was distinguished by the appellation of *Saracens*. Afterwards, the term *Saracen* became the com-

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mon name for almost all Arabs. Look for Arabia; you will find it bounded on one side by the Red Sea.

The Saracens are now noticed as gaining some advantages over the Romans. You will hear more of them by and by.

The soldiers placed Pertinax, a man of humble birth, on the throne, as the successor to Commodus. The history of Pertinax is curious. He was the son of a slave, and kept first a small shop, and then a school; next he studied the law, and afterwards he became a soldier. He was then made consul, as a reward for his services; but was banished by Commodus. Being recalled, he was sent to Britain, where, in a battle, he was left for dead on the field. Again, in Africa, his life was in imminent danger. On returning to Rome, he devoted himself to retirement, until the soldiers fixed upon him to be their sovereign. If all this really happened, the life of Pertinax would give materials for a long and amusing story. He seems to have risen to rank by the excellence of his character, and to have fallen from it by the degeneracy of the Romans: in three months, the same people who had caused his elevation also caused his death.

He was massacred, A. D. 192; and, after his death, the soldiers put up the empire for sale. This is very strange, but very true. Didius Julianus was the highest bidder, and

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was consequently proclaimed emperor. He was quite unworthy of this high honor, and very shortly had his head struck off, by command of the senators.

Severus, the next emperor, was elected both by the army and the senate, A. D. 193.

Severus besieged and took Byzantium, and cruelly murdered its inhabitants. Byzantium was built many centuries before Christ. Severus also visited Britain, and built a stone wall to defend the Britons from the inroads of the Caledonians. This wall crosses the island from the German Ocean to the Solway Frith, and is still known by the name of "Severus's wall." He died at York, from grief at the wicked conduct of his son Caracalla, A. D. 211.

The Caledonians were converted to Christianity about this time; and near York may be seen two mounds, or rather hills, called "Severus's hills," which are supposed to have been raised either over the bodies of soldiers slain in battle, or as monuments to the honor of Severus. The country adjacent being very flat, there is no doubt that these hills were artificially formed. I have often looked upon them with pleasure.

Caracalla succeeded his father Severus. When I tell you that he murdered his younger brother Geta, in the arms of his mother, you will desire to hear no more of this monster. After a cruel reign of six years, he was

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stabbed in the back by a soldier, and died as ingloriously as he had lived, A. D. 217.

Macrinus succeeded Caracalla, and was almost equally worthless. He was murdered, after a reign of little more than a year; and the soldiers made Heliogabalus, a boy of fourteen, their emperor. I have not patience to tell you of the excesses of this weak and miserable emperor. Like many of the others, he was also killed by the soldiers, in the fourth year of his reign, A. D. 222.

I turn from the disgusting history of the degenerate Romans, to inform you of a people called *Goths*, who, about this time, became tributary to Rome. Fourteen hundred years before Christ, a barbarous people, called *Goths*, or *Scythians*, came from the north, and, crossing the Araxes, a river that falls into the Caspian Sea, overran many countries of Europe. Do not confuse these people with the Celts; for the Celts are said to have come from the neighborhood of the Pyrenees. The Pyrenees are mountains that divide Spain from Gaul. About B. C. 500, the Goths drove the Celts into Gaul, where Cæsar found them. Tribes of the Celts peopled part of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. They were remarkable for their Druids. The Druids were at the same time priests and chief governors, and were generally very learned men. The Goths had not any Druids. The Gothic and Celtic lan-

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guages differed greatly; in short, these were distinct people; and the Huns, of whom we shall presently hear much, were another barbarous race, who originally came from Tartary.

CHAPTER LIX.

ZENOBIA. FRANKS. FINGAL.

After so many bad emperors, it is refreshing to meet with a good one. Alexander, the successor of Heliogabalus, was a mild and sensible prince; but the Roman nation was no longer capable of appreciating merit, or worthy of possessing it. Although their prince gained many victories, and caused much reformation in the abuses induced by former emperors; although he was temperate, gentle, and accomplished; yet he was murdered by the soldiers, in the thirteenth year of his reign, A. D. 235. Alexander was fortunate in having a wise and virtuous woman for his mother. How much depends on the treatment children receive from their parents! Commodus had a wicked mother, the worthless Faustina, and a too indulgent father. Mammæa, the mother of Alexander, was a woman of sense and merit. To her he probably owed the

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virtuous habits that signalized his reign, for he was only sixteen when he ascended the throne.

It was one of the maxims of Alexander, "that he who bought power would think himself entitled to sell it;" and therefore he would never allow the sale of places and offices.

Maximinus, the general who had instigated the soldiers to kill Alexander, was chosen by them to succeed him, A. D. 235. He was remarkable — for what? The excess of his vices, and the gigantic size of his body. Maximinus was eight feet and a half high, and so strong that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move.* He could eat forty pounds of meat every day, and drink six gallons of wine without being intoxicated. But as I can hear of no good action he performed, or wise saying he uttered, I shall only tell you that the soldiers massacred him, A. D. 238. The emperors who succeeded him are so worthless that I cannot write about them. Their names you will see in the Table.

As Rome became feeble and vicious, the barbarians began to assert their rights, and shake off the yoke of their conquerors. The German tribes were frequently revolting. The Gauls and Britons now and then made

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* Goldsmith.

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efforts against their governors. Above all, the Goths were perpetually rushing down in swarms upon some province or other of this vast empire.

Claudius II., a brave and virtuous emperor, successfully opposed these barbarians; they had ravaged Macedonia and Greece, and even greatly injured Athens. As the Romans were more formed for arms than arts, they had resorted to Athens to acquire the politer accomplishments; but the Goths had no respect for learning and taste, and were always careless how much they injured books, sculpture, and paintings; for this reason, you know, it is, even in our days, a common expression to call rude, unlettered persons, *Goths and Vandals.*

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Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, sometimes called Queen of the East, was a woman of singular spirit and resolution. Palmyra was a magnificent city of Syria, the ruins of which are yet visible, and mark the splendor of its original state.

Zenobia, after many valorous enterprises, was finally conquered by the Emperor Aurelian; the city of Palmyra submitted to his power; and, after the captive queen had graced his triumph, she was permitted to live in comfort and privacy.

About this time, many small tribes of Germany united themselves, under the name of *Franks*, or *Freemen*, and began to make inroads on the Germans, and to offer resistance to the Romans. These Franks afterwards conquered Gaul, and gave the name of France to that fine country.

Just before Diocletian became emperor of Rome, the Romans had sent an embassy to China, which was then a vast and flourishing empire. But, although the Romans seem to have been as ambitious as ever, their power was evidently on the decline, and was now much shaken by the inroads of the barbarous nations, and the revolts of subjugated provinces.

Fingal, king of Morven, died about this time. You will one day read with great delight some charming poems that describe his actions: they are called *Ossian's Poems*, as

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it was pretended they were written by Ossian. But it is generally believed that they were chiefly the composition of Mr. Macpherson, the gentleman who published them: whoever might be their author, the *Poems of Ossian* must always be read with delight. The north-east coast of Scotland, it is supposed, was anciently called *Morven.* Morven signifies *a ridge of high hills.* The *Caracul* mentioned in these poems is Caracalla, son of Severus; and Severus himself is denominated "King of the World."

CHAPTER LX.

DIOCLETIAN. CONSTANTIUS. OSSIAN.

We are now come to the year 284 after Christ, when Diocletian was chosen emperor of Rome.

Pray, now, pause and observe three things: First, that, in spite of persecution, the Christian religion was rapidly gaining ground: Secondly, that the Roman empire, having become too vast to subsist as one government, was gradually becoming weaker and diminishing: Thirdly, that the several kingdoms of Europe were advancing in refinement and power. We have seen that China and India both attained a high degree of civilization in

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very early times. Egypt was next enlightened, then Greece, and lastly Rome. From Italy knowledge and politeness spread over Europe; and we shall see that in modern times they have been wafted to America,—the light of the mind, like the light of the sun, travelling from east to west.

It is pleasant to stop sometimes, and, turning from war and policy, to give up our thoughts to the contemplation of the progress of improvement in the minds and manners of different nations. I hope you will do so often.

Diocletian, finding the empire too extended for him to govern alone, selected Maximian as his associate in power. These two friends lived very amicably together, ably supporting the dignity of Rome, and bravely opposing her numerous enemies. After some years' skilful government, they both resigned their dignities, A. D. 304. Diocletian lived in peaceful retirement, cultivating his garden, and confessing himself more happy in his humble than in his elevated station. Maximian, being of a less amiable disposition, strove to regain his authority, and, being otherwise turbulent, was compelled to destroy himself.

Constantius and Galerius had been elected Cæsars by the former emperors, as the first step to higher dignity; and, on the abdication

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of Diocletian and Maximian, they became joint emperors.

Constantius came over to Britain, and resided at York. In that fine city he was taken ill, and there he died, after having named his son Constantine for his successor, A. D. 306. Galerius and others sought to prevent the accession of Constantine; but, Galerius dying shortly of a severe disease, Constantine in a few months contrived to make himself sole emperor of Rome; and, for his many good qualities and heroic actions, he has been denominated *Constantine the Great.*

When Diocletian was on the throne, Carausius, an active naval officer, made himself sovereign of Britain, and had reigned there with great ability for about seven years, when he was murdered by Alectus, his pretended friend, who assumed the dignity of which he had deprived Carausius, A. D. 293. But Constantius conquered and killed the usurper, in 296, and was welcomed as the friend of Britain, because he saved London from being pillaged by the Gauls and Saxons, who were in the service of Alectus. It seems that Britain had now a fleet and cities. The cities of York and London were built, and probably many others.

The natives were beginning to learn the arts of life from their conquerors, the Romans.

Ossian, the son of Fingal, flourished about

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this time, A. D. 312. I have already said that his name has been affixed to some beautiful poems.

The Britons had learnt to make wines, A. D. 276; and were, I dare say, as much more polished from what they had originally been, as they are now from what they were then.

CHAPTER LXI.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT must have a chapter to himself. He early showed a regard for the Christian religion; and when he assumed the *purple*, that is, when he became emperor, he raised the insulted Christians from their persecuted condition. He not only professed Christianity himself, but also recommended its adoption to his subjects; and, without acting with severity towards the ancient religion of Rome, he effectually promoted the interests of Christianity. He called an assembly of bishops and other churchmen, to assist in the establishment of the Christian religion in a pure form. This was called "the Council of Nice." Nice was a city in Bithynia; and Bithynia was in Asia Minor, and is now

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called Natolia. Athanasius attended this council. The Creed, or Belief, that bears his name, as the *Athanasian Creed*, was, however, not written by him, but composed many years after his death. The *Nicene Creed* was the one produced at Nice, and derives its name from that place.

I told you that St. Peter is called the first pope of Rome, although it is believed he never visited that city. Yet all popes call themselves the successors of St. Peter. The bishop of Rome, when he took the name and office of *pope*, deemed himself the head of the church, and claimed extensive influence and authority.

Christianity is said to have been introduced into Britain A. D. 60; and the profession of it by Constantine more widely and firmly diffused it through that island.

Constantine, having conquered his foreign foes, devoted himself to govern the empire wisely and beneficently. Fourteen years of undisturbed peace proved his able administration. But, prosperous as was his public career, his private life was darkened with sorrows, if not stained with crimes.

By his first wife, Minervena, he had a son, Crispus, a youth of extraordinary promise — brave, polished, and dutiful. You will be shocked to hear that this interesting young man was put to death, in the bloom of life, by the command of his father. This strange

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affair is variously accounted for; the most probable explanation is the following: Constantine's second wife, Fausta, had many children, and, probably, desirous of securing the succession to her own sons, she irritated her husband with falsehoods respecting the guiltless and amiable Crispus. It seems that, when too late, Constantine discovered the injustice he had committed, and bitterly lamented his rashness and cruelty.

The Roman people were enraged at the loss of their favorite prince, and long and loudly murmured at his fate. Constantine, perhaps wounded by these complaints, or no longer at ease in a place that reminded him of his lost child, removed the seat of empire to Byzantium, where he erected a splendid city, and named it from himself, Constantinople. The court, of course, accompanied the emperor; and thus the new city rapidly increased in extent and magnificence.

It is thought that this removal of the court to Constantinople gave the finishing stroke to the downfall of Rome; from that period, "the Queen of Cities" lost her right to that title, and the Roman empire began to shake to its foundation. As this event produced very important consequences, it will be useful for you to remember when it took place.

Famed Rome was deserted by Constantine,
In the year three hundred and twenty-nine.

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This rude couplet will perhaps assist you to remember the date it records.

The Goths immediately took advantage of the removal of the emperor, and rushed down upon the Roman provinces; nor were they driven back till they had ravaged and laid waste a large tract of country.

Once more at peace, the emperor divided his immense empire between his three sons; and this division contributed still further to hasten the decline of the Roman power. Constantine at length began to find the approaches of a disorder which soon terminated his life. He therefore gave the last testimony of his religious belief, and was baptized at Nicomedia. Soon after, he received the holy sacrament, and expired at an advanced age, after a glorious reign of nearly thirty-one years, A. D. 337.

At this era, instead of being distinguished according to virtue and talents, the Romans valued each other according to their rank and wealth. Excellent roads were constructed, and regular couriers established. Torture was used to compel criminals to confession; and numerous taxes were levied on merchandise and manufactures by the sole authority of the emperor.

Such was Rome in the time of Constantine the Great.

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CHAPTER LXII.

CONSTANTIUS. JULIAN.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT was long and deeply regretted; his dead body, for some time, was treated with as much respect and attention as if the emperor had been still alive; and the courtiers approached it with bended knees: hence it has been said that Constantine continued to reign after his death.

He had directed that his three sons and two nephews should be his successors; but Constantius, the youngest of the three elected brothers, contrived to get rid of his competitors, and thus became sole emperor.

Sapor, king of the eastern part of Persia, a warlike prince, engaged the Romans in many battles, and completely routed them at Singara. The son of Sapor was, however, taken prisoner by Constantius, and, I am sorry to add, cruelly put to death. Constantius died of a fever in a small town near Tarsus, A. D. 361.

Julian, the youngest nephew of Constantine, had been declared emperor by his army; and, on the death of his cousin, he hastened to Constantinople, and was universally acknowledged sole sovereign.

Julian had received a very learned educa-

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tion at Athens, whither he had been sent by the jealous Constantius, who had once kept him a captive, and either caused or consented to the death of all his family. Julian, however, was intrusted with high military command, and worthily upheld the fame of his country.

He preserved Gaul from the hands of the barbarians, and spent some time in Paris. This now fine city was at that time a small place, having two wooden bridges over its river, the Seine; a large forest appeared on one side, and a palace and other public buildings were erected for the use of the Romans. The Gauls were a brave and simple people, and the ancient name of their chief city was Lutetia.

Julian had been educated in the Christian religion; but, as soon as he assumed the purple, he strove to repress that religion, and to promote the restoration of the pagan mythology, or belief in many gods; hence he is called "Julian the Apostate." I cannot tell you in how many open and concealed ways he attempted to undermine Christianity; but I can tell you with pleasure, that, whilst willing to change the *form* of religion, he seemed desirous to preserve the *spirit* of that pure morality delivered by Jesus Christ.

Julian was the most active and industrious man in his empire; he rose early and went

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late to bed; he hurried over his simple meals with all the despatch in his power.* It is said that he would employ his hand to write, his ear to listen, and his voice to dictate, on three different subjects at the same time; and had numerous secretaries to succeed each other, whilst he remained without repose to direct them all. He generally lived upon vegetables, and deemed the pleasures of eating and drinking beneath his consideration; he thought every moment lost that was not devoted to the good of his people and the improvement of his own mind. He was the friend of Greece, and restored her cities to comparative freedom and prosperity.

The principal merit of Julian appears to have been his intense and unremitted application to whatever he conceived to be right and praiseworthy. What can be done without application? Without it, the finest qualities are worthless; with it, very humble talents must insure a certain portion of fame and success. Julian was unhappily educated amidst people who were ignorant of the purity and perfection of Christianity; and thus he became the enemy of religion, the doctrines of which he unconsciously approved and promulgated. It is said that, when Julian was about rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem, the workmen were impeded in their labor by fire

* Gibbon.

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rushing from the ground; certain it is, that he never completed this undertaking.

Numbers of persons from distant places travelled to Jerusalem, to behold the spot where the sepulchre of Christ was situated. These persons were called *pilgrims;* and such journeys, or *pilgrimages,* were long deemed necessary and proper by holy people.

The martial spirit of Julian urged him continually to war; and in an engagement with the Persians he was mortally wounded. He tried to draw out the javelin which had pierced his side, but fainted in the attempt. When he recovered from his swoon, the first words he spoke were for his arms and his horse, that he might return to the contest; but, feeling his weakness, he devoted his last hours to conversation with his friends. About midnight, he called for a draught of cold water, and, having swallowed it, expired, A. D. 363, at the age of thirty-two, after a short reign of three years.

CHAPTER LXIII.

JOVIAN. VALENTINIAN. THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

On the death of Julian, the soldiers made Jovian, a captain of the guards, their emperor. He withdrew the army from Persia, and pur-

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chased a safe retreat by giving up some conquered provinces. Jovian was a friend to the Christians; but he died so soon that little good could be effected in his reign. His death was sudden: after eating a very hearty supper, he retired to bed, and the next morning he was found lifeless. Some thought that he was killed by indigestion, and some that he was suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. You know that to breathe the vapor which arises from burning charcoal is very dangerous, and often causes death; and there can be little doubt that many persons lose their lives from excessive eating and drinking. Let the fate of Jovian be in your memory, to prevent your running any of these risks.

At this time the Romans, having many enemies to oppose and many conquered countries to keep in subjection, were very often forced to take their soldiers from one place to guard another. Thus it sometimes happened that the Roman troops were called from Britain, and sent to fight in Gaul or Germany. At such times, the Picts and Scots took advantage of their absence, and, in little wicker boats, covered with leather, crossed the friths, or small arms of the sea, and committed great devastations in Britain: they were always driven back, but not till they had done much mischief, and carried away large spoil.

Valentinian, who was chosen to succeed Jovian, elected his brother Valens to share the

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government with him; and thus the vast empire of Rome was divided into two sovereignties, known by the name of the Eastern and Western Empires.

Valentinian kept for himself the Western Empire, and gave the Eastern to his brother. This division was made with great pomp and solemnity, A. D. 364.

Valentinian caused his own death, by putting himself into a violent passion. The Quadi, a tribe of Germans, had sent an embassy to soften the anger of the emperor, who had resolved to exterminate them, for invading some of his dominions. Although these ambassadors approached him in the most humble manner, yet he burst out into a fury of rage, and spoke so loud, and with such violent gestures, that he broke a large blood-vessel, and expired after a few moments of extreme agony — an awful warning to those who are inclined to give way to their passions!

Gratian, the son, and Valentinian II., the grandson of Valentinian I., each in turn succeeded him; but, both dying soon, Theodosius became emperor of the West: on the death of Valens, he became also emperor of the East; so that the empire was once more governed by a single sovereign.

Theodosius became a Christian, and not only befriended Christianity, but also sanctioned the decision of the senate, that Paganism should no longer be the religion of the

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state. Two intelligent men learnedly and skilfully argued in the senate on the different excellences of Christianity and Paganism. After a long and sober discussion, the superiority of the Christian religion was so fully and clearly established, that the senate resolved no longer to support Paganism. From that period, Christianity has been the religion of all civilized countries.

The incalculable benefit which Theodosius conferred on all human kind, by the extinction of a false and the establishment of the true religion, had it been his only merit, would have entitled him to the epithet of Great. But Theodosius had other claims to renown. He was wise, brave, and generous; he loved and practised the domestic virtues; he was affectionate to his relations, faithful to his friends, tender as a husband, and kind as a father. Were not these virtues the growth of the pure religion he professed? Theodosius was of a very passionate disposition, as was proved by his ordering the massacre of many persons at Thessalonica, because an officer of his had been put to death by these people. When Theodosius became calm, he tried to prevent the slaughter; but his mercy came too late. So it is that passion dictates what reason would abhor! Who, then, would yield to passion?

Theodosius was aware of his defect, and, except in this instance, steadily governed him-

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self. He generously forgave the inhabitants of Antioch, who had greatly incensed him, and whom he had intended to punish; but he subdued his anger, and pardoned them. However happy I should be to tell you more of the admirable Theodosius, I think it better to leave you the pleasure of reading of him in a better and larger history; and will only add, that, to the deep affliction of his subjects, Theodosius the Great expired at Milan, in the sixtieth year of his age, and eighteenth of his reign, A. D. 395.

CHAPTER LXIV.

HONORIUS. ALARIC. PULCHERIA.

THEODOSIUS divided his empire between his two sons. He made Honorius, the younger, emperor of the West, of which Rome was the capital; and Arcadius received the throne of the East, of which Constantinople was the seat of government.

Thus was this immense empire *finally* divided; and we shall soon behold the termination of the dominion of Imperial Rome. Honorius was very young when he assumed the purple, and by his weakness and indecision hastened the downfall of a state which it was

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his duty to cherish and protect. Alarmed at the approach of the Goths under the martial Alaric, he fled to Ravenna. With him moved the court; and thus Rome again suffered by the desertion of its sovereign. Honorius further lessened his dominions, by giving away part of Spain as the marriage portion of his sister; and by allowing the Burgundians, a people of Germany, to settle in Gaul.

The Goths were divided into many distinct nations, of which the chief were the Ostrogoths and Visigoths; that is, the Eastern and Western Goths. Alaric was king of the Visigoths. Harassed by numerous foes, the Romans had resorted to the dangerous policy of engaging one tribe of Goths to fight against another. Alaric had thus served under the Romans; but, fancying his merits had not been sufficiently rewarded, he collected an army, desolated Greece, and entered Italy. Athens was saved from his fury, because the inhabitants readily opened their gates for his entrance. Stilicho, the Roman general, showed the yet undestroyed spirit of his once conquering countrymen, by driving Alaric into Arcadia. But, after the death of Stilicho, the king of the Visigoths again invaded Italy, and pitched his camp before Rome. A large sum of money bribed him to retire for a short time; but, A. D. 410, he came back, entered Rome by force, and gave up the city to be plundered by his soldiers. It has been ob-

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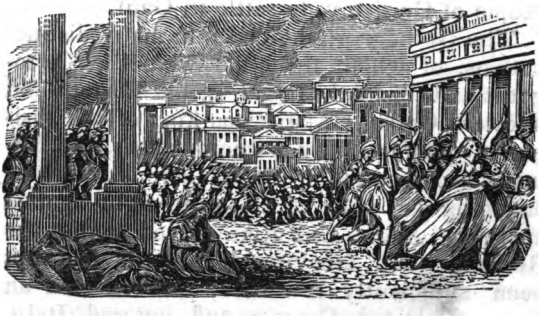
served that such of the Goths as were Christians spared many of the inhabitants, and respected the temples dedicated to worship — one of many instances that might be adduced of the beneficial effects of the religion of Christ, thus humanizing the heart, and inspiring mercy to a fallen foe.



For six days, pillage and murder filled this once imperial city; and for four years the Goths kept possession of Italy. Alaric, not contented with this splendid conquest, resolved upon making himself master of Sicily and Africa. How restless, how insatiable is ambition! Part of the Goths had embarked, and were lost in a storm in the Straits of Messina; and, Alaric himself dying, the invasion was given up. The funeral of Alaric was too remarkable not to be noticed. The barbarians employed their prisoners to dig a deep trench,

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into which they turned the waters of a river. In the bed of the river thus deprived of its waters, they buried Alaric with great pomp and splendor: this done, they returned the waters into their proper channel; and thus the murmuring river became the monument of their deceased monarch — a changing but imperishable memento!

The spot so consecrated was forever kept concealed by the cruel slaughter of the captives who had dug his tomb! You now guess the reason of this choice of a grave? It might have been justly feared, that, otherwise, the desolator of Rome would not have reposed undisturbed.

Alaric is represented as not only brave, but generous, and much more polished than the people whom he governed. Athaulfus, or Adolphus, his successor, married Placidia, the sister of Honorius, and received with her, as I told you, a dowry of some provinces in Spain.

St. Chrysostom, the patriarch of Constantinople, had been sent into exile by Arcadius. This feeble emperor expired after an inglorious reign of fourteen years, aged thirty-one, A. D. 408.

Theodosius II. was only a nominal emperor; he indeed succeeded his father Arcadius; but the government was put into the hands of his sister Pulcheria, who for forty years reigned

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with prudence and ability; first in her brother's name, and lastly in her own. At sixteen she received the title of *Augusta*. She was charitable, industrious, and pious: she wrote the Greek and Latin languages with elegance and fluency; she spoke well on public occasions; and was as deliberate in considering affairs as she was prompt in executing them when resolved upon. Though thus entirely ruling the empire, she modestly attributed its peace and prosperity to her brother.

Pulcheria is not the only woman who has shone as a sovereign and legislator. This proves that women are capable of discharging the duties of a public station. Few are so called upon to act; but all may give dignity and happiness to the circle of domestic life, the true sphere of womanly exertion.

CHAPTER LXV.

FERGUS. PHARAMOND. THE ROMANS QUIT BRITAIN.

HONORIUS, emperor of the West, died suddenly, A. D. 423; and a usurper, named John, strove to succeed him; but he was soon conquered and beheaded, and Valentinian III. was placed on the throne of Rome, A. D. 425.

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But we must go back a little in the order of time; for I have to tell you that, just when Alaric was about to enter Rome, Scotland was governed by a king, named Fergus, of whom little more is known.

The Franks also had now a king, named Pharamond. The date of this monarch's reign has been variously asserted; but when you consider the barbarous state of those nations, their want of historians, and the changes that are unavoidably made in all writings, from translations and various copyings, you will not wonder that I cannot tell you much of Fergus and Pharamond. And here I must request you to reflect on the degree of reliance that is to be placed on all historical accounts. Pray, when any thing has happened in a neighbor's family, nay, in your own home, have you not sometimes heard very contradictory accounts of the same action? If the truth is so difficult to be ascertained respecting events that have lately happened, how impossible must it be to procure it respecting matters that have taken place fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago!

I press this upon your attention, because I would not have you hastily believe improbable and extraordinary incidents; because I would not have you indiscriminately credit those hideous stories of vice and cruelty, so frequently detailed. When we hear of wicked tyrants, whilst we hate the crimes laid to their

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charge, let us remember that it is possible those crimes were never committed by them; and never let us forget that the memory of the dead ought to be sacred. They cannot speak to vindicate themselves; let our candor do it for them. Historians may err by mistake, by false intelligence, or by misconception: let us hate every crime and every degree of tyranny; but let us not readily believe those to be guilty who are represented as such.

In the reign of Valentinian III., the Romans finally quitted Britain. They wanted all the soldiers they could collect for the defence of Rome, and therefore drew away their troops from this island, and many Britons with them. They seem to have behaved as kindly as they could on their departure. They repaired the stone wall, which had been built by Severus to keep off the northern invaders; they taught the Britons how best to defend themselves; and departed on the most friendly terms with the people whom they had governed for almost four hundred years, A. D. 426.

The Britons were now left to make their own laws and rule themselves. The Romans had taught them how to build houses and make roads. They had schools for the instruction of youth, and had begun to know the use of metals. But it has been said that, though brave, they were not warlike; they would fight boldly, but not skilfully. How-

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ever, as they could no longer depend upon the Romans for help and advice, they were compelled to think and act for themselves.

The Scots and Picts entered Britain by breaking down parts of the wall; and they pillaged every place they visited. The alarmed Britons hastily fled before them, and took shelter in their woods and mountains. In this distress they applied for help to Aëtius, the general of Valentinian, and in these memorable words addressed him: "The barbarians are on one side, the sea on the other; the sea drives us on the barbarians, and the barbarians drive us into the sea: we must either be cut to pieces by the sword, or drowned in the deep." This disgraceful lamentation of Britons was uttered in vain. Aëtius could not help them; but the invaders, having taken all they could, retired of their own accord.

The frightened Britons now returned to the homes they had abandoned, and again busied themselves in cultivating the ground. Their labors were rewarded with abundant crops; so that from terror and complaint they changed to mirth and indulgence.

Easily depressed and easily elevated — such were our forefathers. Do not you think something of this character still subsists among us?

The Vandals were at this time ravaging Africa, where Genseric, their king, surprised and took Carthage, A. D. 439, nearly six hundred years after the destruction of the ancient

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city by Scipio. The more modern Carthage had been built by Augustus; it was a splendid city, but the relentless Genseric cruelly desolated it.

There was another city, in Spain, called New Carthage, built by Asdrubal, B. C. 227.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ATTILA. FRANKS. MONASTERIES.

ATTILA became sole king of the Huns, by depriving his brother Bleda of his life, A. D. 444. He was so ferocious in his appearance that his subjects trembled when they looked at him; and he was so fond of war that he was called "the Scourge of God." I do not like this name, either for him or any body else; since I find it difficult to believe that a God of mercy and love inspires thoughts of blood and rapine.

The vast countries then called Scythia and Germany were under the control of Attila; and, as he was perpetually making conquests, his territory was always increasing. He carried his victorious army to the gates of Constantinople, and obliged Theodosius II. to purchase safety by large tributes and gifts.

Ambassadors were afterwards sent to the

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exacting king of the Huns. During the journey, the barbarians supplied the embassy with all the necessaries of life; they brought them millet, mead, and strong spirits. Their houses and palaces were made of wood; but their furniture, their dress, and military accoutrements, were enriched with treasures taken from the people they had conquered — goblets of gold and silver from Greece, and jewels and embroidery from the Romans.

After keeping the Romans in terror for many years, Attila died of excessive drinking, A. D. 454. It is supposed that an artery burst and suffocated him as he lay in bed; for he was in the morning found dead, though he had retired the night before in apparent health.

So haughtily did this rude king treat the Romans, that once, when disappointed of receiving the accustomed tribute, he commanded his ambassadors to send the following remonstrance to the courts of Constantinople and Ravenna: "Attila, *my* lord and *your* lord, commands you to provide a palace for his immediate reception." Gaul and Italy were ravaged by this remorseless warrior. Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, once defeated him; but, after the death of Theodoric, he continued his ravages. It is said that Attila at last gave peace to the Romans because he was softened by the eloquence, and struck by the appearance, of Leo, bishop or pope of Rome.

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The Franks were now established in Gaul, under Merovæus, who was the first king of the Merovingian family. The Franks were tall and fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair; their dress fitted so tightly as to show their exact shape; they wore a long sword hung in a belt at the side, and carried a large shield. Monasteries were now common in Gaul; and, as these abodes have continued to subsist down to the present era, both in France and Italy, I will give you some account of their origin.

The first person who devoted himself to a life of seclusion was Antony, an Egyptian. He left his family and friends, and retired to a lonely spot, near the Red Sea, A. D. 271; there he lived for some time alone, spending his time in prayer and meditation, and living upon roots and herbs. Other Egyptians desired to follow his example; and, crowding to him, they built large edifices and dwelt in them; devoting themselves to religion, and subsisting on the simplest fare. These buildings, called monasteries, soon spread over Egypt, and thence to other parts of the world; the persons retiring to them were named monks, anchorets, or hermits; numerous women also entered these holy abodes, and gave themselves up to piety and retirement.

Martin of Tours, a soldier, a hermit, and a saint, introduced monasteries in Gaul, A. D. 360; one was also founded at Barchor, in

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Flintshire; and another at Iona, one of the islands of the Hebrides. From these the custom spread through Ireland, Scotland, and South Britain.

The monks were divided into several kinds, as the Benedictines, the Franciscans, &c., and followed different rules; but all secluded themselves from social life, and refused to partake of the pleasures and business of the world. What would become of the world, if all people were to do so? How would mankind be fed, and clothed, and sheltered? How could the soil be tilled or animals killed for food, or manufactures prosecuted for clothing, or houses built and furnished? Can idleness be virtue? The persons who first became monks, no doubt, thought they were doing right, and must be pitied for their ignorance. But, in more enlightened times, it is strange that such institutions should continue to exist. You have heard of the convents in France: these convents were monasteries in which men and women resided, shut out from the sight and companionship of their fellow-creatures. Old and young, rich and poor, were thus imprisoned together; and in some of these abodes not a word was allowed to be spoken, so that constant silence reigned with unbroken solitude.

I turn from this melancholy picture, to inform you that the barbarous nations were now almost all of them converted to Christianity.

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The Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, and Suevi, (a tribe settled in Spain,) all acknowledged the Christian faith. The Saxons and Franks, indeed, still remained Pagans; but you will shortly hear of their conversion also.

When we think of those rude times, all Europe appears to have been devastated by war and rapine — the Romans feebly striving to repel the numerous invaders, and every year becoming weaker by the contest — the nations now flourishing in arts and literature, slowly but gradually emerging from barbarism. Such was the state of the world, A. D. 450.

CHAPTER LXVII.

HENGIST AND HORSA. ARTHUR. VENICE.

About A. D. 445, the Britons were again alarmed by information that their northern neighbors were about to invade their country once more; and, according to their usual custom in seasons of danger, they elected a general to command their united forces. Vortigern was chosen for this post of honor; but, instead of exerting the power of the nation, this prince looked abroad for assistance, and resolved to ask aid of the Saxons.

The Saxons were one of those Gothic na-

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tions, who, before the time of Cæsar, had, under the name of Suevi, settled in Germany. They were more refined than the Britons, and better understood the art of war. The custom of trying by twelve men, (which we call a *jury*,) and which is one of the boast of our constitution, was derived from the Saxons.

The petition sent by Vortigern was very humble, and such as a Briton now-a-days would be ashamed to prefer. It is now the practice for Britons to fight their own battles, and protect their own country, and not beseech others to do it for them. But the Britons of modern times, be it remembered, are in a great measure descendants of those very Saxons of whom I am now speaking.

The Saxons were very glad to accept the invitation; and two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, came over with fifteen hundred men, and landed in the Isle of Thanet, in Kent: joining the Britons, they marched forwards, and routed the Scots and Picts, whom they found advanced as far as Lincolnshire. The Saxons, having conquered the enemies of Britain, next turned their arms on their friends, and attacked the Britons themselves. Horsa was slain; but Hengist ravaged the island; so that numbers of the islanders fled for safety to Armorica, since called Brittany, in France.

Hengist made himself master of Kent, Essex, and Middlesex, and fixed his residence at Canterbury.

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Ella, another Saxon general, took possession of Surrey, Sussex, and part of Hampshire; while another tribe, under Cerdic, made a third settlement, in Berks, Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, and Devon.

About this time, we hear of Arthur, king of the Silures, who gained great renown by defeating the Saxons in twelve pitched battles. He was a prince of great courage; and it is said that, in one battle, he destroyed more than four hundred of the enemy with his own hand. But of little avail was his courage against the host of marauders that now poured into the island: after a long struggle, he was slain in battle, about A. D. 542; and the Saxons were left to possess themselves of the unprotected island.

We will leave these invaders fighting their way to dominion, and inquire about our old friends the Romans.

Whilst Hengist was desolating Britain, Genseric, king of the Vandals, was as busily employed in Italy. Rome was again the prey of a barbarian victor; and though Genseric promised to spare the city, at the request of Leo the Great, her venerable pope, yet he did not keep his word. The Vandals and Moors from Carthage pillaged the city for fourteen days, and vast treasures were removed to Carthage, A. D. 455. Numbers of Romans were carried away as captives; amongst whom were the two daughters of Theodosius, and

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his wife, the Empress Eudoxia. These unhappy prisoners were in a state of great misery on their arrival in Africa. Deogratias, the good bishop of Carthage, softened their sufferings in every way he could devise: he ransomed some, and distributed food and medicines to the sick and starving; he visited them, comforted them, and showed that he practised as well as taught the maxims of the religion he professed. It is refreshing to meet with such an instance of humanity and piety, in an age marked by rude and ferocious manners.

About this time, A. D. 452, the beautiful city of Venice was founded. When Attila drove the people of Italy before him, some of them took refuge in the small islands that stand in the Adriatic Sea, close to the shore of Italy, and there laid the foundation of a city, which afterwards made a great figure in history.

Venice is described as looking at a distance like a large town floating on the sea. Instead of paved streets, canals run before the houses, so that boats (gondolas) are used by passengers instead of coaches and chairs. Many bridges cross these canals; and some of the public buildings are most magnificent. Do you not think it must be a very extraordinary place? At first, like all other towns, it only consisted of a few rude huts; then better houses were built; and it went on improving in size

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and beauty. So all earthly things advance to maturity. The child grows to the man; the sapling swells into the oak; the circle of huts changes to the magnificent city!

CHAPTER LXVIII.

EXTINCTION OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE, A. D. 476.

We have had much amusement in tracing the history of Rome, from its foundation by Romulus, B. C. 753, through more than twelve hundred years of its busy existence. We are now come to the interesting period of its downfall.

You have seen that, from the departure of Constantine, this once imperial city began to lose its greatness. The division of the vast empire between the sons of Constantine still further shook its stability; the removal of Honorius with his court to Ravenna was another evil which led to its decline.

The Romans had no longer wise, and brave, and prudent monarchs, and they had more numerous and more skilful enemies. The population of the world had greatly increased. All these circumstances combined to wrest from Rome her influence and her conquests.

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Theodosius the Great, for a short period, was sole governor of the empire, but divided it, at his death, between his two sons. Rome fell to the lot of Honorius; and I will give you a list of his successors.

	A. D.
Honorius became emperor	395
Valentinian	425
Maximus	455
Avitus	455
Majorianus	457
Severus	461
Anthemius	467
Olybrius	472
Glycerius	473
Julius Nepos	474
Augustulus Romulus	475

In the short space of eighty years, Rome was governed by eleven successive sovereigns. It is singular, that the name of the last emperor should be similar to that of the founder. Augustulus took the name of Romulus from his mother, who was the daughter of a Count Romulus. His father was Orestes, a warlike general, who had once fought at the head of the barbarians, under the command of Attila; but afterwards became an officer under Nepos; and in that situation excited the army to depose Nepos and proclaim Augustulus emperor of the West.

Augustulus, young and effeminate, was incapable of wielding the sceptre of this still mighty empire. His father supported his

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rights, and continued to act as the general of his son.

Orestes had engaged some barbarians to fight in his army. These mercenaries (men who fight for money) became very exorbitant in their demands, and asked for excessive rewards.

Orestes had the spirit and the virtue to deny them; for, he said, he would not take land from innocent people; and, by this honest decision, he exposed himself to the rage of the disappointed barbarians.

Sad must have been the state of the world, when virtue received the treatment due to crime! Another barbarian general, named Odoacer, took advantage of the mutiny of the troops, and, by large promises gaining the command, accomplished the ruin of Orestes, and entered Rome in triumph. Orestes was publicly executed; his son, Augustulus, was banished to the castle of Lucullus, where he lived with his family, and was allowed a handsome income. Thus perished the Western Empire.

Odoacer was proclaimed king of Italy; but, it is said, though he ruled the empire, he never assumed the purple, nor wore the crown. As people from many nations composed his army and his subjects, he was fearful of offending one party by taking the title of the sovereign of another.

Odoacer reigned fourteen years, when he

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was conquered by Theodoric, the Ostrogoth. The city of Ravenna, in which he resided, was taken after a siege of three years; and it was agreed that the two Gothic chiefs should reign jointly; but, a few days after this treaty, Odoacer was stabbed at a banquet by the command of Theodoric.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THEODORIC. ST. PATRICK. CLOVIS.

Rome still existed as a city; but she was no longer the Imperial city, the queen of the world, the seat of power. The attacks of the barbarians had greatly injured her beauty and magnificence; and she bears, to this day, the marks of their merciless and tasteless incursions.

Another Gothic sovereign now reigned in Italy: this was Theodoric, born at Vienna, in Germany, two years after the death of Attila. He was of royal race, the son of Theodemir, king of the Amali, and succeeded to his father's throne. When he had obtained possession of Italy, he declined the title of *emperor*, but adopted that of *king;* and addressed with apparent respect his partner in empire, Anastatius, then emperor of Constantinople.

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His court, at Ravenna, was splendid, and conducted according to the manners of ancient Rome. He gave peace to the empire; and in the beginning of his reign tolerated the Catholic religion — a religion founded on Christianity.

He visited Rome, and viewed with admiration and reverence the injured monuments of her former magnificence — the lofty column of Trajan, the theatre of Pompey, and the noble amphitheatre of Titus. He beheld, with surprise and delight, the city supplied with water from fourteen aqueducts.* He created an officer, whose sole business it was to preserve the monuments of art; and he embellished many cities with churches, palaces, and other public buildings. He chiefly resided at Ravenna, where he amused himself by cultivating an orchard with his own hands; he encouraged agriculture, directed the working of the mines, and drained the Pontine marshes. These marshes were near Rome, and the damp air arising from them was occasionally very unwholesome. By this good management, such plenty abounded, that a gallon of wine was sometimes sold for three farthings, and a quarter (eight bushels) of corn for five shillings and sixpence. So honest were the citizens, that it was a common

* Lat. *Aquæductus*, — from *aqua*, water, and *duco*, to conduct, — a conveyance for water.

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saying, a purse of gold might be safely left in the fields.

You see, I had good reason for speaking to you of Theodoric. I am sure you will allow that it is pleasurable to speak of so beneficent a monarch. The grandfather of Theodoric was a prince of very rare qualities; he was humane and benignant, rose early, and devoted his long and active day to the duties of his station: a description of his person and manners has been preserved by Gibbon, and I am sure you will read it with pleasure.

Again we trace the excellence of character to the good example of a parent. The grandfather of Theodoric was also called Theodoric, and kept his court at Tholouse. The king, of whom we are speaking, Theodoric, the conqueror of Italy, died at an advanced age, and left the kingdom of Italy to his grandson Athalaric, and Spain to his grandson Amelaric, A. D. 526.

There is a legend that, about this time, St. Patrick converted the Irish to Christianity. Ireland, it is said, was so famous for its learned men, its monasteries, and its academies, that it was entitled *the Island of Saints*. It was in so prosperous and tranquil a state, that men distinguished for piety and talent took refuge there from the warfare of the rest of Europe.

The Franks were converted to Christianity about this period. It seems that Clovis, king of the Franks, had defeated the Roman gov-

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ernor, and taken complete possession of Gaul. He married Clotilda, daughter of the king of Burgundy, and made himself master of that kingdom by dethroning her father.* Clotilda was a Christian, as were all the Burgundians, and she persuaded her husband to embrace the religion she professed. When Clovis became a Christian, A. D. 496, all his subjects followed his example; so that Clotilda bestowed a public benefit. With Clovis begins the regular history of France. He revised the Salic laws, which were derived from a people of Germany. One of these laws excludes women from the throne; hence no female ever wore the crown of France.

Theodoric conquered Clovis in battle, but afterwards made peace with him. Paris was now made the capital of France; and Clovis died, A. D. 511, after dividing his kingdom among his four sons.

Of the successors of Clovis, none were worthy of notice, until Pepin le Bref, the grandson of Charles Martel, became king, by virtue of an order from the pope. When Pepin died, A. D. 768, he left two sons, Charles and Carloman, between whom he bequeathed his kingdom. But, Carloman dying soon after his father, Charles became sole sovereign: you will soon hear of him, under the name of *Charlemagne*, acting a very distinguished part in history.

* Tytler.

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CHAPTER LXX.

JUSTINIAN. BELISARIUS.

We have seen the Western Empire in the hands of the barbarians; let us now inquire how the Eastern emperors were going on. If you will look at a map of the world, you will see that Constantinople lies to the east of Rome, and you will thus understand why it is called the seat of the Eastern Empire. The following is a list of the Eastern emperors, beginning with Arcadius, the son of Theodosius the Great, down to Justinian I.

	A. D.
Arcadius began to reign	395
Theodosius and Pulcheria	408
Marcian	450
Leo the Great	457
Leo II.	474
Zeno	474
Extinction of the Western Empire.	
Anastasius	491
Justin I.	518
Justinian I.	527

As the period of Justinian's reign is marked by many interesting events, both in his Eastern Empire and in other parts of the world, I will make you acquainted with some of them.

Justinian succeeded his uncle Justin. He was a youth of obscure origin, but was taken

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early from his native village, and educated at Constantinople by his uncle, who adopted him, and named him for his successor. It is said that Justin was himself so ignorant that he did not even know the alphabet. Theodora, the wife of Justinian, was a very singular character; but, as her faults were many, I shall not further notice her.

Justinian was fortunate in the possession of a valiant and skilful general. You have heard of Belisarius; and you have heard that, after a life of glory, he was deprived of his sight and of his fortune, and, like a blind beggar, went about asking for a penny: this is not true. Belisarius was long as successful as he was brave; he preserved such strict discipline among his troops, that, in the neighborhood of his camp, not an apple was stolen from the trees, nor a path made through the cornfields. He defeated the Persians, and quelled an insurrection at Constantinople; he vanquished Gelimar, king of Africa, and took from him his capital city, Carthage, A. D. 534.

The Moors are now first named in history. They were originally natives of the ancient Mauritania, which comprehended the present empire of Morocco, and from which these people derive their name. They spread themselves, in the sequel, over the whole north of Africa, and conquered Spain, which they retained for several centuries. The Moors, attacking the Romans, were completely routed,

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and driven back into their fastnesses, their deserts, and mountains.

Belisarius was equally successful in Italy; he recovered many cities from the dominion of the Goths, and made himself master of Rome. The crown of Italy was offered to him, but he magnanimously refused the tempting present. In 546, Totila the Goth, in the absence of Belisarius, pillaged Rome; but this brave and venerable general once more recovered the city from the barbarians.

After a long and glorious life, Justinian, jealous of his fame, treated him with most undeserved contempt; and he was even tried, on pretence that he had conspired against the life of the emperor. You must read the whole interesting account of the actions of Belisarius. He died at a very advanced age, A. D. 565; but neither blind nor in want; though his property had been confiscated by the emperor. Justinian did not long survive the general to whom he owed so much, and whom he had so unjustly treated.

Soon after the death of Belisarius, the Lombards, a nation of Germans, or Scandinavians, settled in Italy, and by degrees gained possession of a great part of that kingdom. They made Pavia their capital: the rest of Italy was governed for the emperor by an Exarch,* or governor, whose residence was at Ravenna.

* The Exarch had civil, military, and ecclesiastical dominion. — *Gibbon.*

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Justinian assured to himself the respect of posterity by a code of laws which he caused to be compiled. As you grow older, you will often hear of the *Pandects* of Justinian; and you will find that the laws of that celebrated emperor are infused into those of almost all the countries of Europe. He very wisely selected whatever was worthy of attention from the laws of ancient Rome, and thus produced a most valuable code.

The church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, of which travellers now speak in terms of high praise, was founded and built by Justinian; who considered himself a second Solomon for erecting this noble edifice.

Various manufactures now enriched the Romans, and in the reign of Justinian silk began to be woven for garments. The eggs of the silkworm were brought from China in the hollow of a cane; for the Chinese would not knowingly have allowed them to be taken away: they were thus, however, safely and secretly transported into Europe, where they soon multiplied abundantly.

A trade with China now subsisted both by sea and land; the land journey, though long and difficult, can be conjectured. The intercourse by sea is judged to have been thus managed; look at a map of the world; trace the Chinese coasting it from China, through the Strait of Malacca, to Acheen, the extreme point of the Island of Sumatra, and thence crossing over

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to Ceylon, where the merchants of Persia might meet them, by coming down the Persian Gulf, and convey their merchandise to Constantinople.

CHAPTER LXXI.

MOHAMMED. ST. AUGUSTINE.

I HAVE now to tell you of a strange impostor, named Mohammed, or Mahomet, the artful and ambitious teacher of a false religion.

I have mentioned the Arabs, as a wandering race, who, from the days of Moses, had preserved nearly the same customs and manners. Some of the tribes lived together in towns, and were stationary. Among the many cities that adorned Arabia, Mecca and Medina are most celebrated; they are both situated on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea: so look for them in a map of Asia. The Arabians had been idolaters, and had worshipped images. They had a temple at Mecca, called Caaba, which was annually visited by pilgrims, who there worshipped idols and performed sacrifices. Afterwards, Christianity was introduced, and was gaining ground rapidly, when Mohammed appeared, and prop-

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agated a false religion, which stopped the progress of the true one.

Mohammed was born of noble parentage at Mecca, A. D. 570, or nearly six years after the death of Belisarius. He was handsome, agreeable, and, though illiterate, much given to religious contemplation.

He pretended to hold conferences with an angel from God, who commanded him to teach a new religion, and instructed him in what that new religion should consist. When he was desired to prove that his doctrine was from heaven, by miracles, as Jesus Christ had done, he evaded the request, by pretending to have celestial visions, which were given him, instead of the power of performing miracles. The following is the principal article of the belief which he desired to inculcate: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The first part it is impossible to disbelieve; the last part it is impossible to credit. The *Koran* was a sacred book, which he caused to be written, to serve, like our *New Testament*, for the rule of faith and the guide to virtue. He pretended that God dictated to him what should be written in the *Koran;* but this assertion the book itself disproves; for it contains passages quite incompatible with the purity and holiness of our Almighty Father.

The followers of Mohammed are called Mohammedans, or Mussulmans; they are al-

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lowed to marry as many wives as they please; and the paradise, or heaven, promised to them in a future state, is to bestow every licentious joy. Mohammed declared that he had been to heaven, where he had seen and conversed with God! What daring impiety! He also pretended that a copy of the Koran, bound in silk and adorned with gems, was brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, who repeated portions of it to him. But I will not go on repeating falsehoods so palpable and so wicked.

Disputes in the city caused Mohammed to be banished from Mecca. He went to Medina, and this flight was named *the Hej'ra*,* to distinguish that era. He now tried to gain by the sword that dominion which he had failed to obtain by his eloquence and deceit. He conquered Arabia; Mecca submitted to his arms; and some of the Roman possessions were vanquished by him. In the midst of his victories, he died of a fever at Medina, aged sixty-three, A. D. 632. From that time, the Mohammedan religion has existed in Persia, Arabia, and part of Africa.

The Moors, or Berbers, so called from their common origin, as Barbarians, and living in Barbary, on the coast of Africa, after some opposition, accepted the Mohammedan faith.

* The Mohammedans reckon time from the Hej'ra, as we do from the birth of Christ.

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In A. D. 712, about eighty years after the death of Mohammed, they invaded Spain, and founded a kingdom at Cordova, A. D. 756, shortly after the birth of Charlemagne.

The title of *calif of the Saracens* was adopted by the successors of Mohammed. For many years the Saracens, under their several califs, carried war and devastation over Europe and Asia. They took Jerusalem, and burned the celebrated library of Alexandria. The Island of Cyprus was seized by them; as was also the Island of Rhodes, in which they found the *Colossus*, an immense brazen image of *Apollo*, and one of the seven wonders of the world; and they destroyed it. They also ravaged Sicily, and attacked Constantinople, but they could not take this city: in short, they were objects of terror wherever they appeared. Even Spain was conquered by them; and, though they were driven afterwards from the north of Spain, a nation of them, the Moors of Africa, as we have just seen, founded a monarchy in the south.

The Latin tongue now ceased to be spoken in Italy. It is supposed that the entrance of strangers had gradually altered the language of the common people; and at last the language generally spoken became essentially different from that of ancient Rome, as preserved in the old writings. The *Italian* is very different from the *Latin*.

Whilst Mohammed was teaching a false

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religion, St. Augustine was, in England, converting the Saxon conquerors to the Christian faith. England was divided into many principalities, each governed by its prince; but of this you shall hear more hereafter.

CHAPTER LXXII.

CHARLEMAGNE.

I HAVE already stated that, by the death of his brother, Charlemagne * became sole sovereign of the Franks. For almost fifty years, this great monarch continued to reign in power and splendor, enlarging his territory by new conquests. His father, Pepin, had established, or perhaps only restored, the plan of a regular parliament, which met once a year; Charlemagne directed that these meetings should be held twice in every year, and that the people should send members to it; so that his parliaments consisted of three estates or orders — the clergy, the nobility, and the people, or commons. The *Champ de Mars*, or *Field of March*, because originally held in a field

* His real name was *Charles*, to which *Magnus*, or *Great*, was added: afterwards, the two words were compounded into one — *Charlemagne*.

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on the first of March,* was the name of the ancient assembly, by which the Franks made laws and conducted all their public business, the king having only one vote, like any other member; but in the time of Charlemagne, the monarch had more power and influence.

The feudal system, of which you will hear often, was introduced into France by Charlemagne; he having become acquainted with it when he conquered the Lombards, by whom it was practised, and by whom, perhaps, it was invented. The great lords and barons, who received from the king gifts of castles and lands, promised, in return, to bring soldiers into the field, and to fight the battles of the sovereign who had enriched them; and also

* Afterwards called *Champ de Mai*, because the time of its meeting was changed to May.

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required that their own tenants should arm themselves in defence of their superior lords.

Charlemagne, having subdued the Lombards, was crowned king of Italy, A. D. 774. He made himself master of part of Germany, and attacked and vanquished several Gothic tribes. He extirpated the Huns, and gained possession of the Island of Sardinia, and some provinces of Spain. On Christmas day, A. D. 800, he was consecrated emperor of the West, by Pope Leo III.; but, as he did not reside at Rome, the Western Empire, though revived by him, became at his death little more than a name; and was subsequently better known by the title of the *German Empire.*

Charlemagne divided his dominions into provinces, each province containing a certain number of counties. In short, he seems to have attended to every branch of domestic policy. During his reign, the manufactures of glass, wool, and iron, were successfully cultivated; and he had ships of war stationed at the mouth of every large river. He encouraged commerce, bestowed much attention on the art of music; and the Italians instructed the French to play on the organ. He protected literature, and rewarded men of talent. He not only diffused Christianity among his own subjects, but promoted it among the people whom he conquered.

Charlemagne was as amiable in private life

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as renowned in his public character. He trained his sons to manly exercises; his daughters were educated to excel in domestic arts. They spent their time in spinning and embroidery, and the other occupations of that simple and unostentatious age.

Charlemagne died in the seventy-second year of his age, A. D. 814. He left his dominions in Italy to his grandson Bernard; and the rest of his possessions to Louis *le Débonnaire*, his only surviving son.

Haroun Alraschid, (or Haroun the Just,) was calif of the Saracens at the same time and with the same prosperity that attended Charlemagne. You have read of this monarch as the hero of those amusing tales, the "*Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*" Those stories are considered to give a very faithful description of the manners of the people he governed. Almanzor, his predecessor, built the famous city of Bagdad, on the banks of the Tigris, in Asia, and made it the seat of the empire of the califs. This place was long the abode of the Moslem princes, and was built, according to the chronology of the Arabians, who reckon from the flight of Mohammed to Medina, in the 145th year of the Hej'ra; that is, A. D. 762.

Many princes had swayed the sceptre of the Eastern Empire since the reign of Justinian; and Constantine V. became emperor during the life of Charlemagne. His mother, Irene, who

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restored the worship of images, kept her son, during his minority, in great subjection; and, in the end, contrived to murder him and cause herself to be proclaimed empress, A. D. 797. It is said that she desired to ally herself to Charlemagne, either by marrying her son Constantine to one of his daughters, or by marrying him herself. In 802, she was dethroned, and confined in a monastery.

Not long after her death, a new race of barbarians, the Turks, from Scythia, (or Tartary,) began to make inroads on the Empire of the East.

Armorica, a province of France, had the name of Brittany, because many Britons took refuge there from the power of Hengist and Horsa, as I have already stated.

Let us pause here, and reflect on the state of the world, at the end of the long and prosperous reign of Charlemagne.

England was governed by seven independent Saxon princes, who had each conquered and taken possession of some part of it. This was called *the Saxon Heptarchy.* St. Augustine had recently converted the Saxons to Christianity.

The country of the Franks, under the new name of France, had been gloriously governed by Charlemagne. This great monarch was also emperor of the West, and king of great part of Spain and Germany.

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Pope Leo III. was the bishop, or pope, of Rome, and a new order of monks, called *Benedictines*, after St. Benedict, their founder, had just been introduced into Italy.

The Moors, who had gained possession of the south of Spain, fixed their court at Cordova, under their king Abdurrahman I.

The Saracens were keeping all Europe in awe. Jerusalem was in their possession, and Bagdad was their capital city.

The Picts and Scots were in full power in Scotland.

The Irish are said to have been living in a state of comparative learned and peaceful ease.

The Britons, who scorned the Saxon yoke, had taken refuge in the mountains of Wales; hence the Welsh boast that they are the only true descendants of the ancient Britons.

The Empire of the East was gradually fading from its pristine glory under the dominion of weak or wicked sovereigns.

Athens, no longer the seat of arts and science, had suffered so severely by the ravages of the Goths, that little of her ancient splendor survived. Greece and Macedonia were in turn the prey of the invading barbarians.

Sicily had been pillaged by the Saracens; and Syracuse was only celebrated for her past greatness. Egypt was also in the hands of these rude followers of Mohammed; and of ancient Carthage scarcely a vestige remained.

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Switzerland formed a part of the kingdom or province of Burgundy, and was consequently under the rule of Charlemagne.

The historians of Poland declare that that kingdom had been long governed by its own kings, or dukes, of the family of Lesko, and that their first sovereign was Lechus, A. D. 550.

China and India continued in nearly the same degree of power and civilization they had each long possessed. China was governed by a single emperor, Tay-tsong, one of the most renowned and virtuous of her monarchs.

America had not yet been discovered.

Remember that Charlemagne died in the beginning of the ninth century, A. D. 814.

I must inform you, that you will sometimes find very different dates for the same event. To give you one instance of this, among many: the building of the city of Carthage is said by some writers to have taken place, according to the poet Virgil, about the time of the taking of Troy, B. C. 1184; whilst other chronologers assert that Carthage was erected by Queen Dido, B. C. 869. I have given this last date, as being the one generally preferred; but I mention the variance (in this instance amounting to 315 years) to prepare you for the apparent contradictions you may meet

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with in chronology. When you observe any difference of dates, you must weigh well the reasons given for each, and then decide for yourself which date you think is best established — which is most likely to be right.

That such differences abound cannot be deemed surprising, when we reflect on the obscurity in which all ancient history must inevitably, from various causes, be involved.

THE END.

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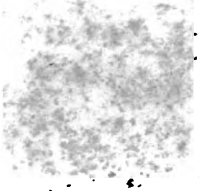

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